Dec. 19, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26.

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes at the last minute, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., Dec. 25, at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Effie Shannon and Erich von Stroheim head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Phyllis Thaxter and Beverly Bayne. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Counselor-at-Law—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's success. Not as topical as it once was, but still good enough entertainment. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., Dec. 25, at 2:45.)

The Damask Cheek—Flora Robson in John van Druten's slight but agreeable play about life in the East Sixties in 1909. Celeste Holm and Myron McCormick are also involved. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mat. 2:35, Sat.)

The Eve of St. Mark—Maxwell Anderson follows his hero from his home on a farm to his death at Corregidor. Interesting, but probably more effective as a recruiting poster than a play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Great Big Doorstep—This comedy about a Cajun family and their housing problems is funny, but probably too slight for most. With Dorothy Gish and Louis Calhern. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Janie—A comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs which may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. Among others, Brock Pemberton has employed Gwen Anderson, Linda Watkins, and Frank Amy. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Moves on Sun., Dec. 20, to the Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., except Dec. 24, and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. A very funny and touching adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. The adults include Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Moves on Fri., Dec. 25, to the 46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. No performances Sun. through Thurs., Dec. 20-24. Other Eves. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is now in its fourth year. With Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Native Son—Canada Lee and Anne Burr have brought back the play based on Richard Wright's tragic and unforgettable novel. Orson Welles is again the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

The Pirate—S. N. Behrman being who he is, this costume piece about the West Indies in 1800 has its bright moments, but there are leisurely ones, too. The Lunts, of course, are in charge most of the time. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

The Skin of our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's remarkable fantasy dealing with the survival of the human race through glaciers and floods and wars. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Tallulah Bankhead are among the indestructible people in the cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., Thurs., and Fri., Dec. 20, 24, and 25, at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Strip for Action—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have transplanted a burlesque troupe to an Army camp in this pleasant and spirited comedy. The cast includes Keenan Wynn, Eleanor Lynn, and Joey Faye. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Uncle Harry—Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye in a pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Willow and I—Rather confused and talkative play about the tragedy that overtook two sisters who loved the same man. With Martha Scott, Barbara O'Neil, and Gregory Peck. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Without Love—Philip Barry's play about a marriage of convenience has its rather naïve political undertones, but otherwise it is bright enough. Katharine Hepburn and Elliott Nugent head the Theatre Guild cast. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun. and Fri., Dec. 20 and 25, at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

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WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—"The Warrior's Husband" set to music. Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Ray Bolger, and many other talented people have collaborated on one of the pleasantest events so far this season. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Sat., and 2:45, Sun.)

Show Time—A superior vaudeville show, supervised by George Jessel. Among the performers are Jack Haley, Ella Logan, Josephine Houston, and the De Marcos. They are all very fine. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., except Dec. 24, and Sat.; also Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30; extra Mat. Fri., Dec. 25, at 2:40.)

Sons o' Fun—This Olsen and Johnson brain storm, which also includes Frank Libuse and Joe Besser, is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. No performances Mon. through Thurs., Dec. 21-24. Other Eves. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; extra Mat. Fri., Dec. 25.)

Star and Garter—Burlesque finally comes into its own in this rough, funny, and occasionally handsome show, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Three Sisters—Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson, Edmund Gwenn, Ruth Gordon, and Dennis King in Miss Cornell's production of the Chekhov play. Staged by Guthrie McClintic. Opens Mon., Dec. 21. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Opening night at 8. Thereafter nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

New Faces of 1943—A revue by John Lund, Lee Wainer, and others, with Leonard Sillman, Laura Deane Dutton, and Tony Farrar. Staged and produced by Mr. Sillman. Opens Tues., Dec. 22. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9720. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.; extra Mat. Fri., Dec. 25.)

Flare Path—A new play by Terence Rattigan, with Nancy Kelly and Arthur Margetson. Staged by Margaret Webster and produced by Gilbert Miller. Opens Wed., Dec. 23. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Cry Havoc—A new play by Allan Kenward with an all-woman cast which includes Katherine Emery, Katherine Locke, and Thelma Schnee. Staged by Mr. Kenward and produced by Lee Shubert and Harry Kaufman. Opens Fri., Dec. 25. (Theatre and schedule of performances to be announced.)

MISCELLANY

Ruth Draper—Presenting a series of monologue programs in her first appearance here in two years. Nightly at 8:40, starting Fri., Dec. 25. Mat. 2:40, Sat. (New York Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

Paul Draper and Larry Adler—Appearing in a dance and harmonica program: Sun., Dec. 20, at 3:30 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

Stars on Ice—A skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., Dec. 19, and Fri. and Sat., Dec. 25-26, and at 3, Sun., Dec. 20.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Thurs. through Sun., Dec. 17-20; "The Gondoliers," Thurs. through Sun., Dec. 24-27; at 8:30 P.M. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

Sue Hastings Marionettes—"Winnie-the-Pooh," Sat., Dec. 19, at 3 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. For tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 773, between 9 A.M. and 12 noon.)

Doodle Dandy of the U.S.A.—A musical play by Saul

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Lancourt, to be presented by Junior Programs Sat., Dec. 26, at 11 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. (Belasco, 44, E. For tickets, call PL 8-0573.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A holiday-season play room for children, with sketching facilities and games, as well as an exhibit of modern paintings selected on the basis of their appeal to young folk, will be open weekdays, except Christmas, from 12 noon to 7 P.M., and on Sun. from 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 17.

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon. and a few of them won't be open Christmas night, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has plenty of room for dancing to music by Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room offers an ice show, with Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins, and music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis and other entertainers against a setting of palm trees that would surprise the average botanist. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—No show, of course, but there are still the coconuts and zebra skins to marvel at, as well as Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Joseph C. Smith and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band are playing for dancing in this handsome room. Tea dancing Sat.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Jane Pickens is singing in the Cotillion Room, where the music is by Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has songs by Hildegarde and music for dancing by Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Eleanor French and some puppets head the show in this skyscraping aerie. Music by Leo Reisman's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra keeps right on playing in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has music by Evan Jones's orchestra. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, you'll find Bob Terry's and Freddy Miller's orchestras.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Lena Horne is singing in the Café Lounge, spelled by Paul Baron's orchestra. Tea dancing.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—One of the most popular canteens on the East Side. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Ray Benson's orchestra plays for tea dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. Elsa Maxwell heads the show there and Emil Coleman's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band supply the dance music.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays all evening in the Wedgwood Room. Rosario and Antonio and Mischa Borr's orchestra turn up at the supper hour. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is playing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan, the Bil Baird puppets, and a number of other entertainers. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, hoarsely singing those songs of hers, is the principal attraction. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's Libby Holman, in addition to the Lamotte murals you may have heard about. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns offers a pleasant piano accompaniment to the gin-rummy players' thoughts. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of Central Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

Miscellaneous—At the **RIOBAMBA**, 151 E. 57 (EL 5-9603): a new one, with Jane Froman, Romo Vincent, the Chandra-Kaly dancers, Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, and Chavez's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small place that has more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra and an all-girl one. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra plays and Anne Francine sings. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with Hazel Scott and Teddy Wilson's orchestra; Zero Mostel is also around. . . . **MON PAREE**, 142 E. 53 (EL 5-7765): big, stylish murals, a small floor, and medium-sized entertainers, including Adelaide Moffett. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy to Carnegie Hall, for one thing; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras and a Russian show. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Jan Savitt's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): a Xavier Cugat orchestra, to be replaced by Sammy Kaye's on Fri., Dec. 18. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a dance floor no bigger than a jeep, and Ron Perry's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy heading a Billy Rose show. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after Gay Paree when it was gay, with cancans and all that. . . . **ROYAL CASINO**, 7 Ave. at 52 (CI 7-3277): a considerable show, of which Jerry Lester, the whirlwind comic, is a considerable part. There's also Peggy Fears. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a Latin-American setting, with Jack Harris's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show led by Georgie Price. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers isn't any too squeamish about his quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best musical talent in Greenwich, or any other Village, including Ammons and Johnson as well as Georgie James's orchestra. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Georg Brunis and his orchestra are on hand in this downtown landmark. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Christmas.)

Alajálov—Tempera paintings and drawings: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 24.

American Academy of Arts and Letters, B'way at 155—Paintings, sculptures, architectural drawings, and works in other media by members of the Academy and of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

American Primitives—Oils and water colors, mainly early-nineteenth-century and including some superb examples: Primitives, 555 Madison, at 56. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 19.

Art of This Century, 30 W. 57—A new museum, housing the Peggy Guggenheim collection of paintings and sculptures by modern Europeans and Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Avery—*Oils, cool in tone, gently stylized in design:* Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 0:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 26.

Cézanne—A big showing, embodying many canvases new to this country, for the benefit of the Fighting French Relief Committee and France Forever: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 19.

Chambers—Oils, some of them very handsome, by an early-nineteenth-century primitive painter of New York State scenes: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 19.

Daniel Collection—A showing of works acquired by Charles Daniel, art dealer and patron of many post-World War I American artists. Rich in early pieces by Peter Blume, Marsden Hartley, Kuniyoshi, and others who have since become famous: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 8.

De Creeft—New sculptures, strongly stylized and generally quite effective: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Gross—First show in five years—and a big one it is, too—by one of the more inventive modern sculptors: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 19.

Grosser—Oils, by an artist who combines bold design with extreme meticulousness about detail: Julien Levy, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 2.

Groups—At the **MARQUIÉ**, 16 W. 57: small oils, water colors, and other works by a mixed batch of Americans, including Milton Avery, George Constant, and Gerrit Hondius. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: paintings by various French and American artists and others, in the gallery's annual Christmas showing. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 2. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: small, but soundly selected show of paintings done during the last war, by John Sloan, Gifford Beal, and other artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 9. . . . **KELEKIAN**, 20 E. 57: paintings and sculptures by Hartley, Weber, Tamayo, Archipenko, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 19. . . . **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: prints by American and European artists and small sculptures by Maillol and Flannagan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; *through Sat., Dec. 26.* . . . **WAKEFIELD**, *64* E. 55: illustrations by Bemelmans, Gergely, and Newberry. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Kandinsky—A retrospective of this artist's work from 1909 to 1938: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Marin—Recent oils and water colors, with some particularly fine sea pieces among them: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, including Christmas, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 11.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—The big "Artists for Victory" exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints, offering what's probably the most comprehensive coverage of contemporary American art ever attempted. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and Christmas, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 22.

Miró—Paintings, most of them fairly recent, by this master of innocent fantasy: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Moses—Paintings by a talented primitive from upstate New York: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 23.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Large, highly illuminating international showing of portraiture, with works by most of the important painters and sculptors of the twentieth century. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 24.

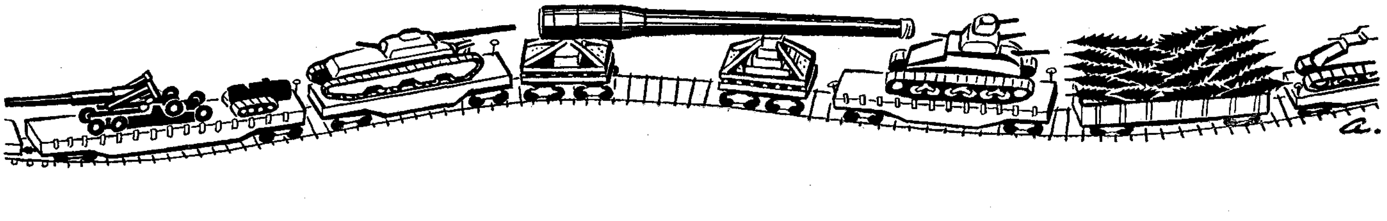
Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by American abstractionists, including Charles G. Shaw, I. Rice Pereira, and Jean Xceron. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Poor—Recent paintings, mostly of the California coast, in addition to ceramics and pastels: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 19.

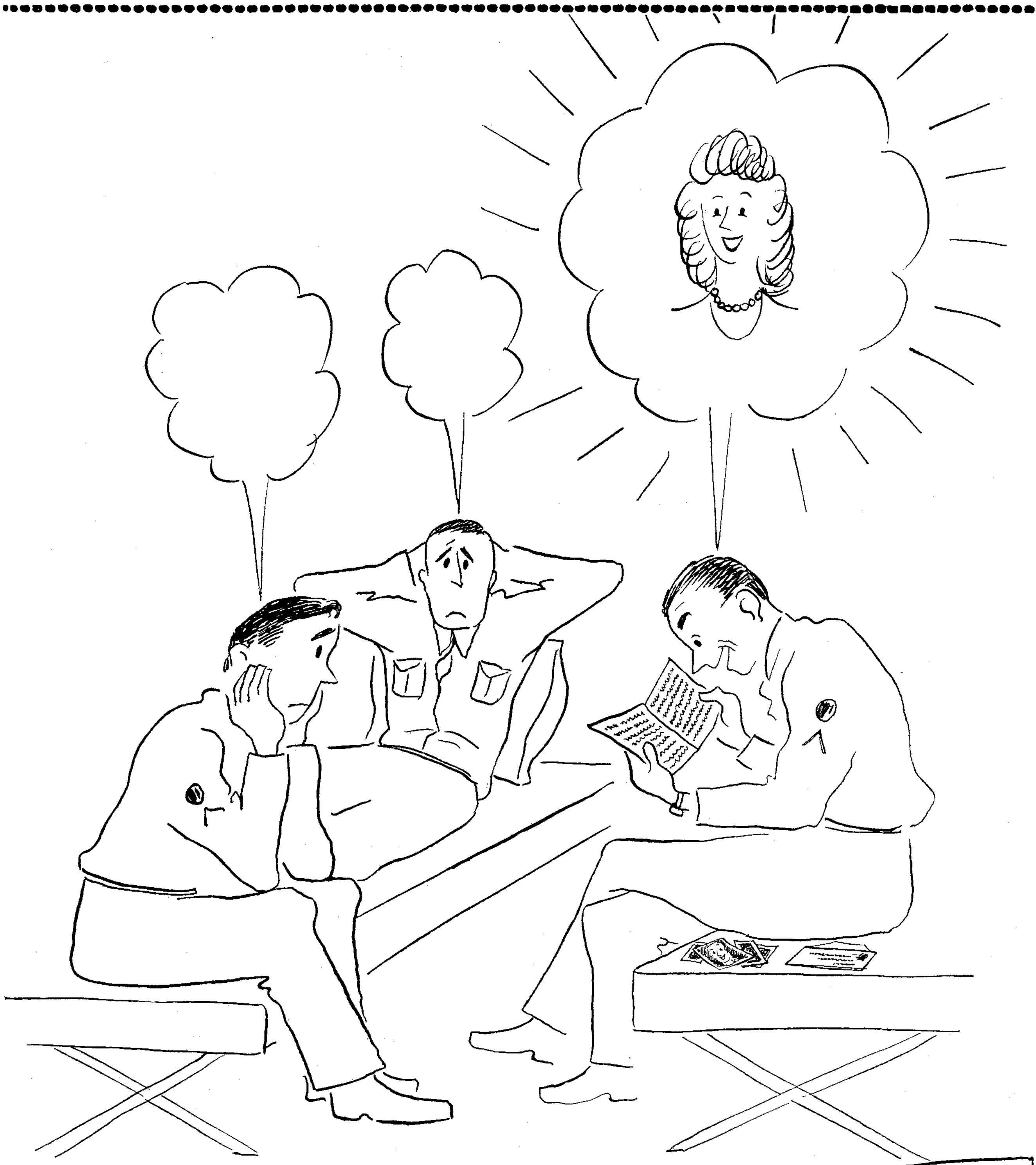
Rubens—Varied, very interesting loan show, stressing his versatility rather than his lushness; a United Hospital Fund benefit: Schaeffer & Brandt, 61 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 19.

Rubin—First New York showing in some time by a Palestinian painter with a quick eye for both color and form: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 24.

Steig—A set of his small sculptures and drawings, as fantastic and somehow disturbing as ever:



Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL THE WORLD'S LARGEST AUDITED MAGAZINE CIRCULATION

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26.

Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 19.

Stillman—Pleasantly hazy, half-Impressionist oils: Andre Seligmann, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—The big contemporary-American Annual, this time including water colors, drawings, sculptures, and prints as well as oils. Daily, except Mon., Dec. 21 and Sat., Dec. 26, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 6.

Here and There—At the **lilienfeld,** 21 E. 57: paintings and water colors by Franz Rederer. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 18. . . . **willard,** 32 E. 57: drawings by Alexander Calder. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 24. . . . **460 park,** at 57: the gallery's annual of portraits by contemporary Americans (through Dec. 31); also (through Sat., Dec. 19), recent paintings by Charles Baskerville. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. . . . **passedoit,** 121 E. 57: tempera paintings by Russell C. Veit. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . **pinacotheca,** 20 W. 58: paintings by Max Schnitzler. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 26. . . . **montross,** 785 5 Ave., at 60: water colors and gouaches by John Shayn. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 2.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Mitropoulos conducting, Thurs., Dec. 17, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 18, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Dec. 20, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Dec. 24, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 25, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloists: Rachmaninoff, Dec. 17-18; Iturbi, Dec. 24-25.) . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat., Dec. 19, at 11 A.M.

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Douglass conducting: Town Hall, Fri., Dec. 18, at 8:45 P.M.

Oratorio Society of New York—Stoessel conducting Handel's "The Messiah": Carnegie Hall, Sat., Dec. 19, at 8:15 P.M.

New York City Symphony—Fittelberg conducting; soloist, Spalding: Carnegie Hall, Sun., Dec. 20, at 5:45 P.M. (Admission by purchase of War Stamps.)

Russian Program—Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmila" presented in concert form by Russian singers and instrumentalists: Town Hall, Sat., Dec. 26 at 8 P.M.

People's Chorus of New York—Camilieri conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues., Dec. 22, at 8:45 P.M.

RECITALS

Hunter College Hall—Zinka Milanov, Emanuel List, Josef and Rosina Lhevinne, and others in a concert celebrating the eightieth birthday of Moriz Rosenthal, Fri., Dec. 18, at 8:45 P.M. (Park at 69. For tickets, call CI 6-0373.)

Carnegie Chamber Music Hall—Ralph Kirkpatrick, Mon., Dec. 21, at 8:45 P.M.

Town Hall—Trapp Family Singers, Sun., Dec. 20, at 3 P.M.

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—"Lakmé," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 17; "Faust," Fri. Eve., Dec. 18; "Tannhäuser," Sat. Aft., Dec. 19; "Tosca," Sat. Eve., Dec. 19; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Mon. Eve., Dec. 21; "Manon," Wed. Eve., Dec. 23; "La Bohème," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 24; "Aïda," Fri. Eve., Dec. 25; "The Magic Flute," Sat. Aft., Dec. 26; "La Traviata," Sat. Eve., Dec. 26. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

Rosalinda—The Max Reinhardt version of the Strauss light opera, "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat., Dec. 19, and Fri. and Sat., Dec. 25-26. (44th Street Theatre, 44th St., W. of B'way. LA 4-4337.)

Columbia Theatre Associates—Presenting an English version of "The Village Barber," by Johann Schenk, Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Dec. 17-19, at 8:40, and Sat. Aft., Dec. 19, at 2:40. (Brander Matthews Hall, 420 W. 117th St. For tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 502.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Beau Jack vs. Tippy Larkin, 15 rounds, for the lightweight title, Fri., Dec. 18; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **eastern airlines building,** Radio City: an exhibition of counterfeit money assembled by the United States Secret Service and the Chase National Bank, with many examples of bills made by the Japanese for use in the Philippines and Australia, and by the Nazis for use in the conquered European countries. Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.; through Jan. 15. . . . **museum of science and industry,** R.C.A. Bldg., Radio City: a semi-permanent show of films and other displays touching on home defense, along with many additional aspects of warfare. Christmas, 1 to 10 P.M.; other days, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Museum of Natural History—Four new habitat groups, showing birds in their natural environment on Guadalcanal and other South Pacific islands, have recently been opened in the Whitney Memorial Hall: Central Pk. W. at 79. Sun. and Christmas, 1 to 5 P.M.; other days, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Gem Exhibition—Engraved semiprecious stones, from Cretan to Roman times, collected by the late Sir Arthur Evans and William Gedney Beatty: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Sun. and Christmas, 1 to 5 P.M.; other days, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 15.

Morgan Library—An exhibition of literature relating to Christmas, including texts of early Nativity plays, rare illustrated editions of Dickens, and illuminated manuscripts: 29 E. 36. Weekdays, except Christmas, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Parke-Bernet Galleries—Eighteenth-century English and French paintings, sculptures, tapestries, silver, china, and rugs, from the Bache, Blumenthal, Untermyer, and other collections will be shown as a loan exhibit for the benefit of the American Women's Voluntary Services: 30 E. 57, Sun., Dec. 20, through Wed., Dec. 30. Christmas and Sun., 2 to 5:30 P.M.; other days, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Photography—Over a hundred portraits of theatre people, taken by Carl Van Vechten during the past decade: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Weekdays, except Mon. and Christmas, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Benefit—Red, White, and Blue tea dance, for the Soldiers and Sailors Club: St. Regis, Thurs., Dec. 17, at 5 P.M. (For tickets, call AS 4-4353.)

On the Air—Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri., Dec. 18, at 2:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Mitropoulos conducting, Sun., Dec. 20, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sun., Dec. 20, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Dec. 26, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Tannhäuser," with Helen Traubel and René Maison, Sat., Dec. 19, at 2 P.M., WJZ.

christmas broadcasts: Stokowski conducting the N.B.C. Symphony in a children's concert, Wed., Dec. 23, at 1:30 P.M., WEAF. . . . President Roosevelt speaking at the start of a program sponsored by the War Department, Thurs., Dec. 24, on all stations; time to be annonunced.

news commentators: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WJZ; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45, and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

Auctions—At the **parke-bernet galleries,** 30 E. 57—Oriental art, including Chinese amber and jade objects, antique snuff bottles, illuminated manuscripts, tapestries, and rugs, from the estate of the late J. Zado Noorian: Thurs., through Sat., Dec. 17-19, at 2 P.M.

kende galleries, at the Jay Gould house, 579 5 Ave., at 47: Flemish, Dutch, and Italian paintings by Froment, Cuyp, and others, from the collection of Albert J. Pani: Thurs., Dec. 17, at 8 P.M. (For admission cards, call PE 6-5185.)

Note—Paintings and sculptures by Chaim Gross, David Burliuk, Philip Evergood, Louis Bouché, and many other modern artists will be auctioned for Russian War Relief at One Fifth Avenue on Sun., Dec. 20, at 3 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

Across the Pacific—A moving picture that keeps moving, with spies and counter-spies, a few of whom are Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Thurs., Dec. 21-24.)

Casablanca—About forged passports, underground movements, and other intricacies of life in the North African port before the Allied invasion. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Gentleman Jim—The early life of Corbett, conqueror of Sullivan. Errol Flynn is pretty convincing as Corbett, partly because he looks like him. Should appeal to fight fans, especially very old ones. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., Dec. 17.)

George Washington Slept Here—Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan in an adaptation of the play about life's ups and downs in Bucks County. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Dec. 18. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Fri. through Tues., Dec. 18-22. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Wed., Dec. 19-23. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 20-21.)

Holiday Inn—An Irving Berlin score is sung by Bing Crosby and danced to by Fred Astaire, and there's some excellent dialogue thrown in. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., Dec. 20.)

Life Begins at 8:30—Monty Woolley, his whiskers, and his repartee, as an actor who would rather drink. Also Ida Lupino. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Tues., Dec. 22.)

We Are the Marines—A full-length examination by the March of Time of one brand of fighting man.

REVIVALS

Algiers (1938)—Life in the native quarter. Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Dec. 18. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 19-21.)

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. French, with Mia Slavenska. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Thurs., Dec. 18-24.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. Very French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., Dec. 17.)

Fantasia (1940)—The Disney film, with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Dec. 25.)

Foreign Correspondent (1940)—Hitchcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and Robert Benchley. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Dec. 18.)

Four Feathers (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, with Technicolor. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Dec. 18. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 19-21.)

The Gold Rush (1942)—Charlie Chaplin's new version. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 18-21.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the last war. Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., Dec. 17.)

Kings Row (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 23-25.)

The Life of Emile Zola (1937)—Paul Muni and the Dreyfus case. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 18-21.)

Love from a Stranger (1937)—An Agatha Christie story. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Dec. 17.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner (1942)—Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley in the Kaufman-Hart comedy. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 18-21.)

La Maternelle (1935)—Children in Montmartre. French. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 18-21.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Hitchcock spy film. Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Robert Young, and Peter Lorre. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 22-24.)

Sullivan's Travels (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 22-24.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures on this schedule—**thurs., dec. 17,** at 4 P.M.: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), Douglas Fairbanks. **fri. and sat., dec. 18-19,** at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1924), Rudolph Valentino. **sun. and mon., dec. 20-21,** at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "Beau Brummel" (1924), John Barrymore. **tues. and wed., dec. 22-23,** at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "Greed" (1924), directed by Erich von Stroheim. **thurs. and sat., dec. 24 and 26,**

for men of action
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13. ***Eau de Cologne,*** pinch-bottle.. **80¢ & $2.50**

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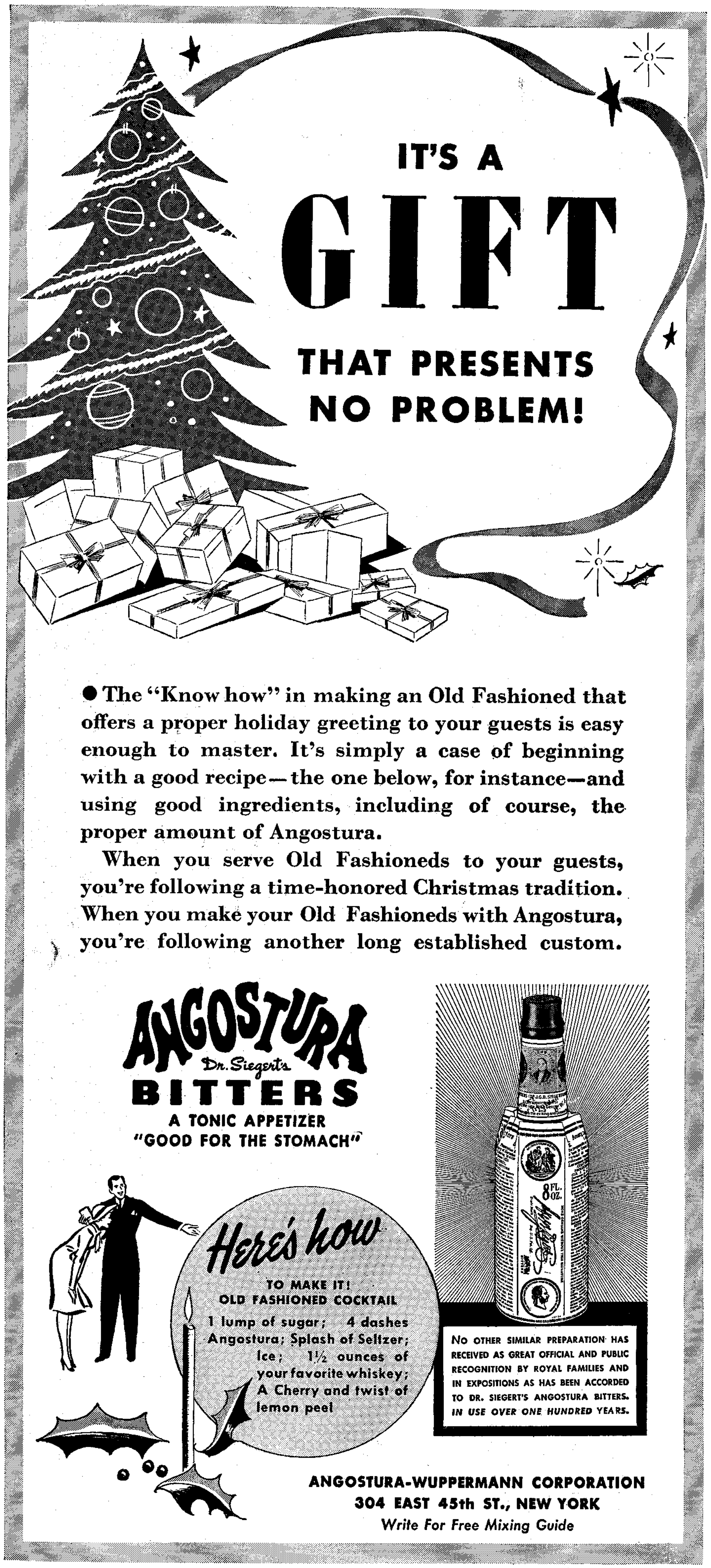

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CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Residents of Manhattan who want to help out by taking one of the many hundreds of emergency jobs now in need of filling should get in touch with this borough's Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), which supervises much of the volunteer work locally and also is in a position to help civilians sign up with the Red Cross and American Women's Voluntary Services. (The C.D.V.O. phone number in the Bronx is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Some of the most urgent needs right now, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every ten or twelve days, receiving telephoned reports from air-raid wardens, and also to be on call for one eight-hour period each week; (4) women to serve the Army's Anti-Aircraft Artillery Command by working five and a half hours for three or four days a week or one night a week from 12 to 8 A.M., plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; (5) men deferred in or exempt from the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (6) men and women to work part time, but on a regular schedule, days or evenings, doing clerical work in draft-board and similar offices.

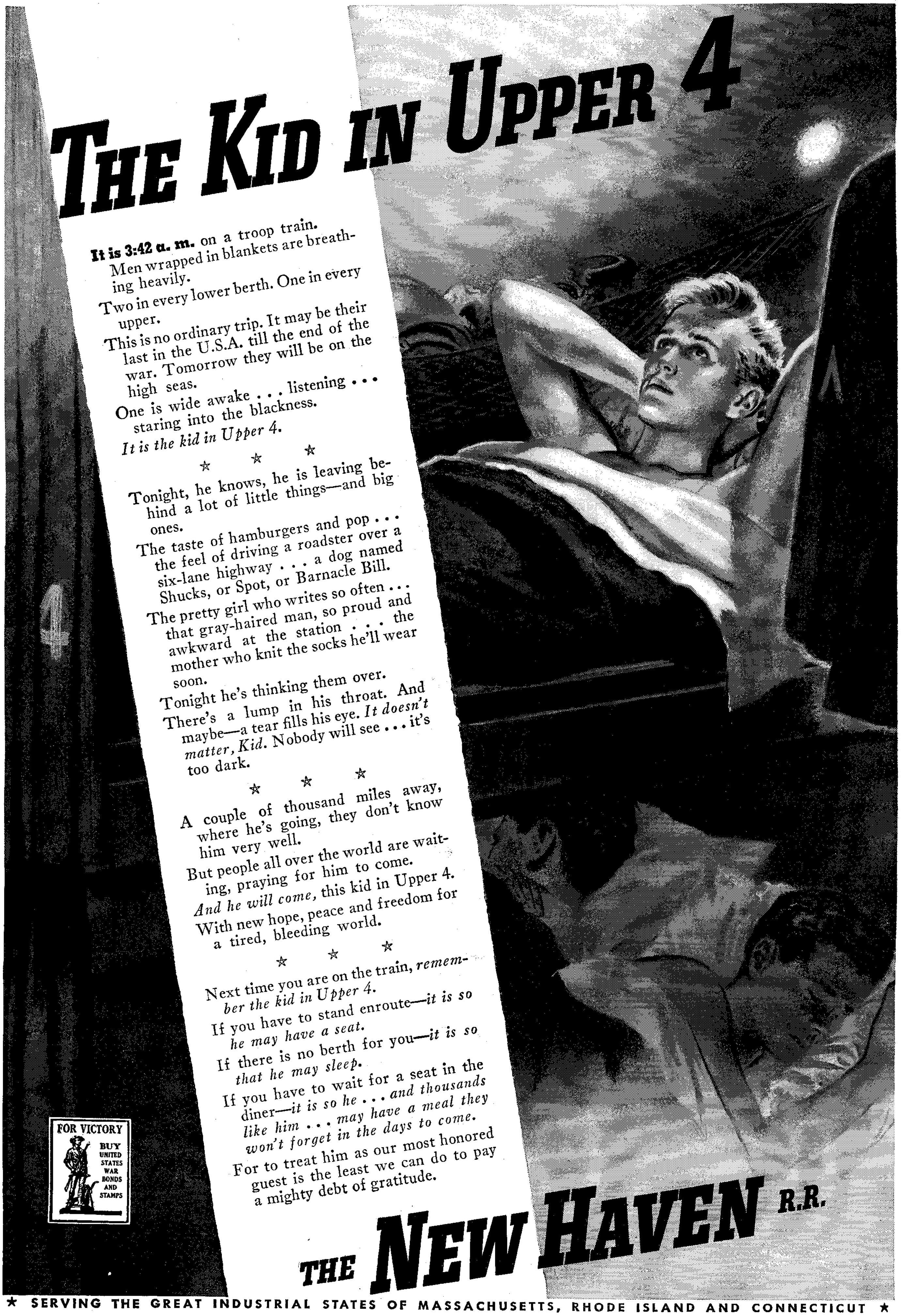
The C.D.V.O. wants to register as many people as possible who can be called upon from time to time for various short-notice jobs. Right now, for example, there is a demand for men and women to do clerical work in connection with fuel and tire registration.

Salvage—There has been no letup in the need for kitchen fat, rubber, rags, and tin cans and other scrap metal. The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rubber, rags, and scrap metal in amounts of fifty pounds or more and, in the case of smaller quantities, will give you the address of the collection depot nearest your home. . . . To prepare tin cans for salvage, remove their paper labels and cut out both ends; then wash them thoroughly and press them almost flat. Your building superintendent will see that they get into the right hands; it's best to have them ready for him to pick up a day or so before the weekly Wednesday collection. . . . Kitchen fat is wanted for the production of glycerine, which is used in the manufacture of explosives. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre in this campaign. Strain whatever fat you have (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings) into a clean, wide-mouthed can and keep this in a cool place until you have accumulated at least a pound, the smallest amount butchers can be expected to accept.

Women have been asked to save old silk and nylon stockings, which are needed for the manufacture of gunpowder bags, among other things. Most department stores have collection depots at their hosiery counters.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteering and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of defense agency in charge of running these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts and Loans—The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), still wants Christmas packages for men in the services. Such packages should be no larger than a shoebox and should contain presents like soap, toothbrushes, hard candy, cigarettes, sewing kits, razor blades, shoe polish, chewing gum, pencils, and stationery. The organization also will arrange to call for and distribute any phonographs, phonograph records, radios, athletic paraphernalia, and card tables which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. . . . The government wants to borrow, for military purposes, snapshots and movies taken in what is now enemy-occupied territory. If you have some to lend, no matter how long ago they were taken, write for details of what's wanted to the Office of Strategic Services (Strategic Photos), Box 46, Station G, New York City. . . . The Army is looking for 300,000 dogs, each weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old, to train for sentry, pack, and messenger duty. Owners willing to part with one or more should register them with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471).



THE KID IN UPPER 4

It is 3:42 a. m. on a troop train.
Men wrapped in blankets are breathing heavily.
Two in every lower berth. One in every upper.
This is no ordinary trip. It may be their last in the U.S.A. till the end of the war. Tomorrow they will be on the high seas.
One is wide awake . . . listening . . . staring into the blackness.
It is the kid in Upper 4.

☆ ☆ ☆

Tonight, he knows, he is leaving behind a lot of little things—and big ones.
The taste of hamburgers and pop . . . the feel of driving a roadster over a six-lane highway . . . a dog named Shucks, or Spot, or Barnacle Bill.
The pretty girl who writes so often . . . that gray-haired man, so proud and awkward at the station . . . the mother who knit the socks he'll wear soon.
Tonight he's thinking them over.
There's a lump in his throat. And maybe—a tear fills his eye. *It doesn't matter, Kid.* Nobody will see . . . it's too dark.

☆ ☆ ☆

A couple of thousand miles away, where he's going, they don't know him very well.
But people all over the world are waiting, praying for him to come.
And he will come, this kid in Upper 4.
With new hope, peace and freedom for a tired, bleeding world.

☆ ☆ ☆

Next time you are on the train, *remember the kid in Upper 4.*
If you have to stand enroute—*it is so he may have a seat.*
If there is no berth for you—*it is so that he may sleep.*
If you have to wait for a seat in the diner—*it is so he . . . and thousands like him . . . may have a meal they won't forget in the days to come.*
For to treat him as our most honored guest is the least we can do to pay a mighty debt of gratitude.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—"For Me and My Gal," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, George Murphy.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—Through 6 P.M. Wed., Dec. 23: "Journey for Margaret," Laraine Day, Robert Young. . . . From 8:30 P.M. Wed., Dec. 23 (benefit for the Overseas Press Club the first night): "In Which We Serve," Noel Coward.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3829)—"Who Done It?," Abbott and Costello.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—"We Are the Marines," full-length March of Time.

Hollywood, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—**CASABLANCA,** Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Wed., Dec. 23: "Now, Voyager," Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains; also "The Great Gildersleeve," Harold Peary, Jane Darwell.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—"Road to Morocco," Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—"Random Harvest," Greer Garson, Ronald Colman.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—"Palm Beach Story," Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Rudy Vallée.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Through Tues., Dec. 22: **LIFE BEGINS AT 8:30,** Ida Lupino, Monty Woolley. . . . From Wed., Dec. 23: "The Black Swan," Maureen O'Hara, Tyrone Power, Thomas Mitchell.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., Dec. 23: "The Forest Rangers," Paulette Goddard, Fred MacMurray.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—Thurs., Dec. 17: **GENTLEMAN JIM,** Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith. . . . From Fri., Dec. 18: "Flying Fortress," Richard Greene.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—Revivals—Thurs., Dec. 17: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin; also **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (in French). . . . From Fri., Dec. 18: **BALLERINA** (in French), Mia Slavenska; also "Gaîté Parisienne" and "Capriccio Espagnol," both with Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo.

Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—Through Mon., Dec. 21: "Mashenka" (in Russian). . . . From Tues., Dec. 22: "Fortress on the Volga" (in Russian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—**FANTASIA,** revival, Walt Disney full-length film.

Park, at Columbus Circle (CI 5-9512)—Revivals—Thurs., Dec. 17: "Paris Calling," Elisabeth Bergner, Randolph Scott; also "The King" (in French), Raimu, Victor Francen. . . . Fri. through Mon., Dec. 18-21: **THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER,** Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley; also **LA MATERNELLE** (in French). . . . From Tues., Dec. 22: "Four Mothers," Priscilla and Rosemary Lane; also "Citadel of Silence" (in French), Annabella, Pierre Renoir.

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals—Thurs., Dec. 17: **LOVE FROM A STRANGER,** Ann Harding, Basil Rathbone; also "Ecstasy," Hedy Lamarr. . . . Fri. through Mon., Dec. 18-21: **THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA,** Paul Muni, Joseph Schildkraut; also **THE GOLD RUSH,** Charlie Chaplin's new version. . . . From Tues., Dec. 22: **SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS,** Veronica Lake, Joel McCrea; also "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Ingrid Bergman, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Thurs., Dec. 17: "Tales of Manhattan," all-star cast, including Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, and Edward G. Robinson. . . . Fri. through Mon., Dec. 18-21: "Wings and the Woman," Anna Neagle, Robert Newton. . . . From Tues., Dec. 22 (tentative): "Break of Hearts," revival, Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Sat., Dec. 19: "The Moon and Sixpence," George Sanders, Herbert Marshall, Doris Dudley; also "Seven Sweethearts," Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin, Marsha Hunt. . . . Sun. through Tues., Dec. 20-22: "Wake Island," Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey; also "Priorities on Parade," Ann Miller, Jerry Colonna. . . . From Wed., Dec. 23: "Tales of Manhattan," all-star cast, including Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, and Edward G. Robinson.

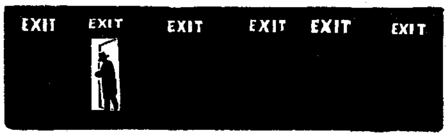
Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Through Sat., Dec. 19: "Flying Tigers," John Wayne; also "Street of Chance," Claire Trevor, Burgess Meredith. . . . Sun. and Mon., Dec. 20-21: **GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE,** Ann Sheridan, Jack Benny; also "Wings and the Woman," Anna Neagle, Robert Newton. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 22-23: "Blondie for Victory," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake; also "Half Way to Shanghai," Irene Hervey, Kent Taylor.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., Dec. 23: "The Forest Rangers," Paulette Goddard, Fred MacMurray; also "The Glass Key," Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Thurs., Dec. 17: "Iceland," Sonja Henie, John Payne. . . . Fri. through Mon., Dec. 18-21: "Wake Island," Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey. . . . From Tues., Dec. 22: "Take a Letter, Darling," revival, Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Robert Benchley.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., Dec. 17: "Somewhere I'll Find You," Lana Turner, Clark Gable. . . . Fri. through Sun., Dec. 18-20: "Navy Blue and Gold," revival, Robert Young, James Stewart. . . . Mon. and Tues., Dec. 21-22: "This Was Paris," Ann Dvorak, Ben Lyon. . . . From Wed., Dec. 23: "Girl Trouble," Joan Bennett, Don Ameche.

AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Fri., Dec. 18: "A Yank in the R.A.F.," Betty Grable, Tyrone Power; also "Charley's Aunt," revival, Jack Benny. . . . Sat. through Mon., Dec. 19-21: **ALGIERS,** revival, Hedy Lamarr, Charles Boyer; also **FOUR FEATHERS,** revival, Ralph Richardson, June Duprez. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 22-23: "The Feminine Touch," revival, Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche; also "Ship with Wings," John Clements, Leslie Banks.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Thurs., Dec. 17: "Phantom Killer," Joan Woodbury, Dick Purcell; also "The Hidden Hand," Julie Bishop, Craig Stevens. . . . Fri. through Wed., Dec. 18-23: "The Navy Comes Through," Pat O'Brien, George Murphy; also "You Can't Escape Forever," Brenda Marshall, George Brent.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Mon., Dec. 21: "The Moon and Sixpence," George Sanders, Herbert Marshall, Doris Dudley. . . . From Tues., Dec. 22: "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," Fay Bainter, Edward Arnold.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Through Sun., Dec. 20: **HOLIDAY INN,** Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire. . . . From Mon., Dec. 21: **ACROSS THE PACIFIC,** Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Wed., Dec. 23: "The Forest Rangers," Paulette Goddard, Fred MacMurray; also "The Glass Key," Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Through Fri., Dec. 18: "Orchestra Wives," Ann Rutherford, George Montgomery; also "Girl Trouble," Joan Bennett, Don Ameche. . . . Sat. through Mon., Dec. 19-21: "Submarine Patrol," revival, Nancy Kelly, Richard Greene; also "Sitting Pretty," revival, Ginger Rogers, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 22-23: "Cairo," Jeanette MacDonald, Robert Young; also "Eyes in the Night," Ann Harding, Edward Arnold.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Thurs., Dec. 17: "Iceland," Sonja Henie, John Payne. . . . Fri. through Mon., Dec. 18-21: "Wake Island," Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey. . . . From Tues., Dec. 22: **SECRET AGENT,** revival, Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Robert Young, Peter Lorre.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Thurs., Dec. 17: "Phantom Killer," Joan Woodbury, Dick Purcell; also "The Hidden Hand," Julie Bishop, Craig Stevens. . . . Fri. through Wed., Dec. 18-23: "The Navy Comes Through," Pat O'Brien, George Murphy; also "You Can't Escape Forever," Brenda Marshall, George Brent.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Fri., Dec. 18: **GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE,** Ann Sheridan, Jack Benny; also "Wings and the Woman," Anna Neagle, Robert Newton. . . . Sat. through Mon., Dec. 19-21: "Nightmare," Diana Barrymore, Brian Donlevy; also "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," Fay Bainter, Edward Arnold. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 22-23: "Sabotage Squad," Kay Harris, Bruce Bennett; also "Hi, Neighbor," Jean Parker, John Archer.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., Dec. 21: "Flying Tigers," John Wayne; also "Street of Chance," Claire Trevor, Burgess Meredith. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 22-23: "Dudes Are Pretty People," Marjorie Woodworth, Jimmy Rogers; also "No Hands on the Clock," revival, Jean Parker, Chester Morris.

WEST SIDE

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Through Fri., Dec. 18: "The Moon and Sixpence," George Sanders, Herbert Marshall, Doris Dudley. . . . Sat. through Wed., Dec. 19-23: **GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE,** Ann Sheridan, Jack Benny.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., Dec. 21: "Flying Tigers," John Wayne; also "Street of Chance," Claire Trevor, Burgess Meredith. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 22-23: "Dudes Are Pretty People," Marjorie Woodworth, Jimmy Rogers; also "No Hands on the Clock," revival, Jean Parker, Chester Morris.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Through Fri., Dec. 18: **FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT,** revival, Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, Robert Benchley; also "Winter Carnival," revival, Ann Sheridan, Richard Carlson. . . . Sat. through Tues., Dec. 19-22: "Iceland," Sonja Henie, John Payne; also "Busses Roar," Julie Bishop, Richard Travis. . . . From Wed., Dec. 23: **KINGS ROW,** revival, Ann Sheridan, Robert Cummings, Betty Field; also "Give Out, Sisters," the Andrews Sisters.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Thurs., Dec. 17: "Phantom Killer," Joan Woodbury, Dick Purcell; also "The Hidden Hand," Julie Bishop, Craig Stevens. . . . Fri. through Wed., Dec. 18-23: "The Navy Comes Through," Pat O'Brien, George Murphy; also "You Can't Escape Forever," Brenda Marshall, George Brent.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., Dec. 19: "The Moon and Sixpence," George Sanders, Herbert Marshall, Doris Dudley; also "Seven Sweethearts," Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin, Marsha Hunt. . . . Sun. and Mon., Dec. 20-21: "Tombstone–The Town Too Tough to Die," Richard Dix; also "There's One Born Every Minute," Hugh Herbert, Peggy Moran, Tom Brown. . . . From Tues., Dec. 22: "Nightmare," Diana Barrymore, Brian Donlevy; also "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," Fay Bainter, Edward Arnold.

Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Through Wed., Dec. 23: "The Forest Rangers," Paulette Goddard, Fred MacMurray; also "The Glass Key," Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd.

Beacon, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Thurs., Dec. 17: "The Undying Monster," James Ellison, Heather Angel, John Howard; also "Dr. Renault's Secret," J. Carroll Naish. . . . Fri. through Tues., Dec. 18-22: **GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE,** Ann Sheridan, Jack Benny; also "Wings and the Woman," Anna Neagle, Robert Newton. . . . From Wed., Dec. 23: "Pierre of the Plains," Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Bruce Cabot; also "Smith of Minnesota," Arline Judge, Bruce Smith.

77th Street, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Wed., Dec. 23: "Wake Island," Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey; also "Priorities on Parade," Ann Miller, Jerry Colonna.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Thurs., Dec. 17: "Phantom Killer," Joan Woodbury, Dick Purcell; also "The Hidden Hand," Julie Bishop, Craig Stevens. . . . Fri. through Wed., Dec. 18-23: "The Navy Comes Through," Pat O'Brien, George Murphy; also "You Can't Escape Forever," Brenda Marshall, George Brent.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Wed., Dec. 23: "The Forest Rangers," Paulette Goddard, Fred MacMurray; also "The Glass Key," Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)—Through Fri., Dec. 18: **ALGIERS,** revival, Hedy Lamarr, Charles Boyer; also **FOUR FEATHERS,** revival, Ralph Richardson, June Duprez. . . . Sat. through Mon., Dec. 19-21: "The Major and the Minor," Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland; also "Sin Town," Constance Bennett, Broderick Crawford. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 22-23: "Alias Boston Blackie," Chester Morris; also "Sweetheart of the Fleet," Joan Davis, Jinx Falkenburg.

Stoddard, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Mon., Dec. 21: "Nightmare," Diana Barrymore, Brian Donlevy; also "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," Fay Bainter, Edward Arnold. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 22-23: "Sabotage Squad," Kay Harris, Bruce Bennett; also "Hi, Neighbor," Jean Parker, John Archer.

Riverside, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Thurs., Dec. 17: "Phantom Killer," Joan Woodbury, Dick Purcell; also "The Hidden Hand," Julie Bishop, Craig Stevens. . . . Fri. through Wed., Dec. 18-23: "The Navy Comes Through," Pat O'Brien, George Murphy; also "You Can't Escape Forever," Brenda Marshall, George Brent.

Carlton, B'way at 100 (AC 4-8676)—Thurs., Dec. 17: "Cairo," Jeanette MacDonald, Robert Young; also "Eyes in the Night," Ann Harding, Edward Arnold. . . . Fri. through Tues., Dec. 18-22: "Tales of Manhattan," all-star cast, including Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, and Edward G. Robinson; also "Dr. Renault's Secret," J. Carroll Naish. . . . From Wed., Dec. 23: "Wake Island," Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey; also "Priorities on Parade," Ann Miller, Jerry Colonna.

Olympia, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Wed., Dec. 23: "The Forest Rangers," Paulette Goddard, Fred MacMurray; also "The Glass Key," Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd.

Nemo, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Thurs., Dec. 17: "Phantom Killer," Joan Woodbury, Dick Purcell; also "The Hidden Hand," Julie Bishop, Craig Stevens. . . . Fri. through Wed., Dec. 18-23: "The Navy Comes Through," Pat O'Brien, George Murphy; also "You Can't Escape Forever," Brenda Marshall, George Brent.

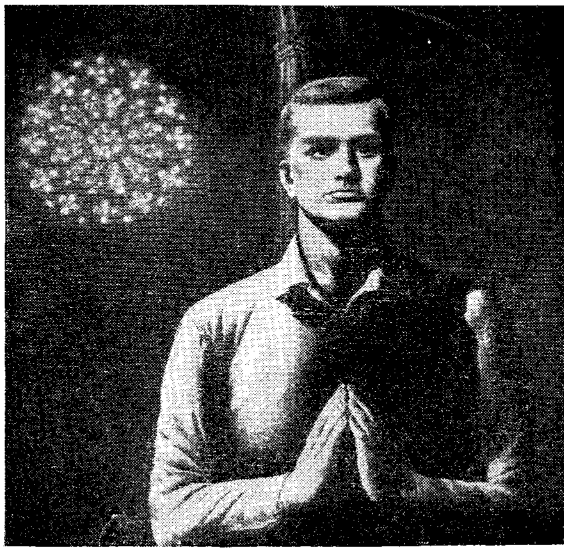
Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Wed., Dec. 23: "The Forest Rangers," Paulette Goddard, Fred MacMurray; also "The Glass Key," Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd.

Coliseum, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Thurs., Dec. 17: "Phantom Killer," Joan Woodbury, Dick Purcell; also "The Hidden Hand," Julie Bishop, Craig Stevens. . . . Fri. through Wed., Dec. 18-23: "The Navy Comes Through," Pat O'Brien, George Murphy; also "You Can't Escape Forever," Brenda Marshall, George Brent.

"The FULL development of Individual Personality"

...a 6 point post-war program

by THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY



"*Every citizen should have assured... freedom of worship...*"

What kind of a world are we fighting to create?

Pan American has presented answers to this question by America's great philosopher, Dr. John Dewey, and by Dr. Hu Shih, recently Chinese Ambassador to the United States.

Herewith we present a statement written for Americans and people throughout the world by the Most Reverend William Temple (Cantuar), Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE STRUCTURE OF LIFE as we knew it before the war has already been profoundly modified. How far do we want to restore it if we can?

The task of the Church in face of social problems is to make good Christian men and women. That is by far its most important contribution.

But it is also part of the duty of a Christian to judge how far particular evils are symptoms of a disease deeper than the evils themselves.

Thus, in the economic field, goods are produced so that men can satisfy their needs by consuming them. If a system comes into being in which production is regulated more by profit than by the needs of the consumer, that system is symptomatic of something wrong.

There is nothing wrong about profits as such. It has always been recognized that both the producer and the trader are entitled to a profit which they have earned by their service to the community. But it is possible, nonetheless, for these two to get in the wrong order. Then the consumer is treated only as a *means* to success... whereas he ought to be considered the *whole end* of the process.

If that is true, it is the duty of Christians to become aware of it and to demand a remedy. I offer these suggestions as a goal to aim at immediately:

(1) Every child should find itself a member of a family housed with decency and dignity, so that it may grow up as a member of that basic community in a happy fellowship unspoiled by underfeeding—or over-crowding, by dirty and drab surroundings or by mechanical monotony of environment.

(2) Every child should have the opportunity of an education till years of maturity, so planned as to allow for his peculiar aptitudes and make possible their full development. This education should be inspired by faith in God and find its focus in worship.

(3) Every citizen should be secure in possession of such income as will enable him to maintain a home and bring up children in such conditions as are described in paragraph 1 above.

(4) Every citizen should have a voice in the conduct of the business or industry which is carried on by means of his labour, and the satisfaction of knowing that his labour is directed to the well-being of the community.

(5) After the war, every citizen should have sufficient daily leisure, with two days of rest in seven, and, if an employee, an annual holiday with pay, to enable him to enjoy a full personal life with such interests and activities as his tasks and talents may direct.

(6) Every citizen should have assured liberty in the forms of freedom of worship, of speech, of assembly, and of association for special purposes.

Utopian? Only in the sense that we cannot have it all tomorrow. But we can set ourselves steadily to advance towards that six-fold objective. It can all be summed up in a phrase: *the aim of a Christian social order is the fullest possible development of individual personality in the widest and deepest possible fellowship.*

* * *

I should give a false impression of my own convictions if I did not here add that there is no hope of establishing a more Christian social order except through the labour and sacrifice of those in whom the Spirit of Christ is active.

William Cantuar:

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

NEVER BEFORE in the world's history has the "brotherhood of man" been so close to reality as it is today.

For, the instant we win this war, all *geographical* barriers will disappear. London and Paris will be ten hours from New York—Chungking, China, twenty hours from San Francisco.

And this travel will not be just for the well-to-do. Pan American's knowledge of technological improvements (based on more than 120,000,000 miles of overseas flight) indicates that air travel costs will be brought within reach of the average man and woman.

Today, of course, Pan American's every transport facility is working overtime to help make possible the Victory on which all our plans for a better world must be built.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS SYSTEM

Wings over the WORLD

PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

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laughter
THE PERFUME OF
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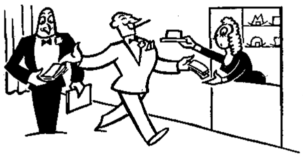
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

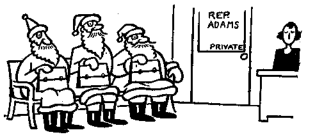
WHILE admitting that the New York bank guard who snitched $11,000 when the bank wasn't looking and spent $8,487 of it cutting a swath in the night clubs of Philadelphia may be technically guilty of larceny, we insist that the escapade savors more of social commentary than of crime. There is a Chaplinesque, almost a Dostoevskian, quality about it that will be readily apparent to anybody who has ever been in a Philadelphia night club. Our theory is that this bank guard, during the weary, flat-footed hours of watching money ebb and flow through the bank's lobby, subconsciously came to the conclusion that much of it had been dishonestly got and would be spent foolishly. This conviction, pushing up urgently through the subsoil of his mind, found epic expression in the Philadelphia junket. The act of pressing wads of somebody else's money into the clammy hands of Philadelphia headwaiters and hatcheck girls combines dishonesty and futility, with no alloy of personal pleasure or gain. It has an inspired irrelevance attained, we believe, only once before; this was when a man in Boston fleeced his partner out of $50,000 and spent it all on building up a good, fast semi-pro baseball team. We suggest that the bank guard be returned to his post to give the customers the benefit of his experience. "The paying teller is the window on the end, sir," we imagine him murmuring. "But you can't buy happiness." We suggest, also, that the bank take the elementary precaution of putting its dough way up on the top shelf.



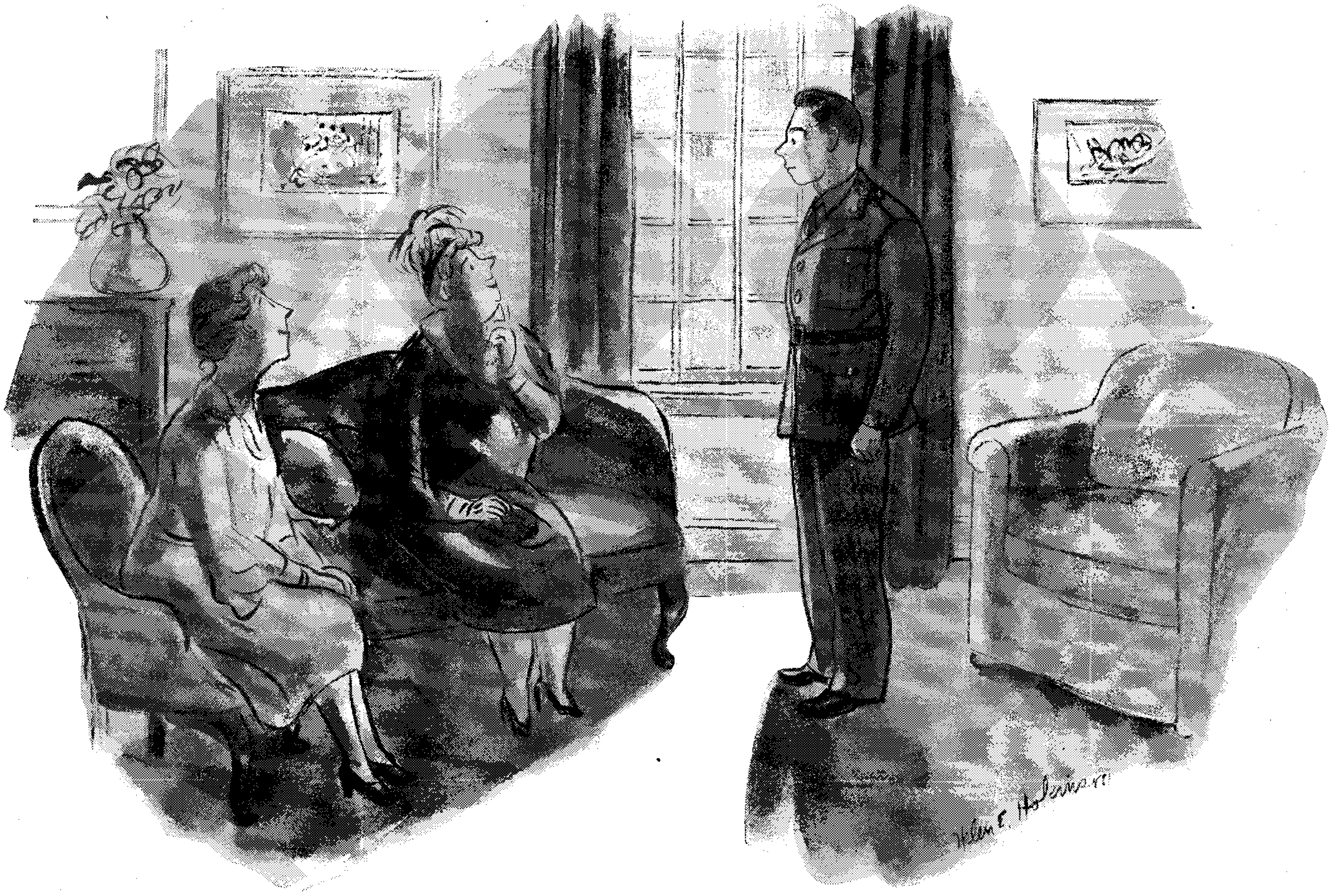
EVERY few minutes, one day last week, we leaned out of our back window and cocked an ear toward East Forty-second Street, listening for notes of revelry in the editorial rooms of the *Daily News*. The paper had been privileged to print, that day, a little UP dispatch which said that the elections of the Supreme Soviet, Russia's Congress, had been postponed until 1943. We didn't hear a sound.

REGARDING Noel Coward's difficulties with the Hays Office over several earthy words in the sound track of his new war film, "In Which We Serve," we can only say that we sympathize with the poor bastard. We can't remember whether we've ever mentioned it before, but this magazine is written, edited, and made up not twenty-five feet from the Hays Office. Our office—strictly a lower-case office—is on the nineteenth floor and the Hays Office on the twenty-first, with nothing between Hays and God but suspended soot. Sometimes we believe that little rays of purity seep through the plaster and get into our prose. Certainly it's a fact that many and many a time, in the express elevator, we have had to bite back a foul epithet or coarse oath, not knowing who might be listening. Life has been somewhat simpler and purer for us since the day last summer when a mimeographed copy of the Motion Picture Production Code sifted down the fire escape. Since then we have done our best to govern our conduct strictly in accordance with Section 5 of the Code, which deals with loose language and profanity. No matter how bum the joke submitted for our consideration, we never make the sound described in the Code as the Bronx cheer, or razzberry; lady poets and artists may wear saucy hats and cross their legs in our reception room, secure in the knowledge that none of our fellows will refer to them as sluts, broads, chippies, alley cats, bats, or cocottes; the lousiest contributions are now rejected without the overt use of the word "lousy;" and, following the advice of Section 5 to the letter, we have even broken the office boys of telling travelling-salesman-and-farmer's-daughter jokes. When something goes *terribly* wrong, we take advantage of Section 5's permission to use the words "damn," "hell," and "God," if included in quotations from history, folklore, or literary works. God bless us every one, as Tiny Tim once remarked in a literary work.

WE are not certain that we share the general pleasure in the War Labor Board's approval of pay increases for Santa Clauses. We grant that in the singular Santa Claus is a fine old gent, but we suspect that in the plural he may be something else. He may be a new pressure group. The fact that the War Labor Board listens to him at all suggests that he is something more than a simple old man with a pillow in his belly. The first thing anybody knows, he will turn out to be the Homogeneous Brotherhood of Santa Clauses, with a lobby in Washington. He will spend all his time there, like as not, trying to get parity for jack-in-the-boxes and subsidies for airlines to the Arctic, and when Christmas rolls around there'll be a national scandal about his having neglected his toymaking. We mention this merely as a friend of the administration.



WE assume that practically everyone has read Mark Sullivan's recent column on how he spent a week-



"Now, don't tell me what your rank is, Bobby. Let me guess."

• •

end during December a year ago, but, anyhow, we will go into it here, because it has got on our mind. Mr. Sullivan drove out to Greenwich with the Henry R. Luces and was their guest at a Sunday luncheon, along with, among others, the Vincent Sheeans, Mr. John T. Whitaker, Miss Virginia Cowles, Dr. Lin Yutang, and Mr. Laurence A. Steinhardt. "Altogether," Mr. Sullivan wrote, "what with guests and hosts, there was in that weekend group exceptional equipment of information and judgment to foresee the shape of things to come." What did come, evidently to the astonishment of all, is told by Mr. Sullivan in the following passage:

> At Sunday dinner, the number—as I recalled later—was thirteen. Possibly because of Ambassador Steinhardt's presence, the talk was mainly of Russia—Japan had passed out of our minds. Presently a servant, coming to Mrs. Luce at the head of the table, placed beside her plate a note. Mrs. Luce read it, looked grave, and raised her voice slightly to catch the attention of the table. Not succeeding, she picked up a spoon, which she tapped against a glass. The man at her right raised a masculine voice to bid silence. "Clare has something to tell us."
>
> Mrs. Luce read the note—it had come over the telephone from Mr. Luce's news organization, the Washington office of "Time." The wording I cannot recall exactly. It said, in one terse sentence, that Japan had attacked and bombed our airfield and fleet at Pearl Harbor.
>
> There was a half-minute of silence. Mr. Luce, exact-minded and factual, asked his wife to read the message again.

As we said, the thing got on our mind. What we can't figure out is why the message was delivered to Clare Luce rather than to Harry. Can it be that *Time's* Washington office reports momentous news to Mrs. Luce rather than to the master, or was it just a chivalrous conceit of the butler's? Now that Mrs. Luce is about to go into residence in Washington, we feel that the question has national significance, though we don't know quite what it is. As for Mr. Sullivan's report that Luce asked his wife to read the message again, we flatly do not believe it. What Luce, exact-minded and factual, said was "Give me that message, Clare."

Benedict

FORTY-EIGHT years ago a young blade named Lemuel Benedict came into the dining room of the old Waldorf for a late breakfast. He had a hangover (the statute of limitations permits the publication of this libel), but his brain was clicking away in high gear. He ordered some buttered toast, crisp bacon, two poached eggs, and a hooker of hollandaise sauce, and then and there proceeded to put together the dish that has, ever since, borne his name. Oscar of the Waldorf got wind of this unorthodox delicacy, tested it, and put it on his breakfast and luncheon menus, with certain modifications. Oscar's version of Eggs Benedict substituted ham for bacon and a toasted English muffin for toasted bread. Be advised that this perversion is not approved by the originator, who now lives in sedate retirement near Stamford, Connecticut, writing political articles, Republican in tone, for the local newspaper and puttering around with amateur cookery. "English muffins are unpalatable, no matter how much they are toasted or how they are served," he says.

To the best of our knowledge, Mr. Benedict is the sole surviving epicure of those who have given their names to great recipes. Dame Nellie Melba is gone; so is Newburg (nobody knows much about him) and Tom Collins (nobody knows *anything* about him). Naturally, this statement ignores Reuben's sandwiches, which impart but a fleeting fame. Benedict's has been a full and happy life, crowned just lately by the election of Mrs. Luce. He was a stockbroker for thirty-eight years, selling his seat and retiring at a good time—1927. His happiest memories, however, are gastronomical rather than financial. For example, he remembers W. K. Vanderbilt's chef, the great Joseph, who was paid fifteen thousand a year and who claimed he put terrapin in a more cheerful frame of mind and improved their flavor by reading a newspaper to them before dropping them in the soup. Mr. Benedict told us vivid tales of the Broadway lobster palaces, of get-togethers at Delmonico's with Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian Russell, and of informal Sunday afternoons at his own home, with Schumann-Heink or Caruso eating his food and spontaneously bursting into song.

Mr. Benedict occasionally visits New York, but it's not the same. About the only landmark left for him is the Racquet Club. After having achieved some really good cooking, we Americans have retrogressed to the point of eating hamburgers, drinking between meals, and taking our mistresses and wives to dine at the same places—all, in Mr. Benedict's eyes, equal crimes. The only statement he would issue on café society consisted of a brief shudder, but he did tell us about how the *Social Register* started. A Mrs. Keller, the mother of one of his friends, had a very tidy mind and used to keep a permanent list of names, addresses, and other pertinent data, from which she made up all her invitation lists. Her friends got into the habit of borrowing the list and then took to adding their notations. Pretty soon the thing was in the hands of a committee, one member of which was Benedict, and the *Social Register* came forth. In those days, Benedict remembers, you couldn't muscle your way into the *Register*, and if you wanted to be dropped, all you had to do was say so. Nowadays the *Social Register* is in a state of flux, and if you order Eggs Benedict you're as likely as not to get them on an English muffin, or even a pastry shell. To a certain extent we share Mr. Benedict's discouragement.

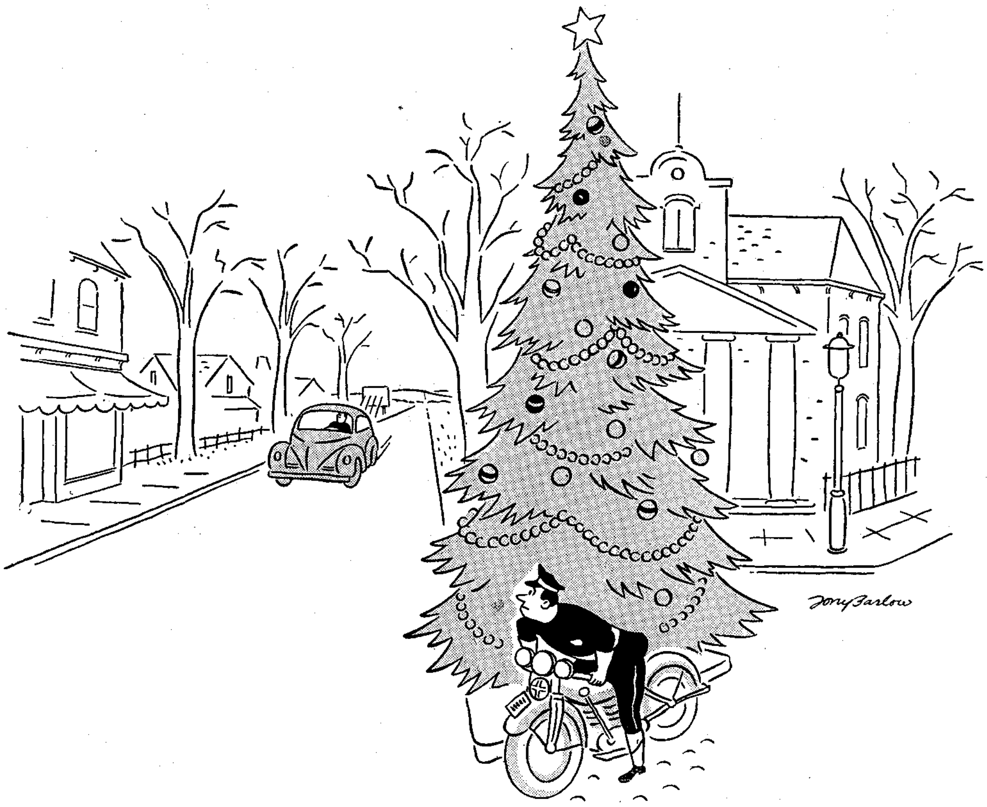
Warning

A YOUNG matron approached the floor manager at one of the Fifth Avenue Woolworth's—you can imagine what it would be like these days—and said, "I've lost my little boy." The official began to advise her about how to hunt for him, but she said, "Oh, that's all right. I just wanted to warn you that I'm going to yell for him." She yelled, the lad came running, and the manager was able to avert a panic.

Public Library

DURING that first snowstorm last week, we legged it over to the Morgan Library. It was two days after the edifice had been opened to the general citizenry—no more admission cards, applied for in writing. As we walked up the steps, a doorman in a blue uniform swung open the portal and we swung inside. The two of us were alone in the marble hall. "Sign here, please, sir," said the doorman, indicating a register and a fountain pen on a table, but this was more than we could do, even in a house of Morgan. The pen was dry. While the doorman hurried off to fill it, we gazed at an open book on display in a glass case—"Red-Figured Athenian Vases"—which was part of an exhibit of the American Institute of Graphic Arts. We read a description of Amphora 66, noting in particular one sentence: "A kitharist in a long, black-bordered chiton is stepping forward, his hand raised in rapture over the music he is making, while the judge quietly listens." At this point the doorman came back with the pen, and we signed the register; we noticed that only about forty people had preceded us that day. It may have been the weather. The doorman estimated that fifteen minutes was the average time spent in the library by visitors.

We first entered the lofty room to the left. It was carpeted with an Oriental and hung with five Flemish seventeenth-century tapestries, but seemed cozy, nevertheless, with the light coming gray through the windows and falling upon another special exhibit, "The Art of the Book in the United States, 1939-1941," a gray subject itself. Exiting through the room's one door, we were told by the doorman that we were in the Library Annex built in 1928. He directed us down a passageway and we were met by a scholarly attendant in a black coat and black trousers, who told us we were in the original library. "The late Mr. Morgan used to spend considerable time here, especially in this room," he said, pointing to a magnificent chamber with red damask walls and a huge Renaissance fireplace. Here we came upon our first fellow-visitor, a young lady we figured might be from Queens. "What's the story behind that bearskin rug before the fireplace?" she asked. "That is musk ox from the Arctic," said the attendant, not unkindly. The girl's attention next was centred on a painting over the fireplace, a redoubtable portrait of the room's late owner, with high-lighted eyes, piercing and realistic. This stopped her cold. "Who's back of that picture's eyes?" she demanded, and clearly didn't credit the attendant when he said nobody was. "I've seen those hanky-panky pictures twice before," she



said, moving on without further explanation.

Three pre-draft-age intellectuals with magnifiers entered the room, and one of them grabbed, for scrutiny, a small jade carving from a pedestal desk. "Pup, pup! Wouldn't touch anything," said the attendant. Neither this lad nor his companions noticed, hanging on the wall, Memlinc's famous canvas "Man with a Pink," which was on loan to the gallery of old masters during the World's Fair. We were lost in reverie before this, dreaming of the dear old Flushing days, when a pair of brisk middle-aged ladies tore in, one of them saying, "Do we look like we read the *Daily News?*" The other one said, "I should say not." We assumed someone in the building had said the wrong thing. There's a third room open in the Library (and a fourth, reserved for students), and we went in and looked at a seventeenth-century antiphonary on a huge lectern and glanced over the contents of the bookcases with bronze grille doors which cover the walls. A number of the shelves were empty, since the more precious of the Library's treasures, including the lock of John Keats's hair, have been removed to a place of safety outside the city. We spotted, however, Oliver Cromwell's copy of the Bible, a small volume bound in red leather. It was still snowing when we left. It would have made Keats cough.

Packages from Home

WE are told of a young ensign whose mother, back in Kansas, can't be convinced that creature comforts are not wholly denied to an officer attached to the Bureau of Aeronautics in Washington. She has not only turned to cooking and knitting for him in a big way but has egged her neighbors into helping. Every day or so he gets a batch of chocolate cookies, and often a nice warm muffler, too. He distributes the cookies among his superior officers and puts the knit goods in his active-duty hope chest.

Grunion and Others

CONTINUING, and concluding, this department's study of marine biology, inspired by the names of American submarines, we present a brief report on the habits and appearance of the angler, grunion, bashaw, grenadier, gabilan, raton, and drum, all of which have namesakes in the submersible class of war vessels. The angler, found off the ocean side of Long Island, is fond of deep water. It occasionally reaches a length of four feet and a weight of seventy pounds, and is bad news for little fish. The angler is mostly mouth and stomach. It paddles along, agitating a flaglike tentacle that grows from the top of its head. When smaller fish, enticed by the movement of the tentacle, swim within reach, it opens its mouth and draws them in by suction, like a Hoover cleaner. The grunion is a famous West Coast fish, about six inches long and good eating. It's bad for grunion that they are such good eating, as their mating habits bring them inshore at predictable periods and people catch basketfuls. The second night after a full moon, from March to August, the grunion come in with the flood tide. The female deposits her eggs in the sand as close to shore as possible, and the male fertilizes them. The receding tide covers the eggs with sand. The next flood tide brings more grunion in to spawn, and by this time the first batch of eggs is ready to hatch; contact with sea water does the trick, and the youngsters swim off, in schools.

The bashaw is a big catfish of the Mississippi and tributaries, and, a natural-history expert cautiously told us, "it *may* be eaten by Missourians." The grenadier is a deep-sea relative of the cod, with a big mouth and a spiky tail; it is found anywhere from Massachusetts Bay to the West Indies and has the ability to descend to a depth of seventy-five hundred feet. Eagle rays have won the respect of ichthyologists by making something of themselves against overwhelming odds; possibly this is why they have been given the more ornamental name of gabilan. An ordinary ray looks like a shark that has been rolled flat; it can't really swim well—just flaps along the sea bottom. Gabilans, however, have developed winglike appendages, with which they swim better, and also have developed more elaborate teeth and jaws, equal to the job of cracking the shells of deep-water mussels.

The raton is popular as a pan fish on the West Coast. It is better known (to a limited circle) as the spread fin. It has a beard-shaped appendage on its chin. It uses this as a tactile organ in its search for food on the ocean floor. Not a few fish have the ability to utter sounds, but the drum is one of very few that can make themselves heard above water. Yachtsmen have had the eerie experience of hearing a school of drum shouting gaily to one another as they swim under the boat. They go "Wop, wop!" They are good to eat, too.

Perhaps in order to confuse the Axis espionage system, and perhaps through honest ignorance, the Navy has twice christened two submarines for the same fish under different names. The U.S.S. Wahoo and the U.S.S. Peto are both named for a big, fast mackerel with a cruising speed of thirty land miles per hour. The U.S.S. Robalo and U.S.S. Snook are named for a big fish with an undershot jaw and a depressed brow which ranges from Florida to Rio de Janeiro—something that the subs may be doing, too, for all we know.

Etiology

GETTING set for a job as a template maker in a nearby aircraft factory, a girl we heard of was sent to the company physician for a physical examination. Before the doctor thumped her, the assisting nurse took down some data. "How often do you have head colds?" she asked. Our heroine said she hadn't had a head cold since she was twelve years old. The nurse's face showed surprise. "Christian Scientist?" she inquired.

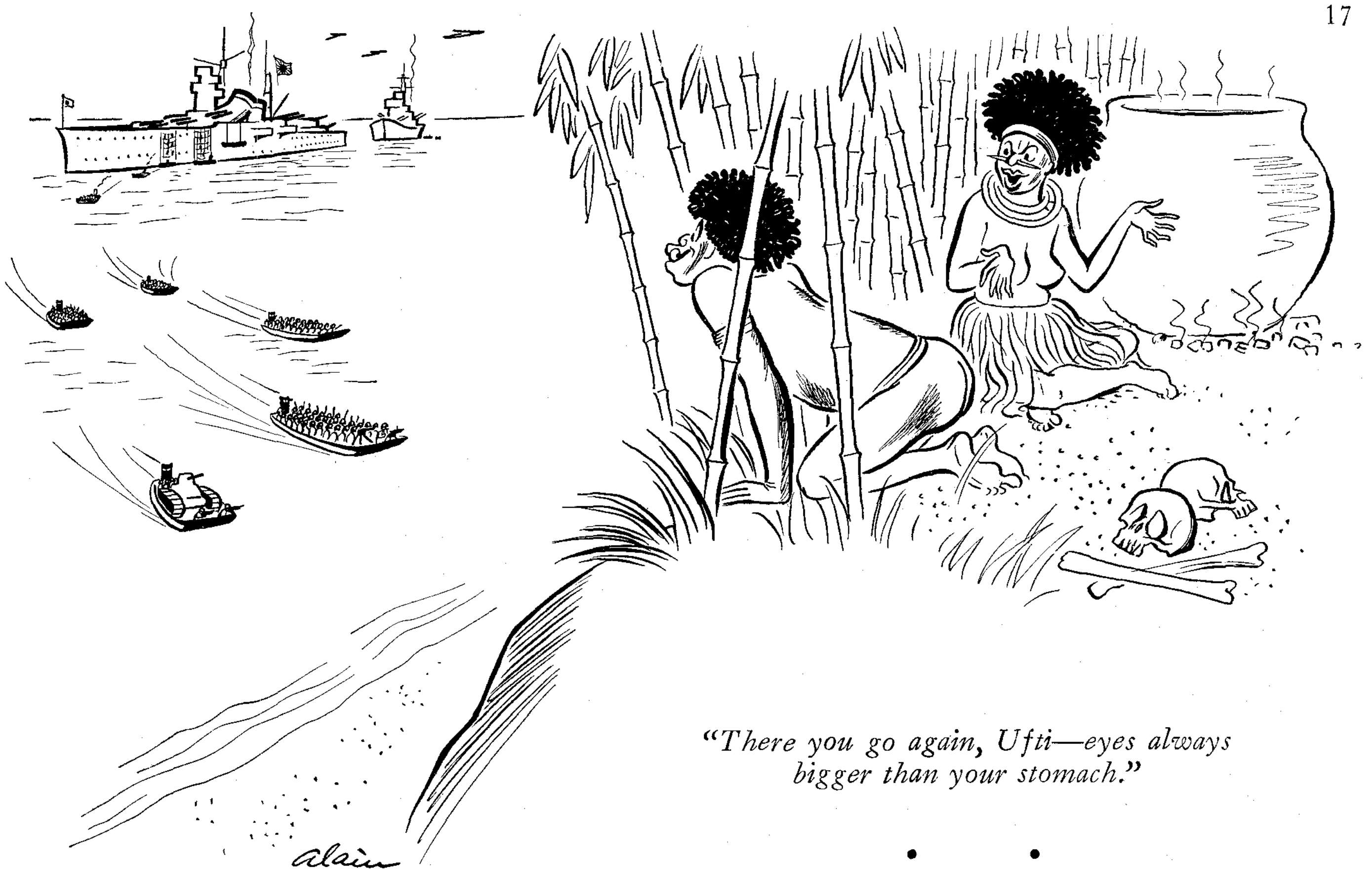
St. Monty

THE first member of the international set to play Santa Claus in Macy's was, naturally, Monty Woolley. We were there when he did it, and are pleased to report that he was fully up to the demands of the rôle. When we reached Macy's toy department, what to our wondering eyes should appear but Woolley in a Santa Claus suit, a line of mothers and children filing past him, a newsreel camera, a batch of newspaper reporters and photographers, and a scattering of publicity people. "It's a natural," one of the publicity women was telling a journalist. "You see, in his new picture, 'Life Begins at 8:30,' he plays Santa Claus at a department store called Marcy's. So we have him doing it at Macy's, a *real* department store. Look at that beard," she added fondly. Edging up close to Woolley, we found that each of the interviews with children followed a fairly regular pattern, something like this:

WOOLLEY: And what do *you* want for Christmas?

CHILD: Boat na sled na doll na bicycle.

WOOLLEY: Well, that's hard to get,



"There you go again, Ufti—eyes always bigger than your stomach."

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but we'll see what we can do. Next, please.

One little boy said he wanted a train, and for a moment Woolley seemed carried away by his rôle. "You mean a *real* train?" he asked. "No," the child said, coldly. "Oh," said Woolley. "Well, that's rather hard to get. Next, please."

Woolley and the staff Santa took alternate tricks of ten minutes. Impatient thumpings would come from the dressing room, located just behind Santa's throne, and the Santa on duty would say, "I must go in and water the reindeer." He'd go in, and a moment later the other would pop out. Along with some fellow-journalists, we sneaked into the dressing room while Woolley was taking a rest, and found him drinking a Coca-Cola. "I suppose I should really be chewing an icicle," he said. Somebody told him he'd have to make the kids speak up, because the newsreel men were going nuts. "What the hell? I can't hear them, either," Woolley snapped. "That's why I keep saying 'That's hard to get.' Most of them are completely blotto. They get a death grip on your hand and then forget their innermost wishes. It's stage fright, pure and simple." To a reporter who was taking notes, he added, "You may tell my public that this morning I weighed a hundred and eighty-five pounds and that right now I weigh a hundred and eighty."

When Santa Woolley went back on the job, we had a word with the other Claus, who had relaxed backstage by putting on pince-nez and removing his beard (one advantage he had over Woolley). He told us that the word for Woolley's performance was "super-mellow-gorgeous." "A *great* actor," he observed, and continued, "I'm in the theatre myself. All true Clauses are actors. You see, actors travel all over the United States; a man from New York alone wouldn't know what it was all about. You've got to talk the child's language and the parents'. Child asks for hobbyhorse. My answer: 'I'll give you one for Christmas, and I'll give Mamma one in the fourth at Pimlico.' It pleases the child and kills the woman."

We drifted out front again and found ourself mixed up with the line of kiddies and mothers. One determined-looking mother was accompanied by a pretty and rather well-developed young lady of fourteen. "Now, don't forget," the mother was saying. "When you get your arm around his neck and face the camera, what do you do then?" "Smile," the little lady said, unhappily. At this point a Fox Movietone man suddenly shouted, "Stop! Stop this whole goddam thing!" He seized the kiddie who was next in line to speak to Santa and said sternly, "Speak up, do you hear? Shout at Santa when you ask for your present." He stepped aside, the camera started turning, and the kiddie, although plainly on the verge of tears, shouted, "I want a sub-machine gun." "This you shall have," boomed Woolley, upstaging the tot and presenting a three-quarter profile to the camera. The fourteen-year-old girl got a quick brush-off from the press and newsreel boys, though, like all the other devotees of the saint, she received a piece of candy. "Don't eat that candy," her mother said. "What do they mean, you're too old? You'd make a better picture with that Mr. Woolley than most of them." As we passed along, we heard a Macy's executive exclaim, "Sure, we'll be able to sneak him out. That beard don't mean a thing without he's got a Santa outfit on."

Quest

A LADY author, in Washington to do some work for the O.W.I., made the mistake of setting out from the Union Station on foot. She got lost immediately, and soon found that it did no good to ask her way, since almost everybody else was a stranger, too. Finally she accosted a little man who was scuttling along with an armload of official-looking envelopes. "The O.W.I.? Right in there," he said, pointing at a nearby building. The lady thanked him, adding conversationally that she had been hunting for it a good hour and a half. "An hour and a half?" the little man said scornfully. "Why, the man *I'm* trying to see—I been looking for him for three weeks."

OUCH, PERHAPS?

OR THE AFFAIR AT SIMPLON PASS

Dr. Sparrowly allowed his No. 3 burr to hum gently before addressing it to the upper right-hand molar of his new patient. "This may be a bit uncomfortable for a second or two," he explained. "It's a live tooth, you see, and we'll be shaving fairly close to the pulp." Dr. Sparrowly was one of those dentists who liked to explain things as he went along. He had the knack of making the tiniest filling a shared adventure, and whenever he took a wax impression for a new tooth, he managed to make the patient feel that they were both scaling a dental Matterhorn.

The new patient—a Mr. Eric Blazinger, rubicund and well recommended—eyed the drill with normal distrust. "You won't have to touch the nerve?" he asked.

"No, not the nerve itself—just the sensitive dentine around it. We'll go ever so slowly, and if there's the least bit of discomfort, just let me know."

Mr. Blazinger opened his mouth, keeping his eyes focussed on pure space above and beyond.

Dr. Sparrowly laid his drill against the edge of the decayed spot. "Easy does it," he crooned, noting with satisfaction how the burr's cutting edges took hold with clean authority. "Hurt?" he asked.

Mr. Blazinger shook his head . . . "Nuh-uh," he gurgled.

"Healthy subject," thought Dr. Sparrowly. "Not one of your neurotic screamers." He pressed the drill a trifle harder. "We're going in now," he warned. "Uncomfortable?"

Mr. Blazinger shook his head again.

Dr. Sparrowly could see that the industrious burr was coming closer to the critical zone. He knew that in about ten seconds, maybe less, Mr. Blazinger's hand would shoot up and a distressed "Hey, Doc" arise in protest. Meanwhile the burr sank into a soft spot and whirred profitably. Mr. Blazinger's eyes bulged.

"Ouch, perhaps?" suggested Dr. Sparrowly.

A negative mumble came from Mr. Blazinger.

"No ouch?" Surprise registered in the dentist's voice. He could see that the cavity was quite clean now and that the burr was burrowing close to the nerve. Funny, no pain. Maybe the nerve was dead. In that case quite another procedure—*quite* another procedure—would be in order. Dr. Sparrowly withdrew the burr, meditatively picked up a nutpick probe, and poked around the cavity. "No sensitivity at all?"

Mr. Blazinger did his best to produce something in the line of pain, but failed to dig up even a poor simulacrum of suffering. "Should I feel something?" he asked, sitting up.

Dr. Sparrowly looked judicial. "I'd like a *little* sensitivity there," he said. "It would tell us where we're at. As it is, I'm ju-ust a mite worried . . ." Like an Alpinist getting his bearings, he pondered his course. Finally he arrived at a momentous decision and confirmed it with an approving nod. "We'll try once more," he said cheerfully, reaching for the drill.

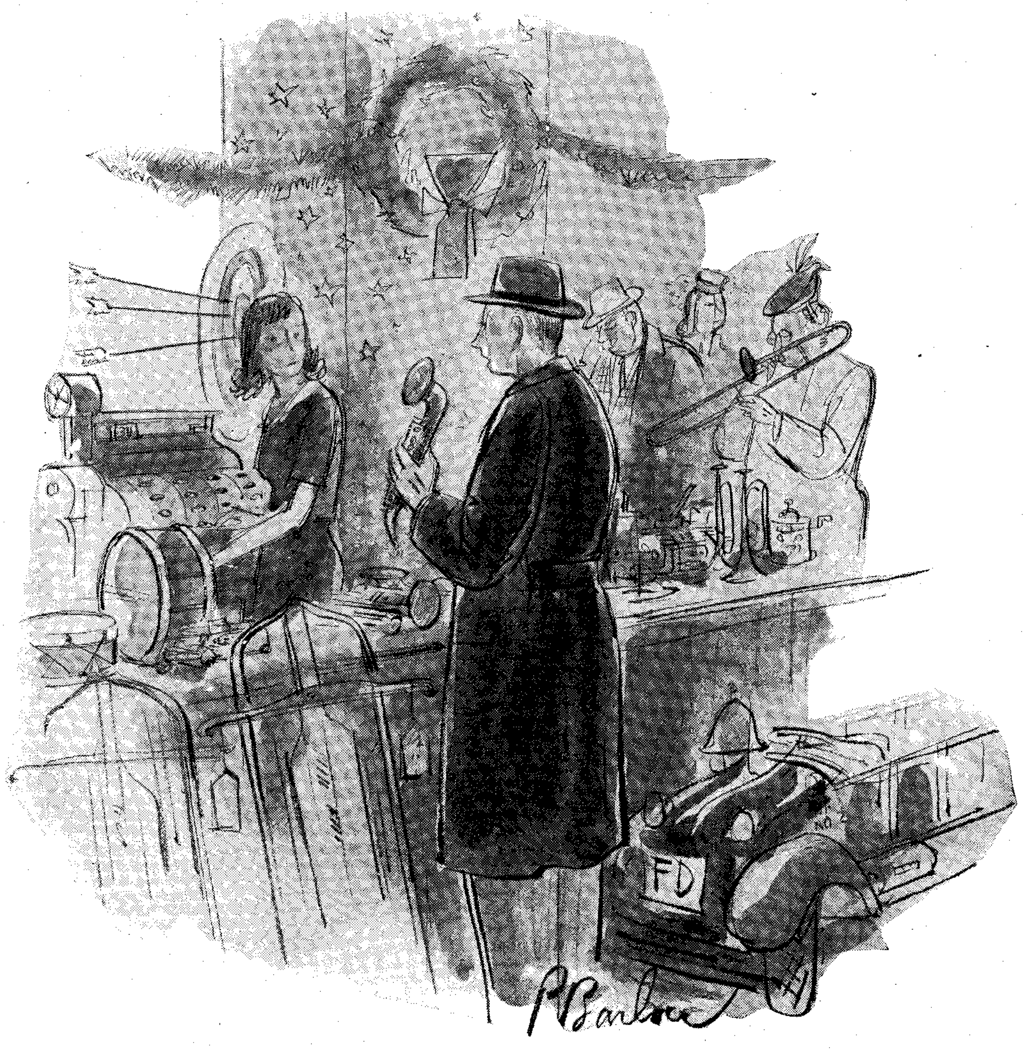
Mr. Blazinger lay back again, not knowing whether to feel relieved or alarmed about his numb molar. Dr. Sparrowly turned the drill up to full speed and, after making a few merry glissandos on the sound part of the tooth, laid the burr resolutely on the exact spot where the nerve ending should be.

Mr. Blazinger's hand shot up. "Ouch!" he exclaimed with distinct emphasis.

Dr. Sparrowly was beaming now. "That's just what we wanted to know," he said. "For a moment back there, I thought we were lost. It seems that we struck one of those rare cases in which the dentine surrounding the nerve is completely anaesthetic even though the nerve itself is intact."

"Is that good or bad?" asked Mr. Blazinger.

"Good!" exclaimed Dr. Sparrowly. "Very good. In fact, ideal." He bustled about with his amalgam-mixing tools, and Mr. Blazinger settled down contentedly for the filling. Bright pools of sun bathed the surrounding peaks, and a shaggy St. Bernard sloshed his little barrel happily as the pair of intrepid climbers gained the top of the hazardous pass. —Henry Morton Robinson



"Have you something like this that's not too durable?"

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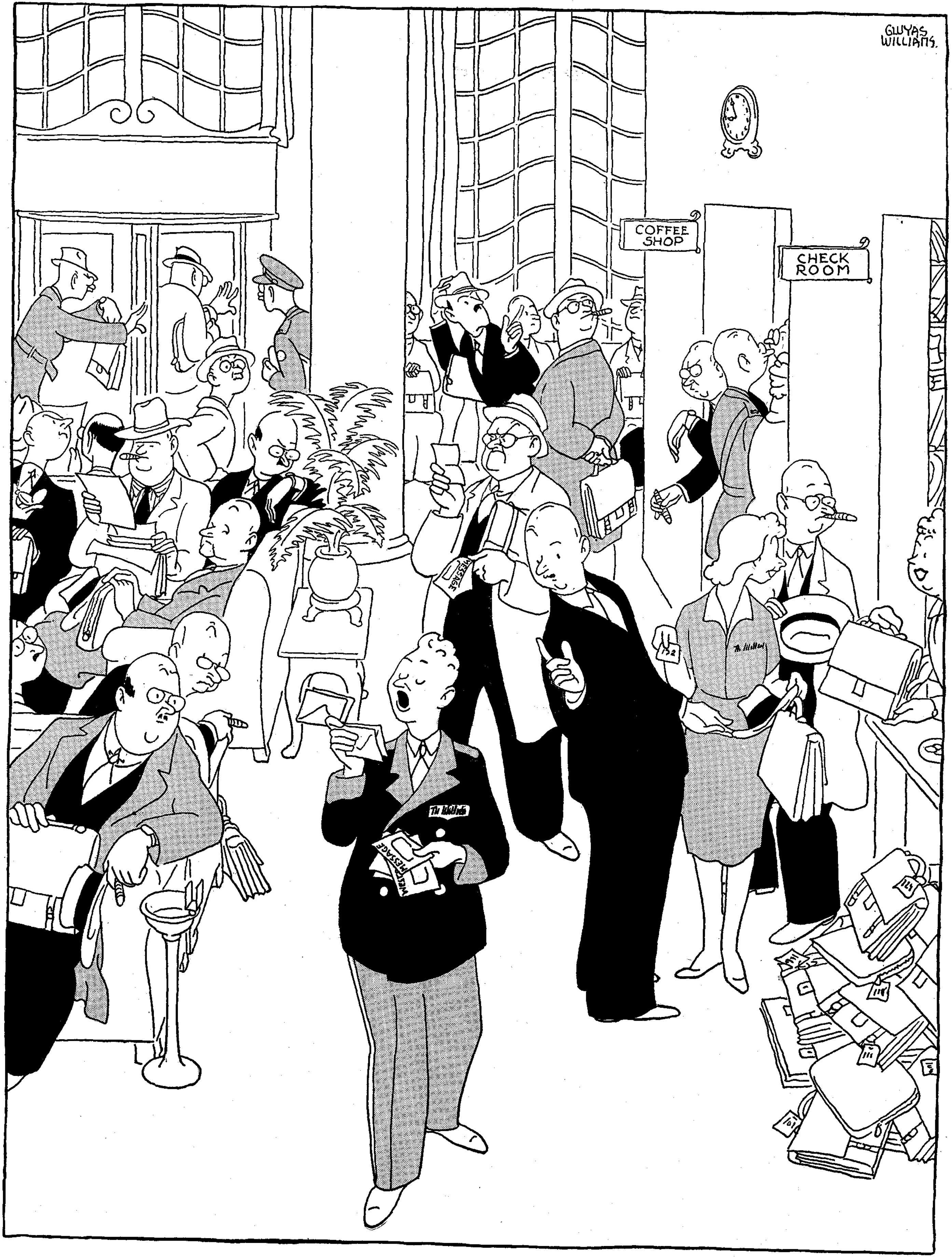
He nodded his thanks, and watched her slip them safely into the brown-paper parcel.—*From "Above Suspicion," by Helen MacInnes.*

Some women save simply everything.


GLUYAS WILLIAMS.
COFFEE SHOP
CHECK ROOM
MESSAGE
MESSAGE

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

Hotel Lobby, 8:55 A.M.

DAYS OF INNOCENCE

GORE IN THE CARIBBEES

NO reporter of my generation, whatever his genius, ever really rated spats and a walking stick until he had covered both a lynching and a revolution. The first I always missed, usually by an inch. I had rather better luck with revolutions, though I covered only one, and that one I walked into by a sort of accident.

The year was 1917 and I was returning from a whiff of World War I in a Spanish ship that had sailed from La Coruña, Spain, ten days before and was hoping, eventually, to get to Havana. It was, at the moment, somewhere in the maze of the Bahamas, but a wireless reached it nevertheless, and that wireless was directed to me and came from the *Sunpaper* office in Baltimore. It said, in brief, that a revolution had broken out in Cuba, that both sides were doing such rough lying that no one north of the Straits of Florida could make out what it was about, and that a series of succinct and illuminating dispatches describing its issues and personalities would be appreciated. I wirelessed back that the wishes of my superiors were commands, and then sent another wireless to a friend in Havana, Captain Asmus Leonhard, marine superintendent of the Munson Line, saying that I itched to see him the instant my ship made port. Captain Leonhard was a Dane of enormous knowledge but parsimonious speech, and I had a high opinion of his sagacity. He knew everyone worth knowing in Latin America and thousands who were not, and his estimates of them seldom took more than three words. "A burglar," he would say, characterizing a general played up by all the North American newspapers as the greatest trans-Rio Grande hero since Bolivar, or "A goddam fraud," alluding to a new President of Colombia, El Salvador, or Santo Domingo, and that was all. His reply to my wireless was in his usual manner. It said, "Sure."

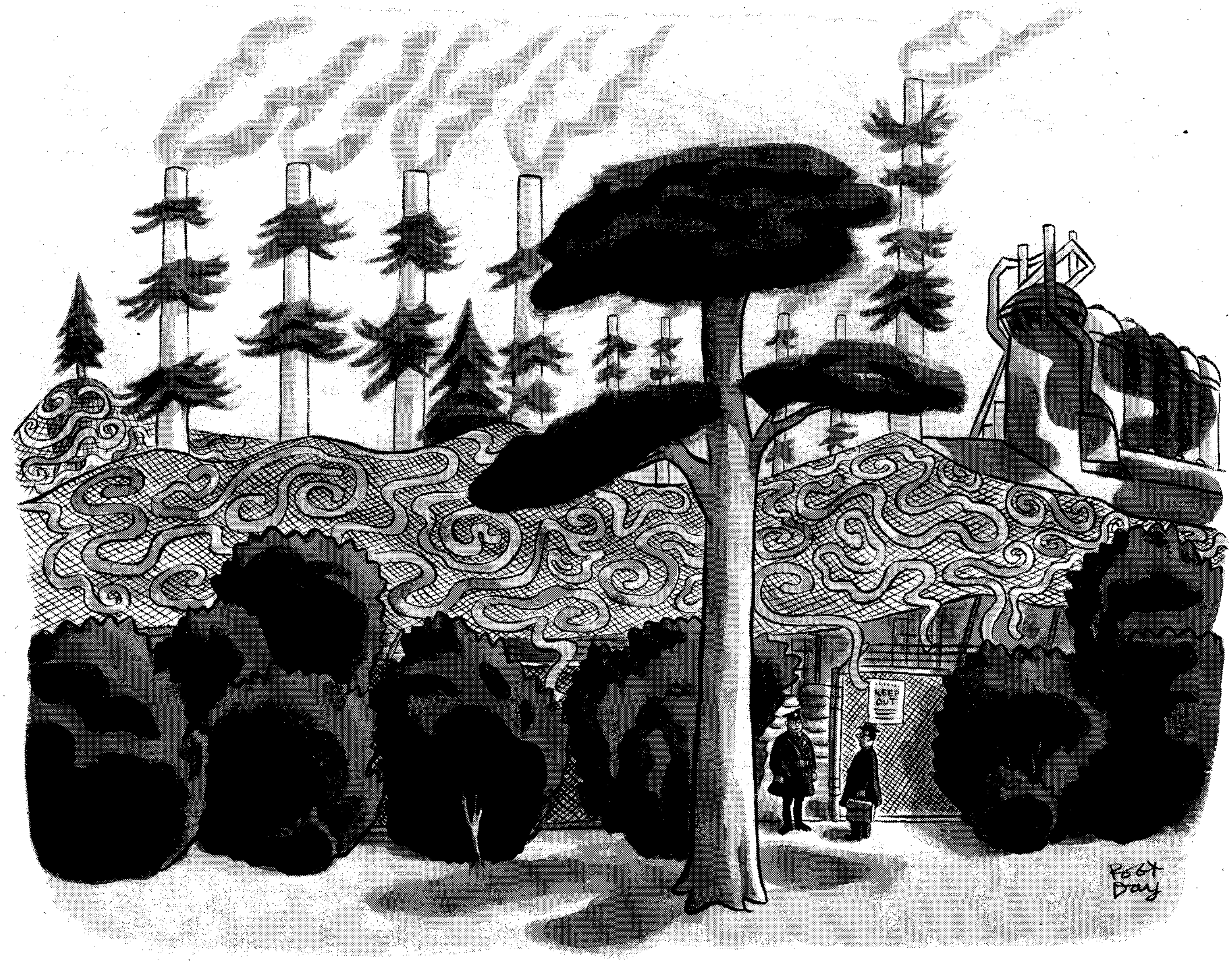
When the Spanish ship, after groping about for two or three days, finally made Havana and passed the Morro, a smart young mulatto in Captain Leonhard's launch put out from shore, took me aboard his craft, and whisked me through the customs. The Captain himself was waiting in front of the Pasaje Hotel in the Prado, eating a plate of Spanish bean soup and simultaneously smoking a Romeo y Julieta cigar. "The issues in the revolution," he said, tackling the business in hand at once, "are simple. Menocal, who calls himself a Conservative, is President, and José Miguel Gómez, who used to be President and calls himself a Liberal, wants to make a comeback. That is the whole story. José Miguel says that when Menocal was reëlected last year the so-called Liberals were chased away from the so-called polls by the so-called army. On the other hand, Menocal says that José Miguel is a porch-climber and ought to be chased out of the island. Both are right."

The situation seemed clear enough, and I prepared to write a dispatch at once, but Captain Leonhard suggested that perhaps it might be a good idea for me to see Menocal first. We were at the palace in three minutes, and found it swarming with dignitaries. Half of them were army officers in uniform, with swords, and the other half were functionaries of the secretariat. They pranced and roared in a truly appalling manner, and at intervals of a few seconds more officers would dash up in motorcars and muscle and whoop their way into the President's office. These last, explained Captain Leonhard, were couriers from the front, for José Miguel, having taken to the bush, was even now surrounded down in Santa Clara Province, and there were high hopes that he would be collared anon. Despite all the hurly-burly, it took only ten minutes for the Captain to get me an audience with *el Presidente*. I found His Excellency calm and amiable. He spoke English fluently, and was far from reticent. José Miguel, he said, was a fiend in human form who hoped by his treasons to provoke American intervention and so upset the current freely chosen and impeccably virtuous government. This foul plot would fail. The gallant Cuban army, which had never lost either a battle or a war, had the traitor cornered, and within a few days he would be chained up among the lizards in the fortress of La Cabaña, waiting for the firing squad and trying in vain to make his peace with God. So saying, *el Presidente* bowed me out, at the same time offering to put a motorcar and a secretary at my disposal.

IT seemed a favorable time to write my dispatch, but Captain Leonhard stayed me again. "First," he said, "you had better hear what the revolutionists have to say." "The revolutionists!" I exclaimed. "I thought they were out in Santa Clara, surrounded by the army." "Some are," said the Captain, "but some ain't. Let us take a hack." So we took a hack and were presently worming our way down the narrow street called Obispo. Presently the Captain called a halt in front of a bank, and we got out. "I'll wait here in the bank," he said, "and you go upstairs to Room 309. Ask for Dr. ——," and he whispered a name. "Who is this Dr. ——?" I whispered back. "He is the head of the revolutionary junta," replied the Captain. "Mention my name, and he will tell you all about it."

I followed orders, and was soon closeted with the Doctor—a very tall, very slim old man with a straggling beard and skin the color of cement. While we gabbled, various persons rushed in and out of his office, most of them carrying papers which they slapped upon his desk. In a corner a young Cuban girl of considerable pulchritude banged away at a typewriter. The Doctor, like *el Presidente*, spoke excellent English, and appeared to be in ebullient spirits. He had trustworthy agents, he gave me to understand, in the palace, some of them in high office. He knew what was going on in the American Embassy. He got carbons of all official telegrams from the front. The progress of events there, he said, was extremely favorable to the cause of reform. José Miguel, though somewhat bulky for field service, was a military genius comparable to Joffre or Hindenburg and would soon be making monkeys of the generals of the army. As for Menocal, he was a fiend in human form who hoped to provoke American intervention and thereby make his corrupt and abominable regime secure.

All this naturally struck me as somewhat unusual, though as a newspaper reporter I was supposed to be incapable of surprise. Here, in the very heart and gizzard of Havana, within sight and hearing of thousands, the revolutionists were maintaining what amounted to open headquarters, and their boss wizard was talking freely and, indeed, in a loud voice to a stranger whose only introduction had been, so to speak, to ask for Joe. I ventured to inquire of the Doctor if there were not some danger that his goldfish globe of a hideaway would be discovered. "Not much," he said. "The army is hunting for us, but the army is so stupid as to be virtually idiotic. The police know where we are, but they believe we are going to win,



"Pardon me, but can you direct me to the Hotchkiss Tool and Die Casting Company?"

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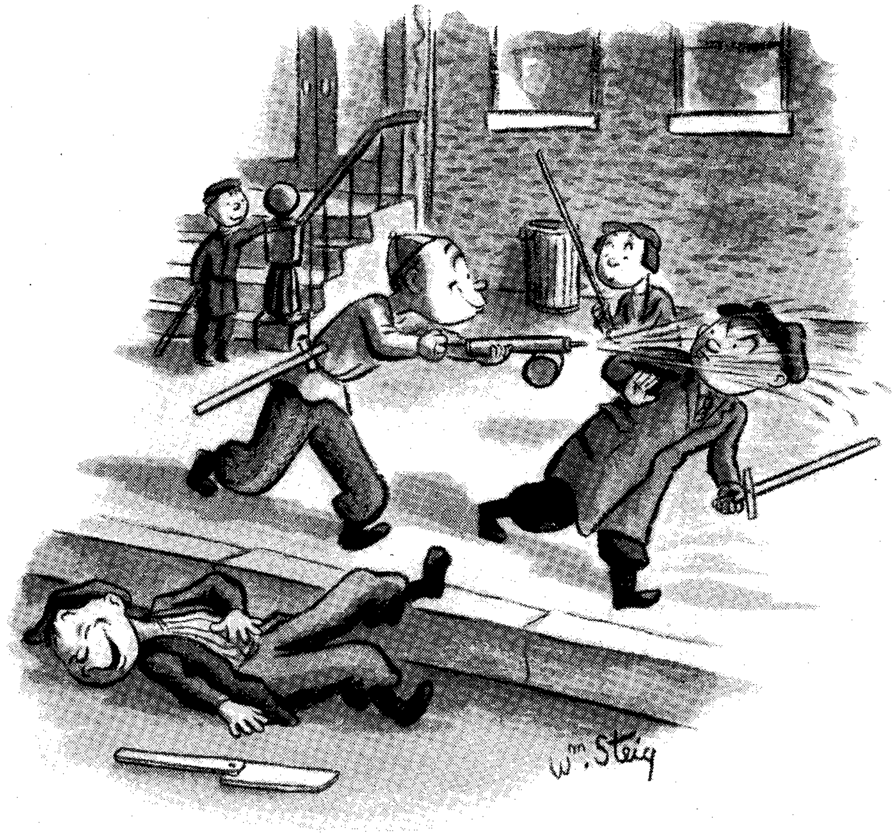
and want to keep their jobs afterward." From this confidence the Doctor proceeded to boasting. "In ten days," he said, "we'll have Menocal jugged in La Cabaña. . . . Shoot him? No. It would be too expensive. The New York banks that run him have plenty of money. If we let him live, they will come across."

WHEN I rejoined the Captain downstairs, I suggested again that it was high time for me to begin composing my dispatch, and this time he agreed. More, he hauled me down to the cable office, only a block or two away, and there left me. "If you get into trouble," he said, "call me up at the Pasaje. I'll be taking my nap, but the clerk will wake me if you need me."

I found the cable office very comfortable and even luxurious. There were plenty of desks and typewriters, and when I announced myself I was invited to make myself free of them. Moreover, as I sat down and began to unlimber my prose, a large brass spittoon was wheeled up beside me, apparently as a friendly concession to my nationality. At other desks a number of other gentlemen were in labor, and I recognized them at once as colleagues, for a newspaper reporter can always spot another, just as a Freemason can spot a Freemason, or a detective a detective. But I didn't know any of them and fell to work without speaking to them. When my dispatch was finished, I took it to the window and was informed politely that it would have to be submitted to the censor, who occupied, it appeared, a room in the rear.

The censor turned out to be a young Cuban whose English was quite as good as Menocal's or the Doctor's, but unhappily he had rules to follow, and I soon found that they were excessively onerous. While I palavered with him, several of the colleagues came up with copy in their hands, and in two minutes an enormous debate was in progress. The censor was sworn, I soon gathered, to cut out everything even remotely resembling a fact. No names. No dates. Worse, no conjectures, prognostications, divinations. The colleagues, thus robbed of their habitual provender and full of outrage, put up a dreadful uproar, but the censor stood his ground, and presently I slipped away and called up Captain Leonhard. My respect for his influence was higher than ever now, and it had occurred to me that the revolutionists up the street might have a private cable, and that if they had he would undoubtedly be free of it. But when, in response to his order, I met him in front of the Pasaje, he said nothing about a cable but heaved me instead into a hack. In ten minutes we were aboard a decrepit American ship (its lines suggested that it had started out as an excursion boat on the Hudson) which was just about to cast off from a wharf down in the region of the customhouse, and he was introducing me to one of the mates. "Tell him what to do," he said, "and he will do it." I told the mate to file my dispatch the instant his ship docked at Key West, he nodded silently and put the copy into an inside pocket, and that was that. Then the siren



SMALL FRY

Chemical warfare

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sounded and the Captain and I returned to the pier.

It all seemed so facile that I became somewhat uneasy. Could the mate be trusted? The Captain assured me that he could. But what of the ship? Certainly it did not look fit for wrestling with the notorious swells of the Straits of Florida and, besides, it was my guess, imparted to the Captain, that no such craft could make the run in less than forty-eight hours. The Captain laughed. "That old hulk," he said, "is the fastest ship in the Caribbean. If it doesn't hit a log or break in two, it will make Key West in five and a half hours." He was right, as usual, for that night, just as I was turning in at the Pasaje, I received a cable from the *Sunpaper* saying that my treatise on the revolution had begun to run, and was very illuminating and high-toned stuff.

For the next few days I unloaded all my dissertations in the same manner. Every afternoon I would divert attention by waiting on the censor and filing a dispatch so full of contraband that I knew he would never send it, and then I would go down to the wharf and look up the mate. On the fourth day he was *non est* and I was in a panic, but just as the lines were being cast off, I caught sight of a likely-looking Americano standing at the gangway and decided to throw myself upon his Christian charity. He responded readily, and my dispatch went through as usual. Thereafter, though the mate never showed up again—I heard later that he was sick in Key West—I always managed to find an accommodating passenger. Meanwhile, the censor's copy hook accumulated a fine crop of my rejected cablegrams, together with scores by the colleagues. Every time I went to the cable office I found the whole corps raising hell and threatening all sorts of reprisals and revenges. But they seldom got anything through save the official communiqués that issued from the palace at hourly intervals.

These communiqués were prepared by a large staff of press agents, and not only were couched in extremely florid words but ran to great lengths. I had just come from Berlin, where all that the German General Staff had to say every day, though war was raging on two fronts, was commonly put into no more than three hundred words, so this Latin exuberance rather astonished me. But the stuff made gaudy reading, and I sent a lot of it to the *Sunpaper* by mail, for the entertainment and instruction of the gentlemen of the copy desk. Meanwhile, I hung about the palace, and picked up enough off-record gossip to give my dispatches a pleasant air of verisimilitude, and made daily visits to the headquarters of the revolutionists, to the same end.

AFTER a week it began to seem likely, even on the evidence supplied by the revolutionists, that the uprising was making heavy weather of it, and when, a day or two later, the palace press agents announced, in a communiqué running to eight thousand words, that José Miguel Gómez was about to be taken, I joined the colleagues in believing it. We all demanded, of course, to be let in on the final scene, and after a long series of conferences, with speeches by Menocal, half a dozen high army officers, and all the press agents, it was so ordered. According to both the palace and the revolutionists, the front was down at Placetas, in Santa Clara, a hundred and eighty miles away. There were plenty of Fords in Havana, and it was arranged that a fleet of them should start out the next morning, loaded with correspondents, typewriters, and bottled beer.

Unhappily, the trip was never made, for at the precise moment the order for it was being issued a dashing colonel in Santa Clara was leading his men in a grand assault upon José Miguel, and after ten minutes of terrific fire and deafening yells the Cuban Hindenburg hoisted his shirt upon the tip of his sword and surrendered. He did not have to take his shirt off for the purpose; it was already hanging upon a guava bush, for he had been preparing for a siesta in his hammock. Why he did not know of the projected attack I could never find out, for he was held incommunicado in La Cabaña until I left Cuba, and neither the palace nor the revolutionists seemed willing to discuss the subject.

The palace press agents, you may be sure, spit on their hands when they heard the news, and turned out a series of communiqués perhaps unsurpassed in the history of war. Their hot, lascivious rhetoric was still flowing three or four days later, long after poor José Miguel was safely jugged among the lizards and scorpions. I recall one canto of five or six thousand words that included a minute autopsy on the strategy and tactics of the final battle, written by a gifted military pathologist on the staff of the victorious colonel. He described every move in the stealthy approach to José Miguel in the greatest detail, and pitched his analysis in highly graphic and even bloodcurdling terms. More than once, it appeared, the whole operation was in dire peril, and a false step might have wrecked it and thereby delivered Cuba to the wolves. Indeed, it might have been baffled at its very apex and apogee if only José Miguel had had his shirt on. As it was, he could not, according to Latin notions of decorum, lead his men, and in consequence they skedaddled and he himself was forced to yield his sword to the agents of the New York banks.

The night of the victory was a great night in Havana, especially at the palace. President Menocal kept open house in the most literal sense: his office door was wide open and anyone was free to rush in and hug him. Thousands did so, including hundreds of officers arriving home from the front.

As they leaped out of their Fords in front of the palace, the bystanders fell upon them with patriotic gloats and gurgles and kissed them on both cheeks. Then they struggled up the grand staircase to *el Presidente's* reception room, and were kissed again by the superior public there assembled. Finally, they leaped into the inner office, and fell to kissing His Excellency and to being kissed by him. It was an exhilarating show, but full of strangeness to a Nordic. I observed two things especially. The first was that, for all the uproar, no one was drunk. The other was that the cops beat up no one.

JOSÉ MIGUEL was brought to Havana the next morning, chained up in a hearse, and the palace press agents announced, in a series of ten or fifteen communiqués, that he would be tried during the afternoon and shot at sunrise the day following. My colleagues and I, robbed of our chance to see his capture, now applied for permission to see him put to death, and somewhat to our surprise it was granted readily. He was to be turned off, it appeared, at 6 A.M. promptly, so we were asked to be at the gate of La Cabaña an hour earlier. Most of us were on hand, but the sentry on watch refused to let us in, and after half an hour's wrangle a young officer came out and said that the execution had been postponed until the next day. The next day it was put off again, and again the next, and after three or four days none of us showed up at the gate any more. It was then announced by the palace literati that President Menocal had commuted the sentence to solitary confinement for life in a dungeon on the Cayos de la Doce Leguas off the south coast, where the mosquitoes were as large as bullfrogs, along with confiscation of all the culprit's property, whether real, personal, or mixed, and the perpetual loss of his civil rights, such as they were.

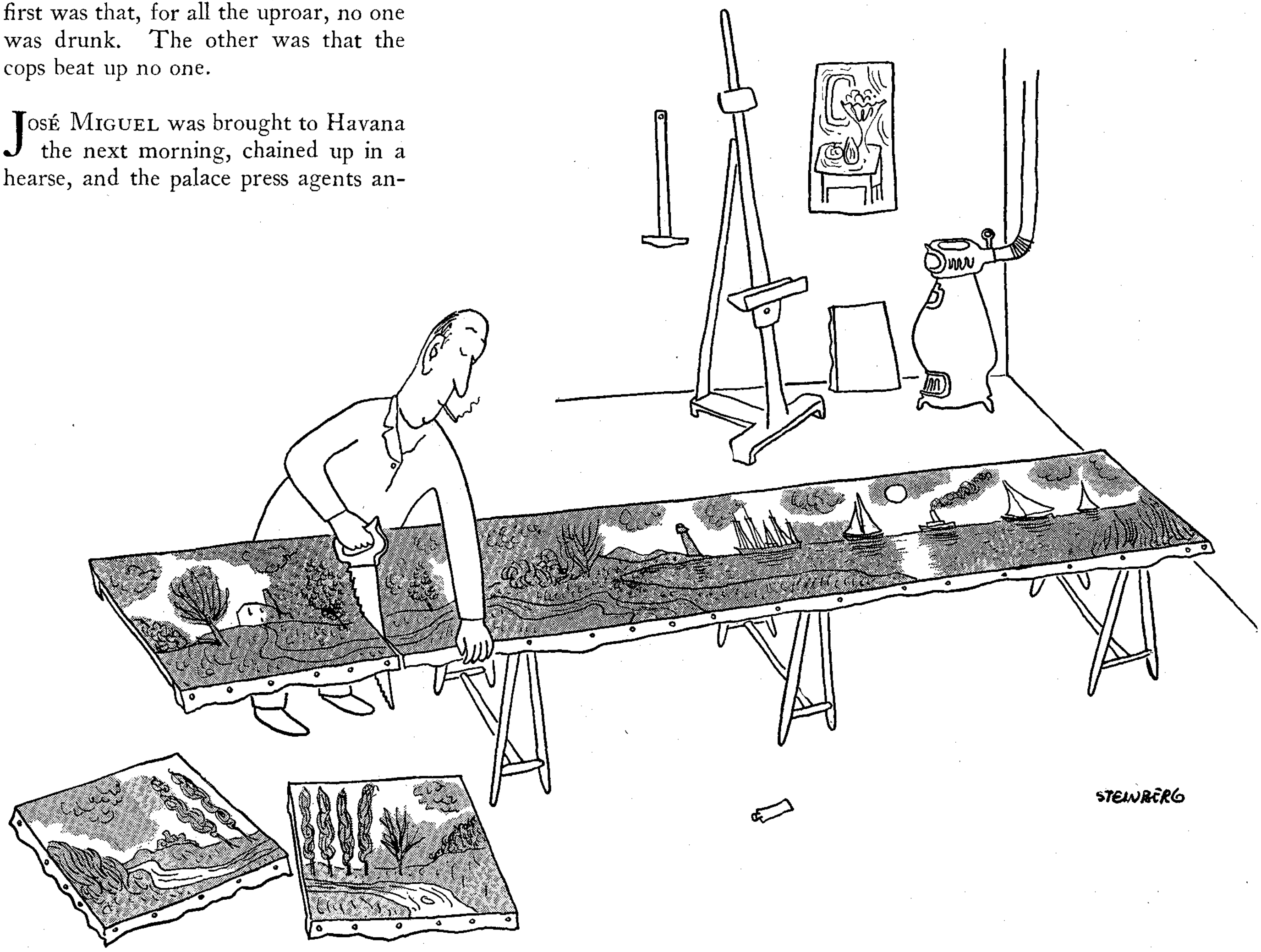
But even this turned out to be only tall talk, for President Menocal was a very humane man, and pretty soon he reduced José Miguel's sentence to fifty years, and then to fifteen, and then to six, and then to two. Soon after that he wiped out the imprisonment altogether and substituted a fine—first of $1,000,000, then of $250,000, and then of $50,000. The common belief was that José Miguel was enormously rich, but this was found to be an exaggeration. When I left Cuba, he was still protesting that the last and lowest fine was far beyond his means, and in the end, I believe, he was let off with the confiscation of his yacht, a small craft then laid up with engine trouble. When he died in 1921, he had resumed his old place among the acknowledged heroes of his country. Twenty years later Menocal joined him in Valhalla.

—H. L. MENCKEN

•

She started with an ugly old bed, with wooden head and footboards. Her husband cut the footboard off, and from then on she was on her own. She padded the headboard with an old quilted bed-pan, then drew around it to make the pattern for the slip-cover.—*Washington Times-Herald.*

She should never be on her own. Wrong type.



THE LAUGHTER OF MY FATHER

A SCANDAL which set our Philippine village blazing drove me to America twelve years ago. My four brothers had been gone for quite a while—first to school and then off to other towns and cities, because my father wanted them to know what other people were doing in the world. That year I was living alone with him in a little grass house, ten feet square, which stood on bamboo stilts and bowed when the wind blew. Our village, called Binalonan, was on the island of Luzon. It was small—fifty grass houses perched on a low hill at whose bottom a narrow stream cascaded down toward the fields. The people were all farmers, because their ancestors had been farmers.

One afternoon when we were weeding corn, my Cousin Pedro came to tell us that a wedding was going on in the next village and that he was going.

"Let's go, son," Father said.

"What about the corn?" I asked.

"Let it wait," said my father. "We live but once."

He meant it. He was notorious for his drinking bouts, and the prospect of a jug of *basi*, which is a wine extracted from sugar cane and seasoned with herbs and leaves, was always too much for his self-control.

"All right," I said.

We gathered up our tools, tied the *carabao* (water buffalo) to a big papaya tree, and Father opened the box where my shoes were kept. These shoes were seldom used except during the Christmas holidays or at weddings. My mother had bought them several sizes too big for me so that I could still wear them when I grew.

IT was raining when we started for the wedding. My cousin and I stripped off our clothes and wrapped them in banana leaves. Father rolled his pants up to his thighs, to keep them clean from the mud. We arrived at seven in the evening.

The wedding was on its third day and several men had fallen asleep under a tall mango tree. The *palapala* (dancing pavilion) was crowded with people. The musicians were tired and sleepy; the trumpeter was blowing his instrument as he lay on a wooden bench, where he had fallen in exhaustion. The dancers were of all ages; some wore homemade cowhide shoes, others were barefooted. The kitchen was full of long, improvised tables, laden with food.

We washed in a muddy irrigation ditch and put on our clothes and shoes. My cousin knew the latest songs and dance steps; the village girls fell for him. In no time he had become the centre of attraction and any man in that crowd would have been proud to be his father. At that time I could not dance. I had been on the farm all my life. I had not even touched a girl's hand. I envied my Cousin Pedro, but I did not have the courage to walk over to the girls' bench. I looked around for my father. I found him in a corner and saw the consternation in his face.

I knew what my father felt; he was a man who hated to be outdone. He had never been outdone by any of his four brothers, so he claimed. He was therefore greatly humiliated to know that his youngest son was being outdone by one of his nephews, the son of the brother he disliked the most.

"What are you doing?" Father asked.

"I can't dance," I said.

"Do you want your Cousin Pedro to make you look a fool?" Father asked.

"I'm afraid," I said.

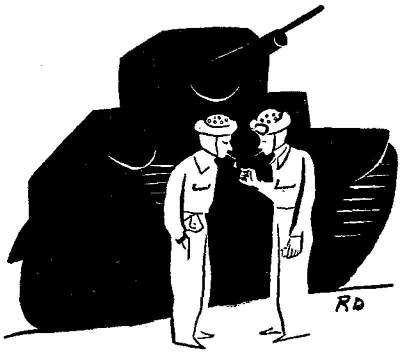
Father was disappointed. He sighed heavily and walked away. I went to the kitchen and asked one of the women to give me a dipper of wine. When I returned to the dancing pavilion, the bride and groom were dancing. Father jumped from his seat and put his arms around me.

"Could it be *you?*" Father asked.

"What, Father?"

"Are you the one I didn't *touch?*"

I did not say a word, but I knew what he meant. He used to boast that his five sons were honey to the girls because he touched them at birth, by which he meant that he had bequeathed his *anting-anting*, or talisman, which was what women fell for. Women had flocked to him when he was my age, he always claimed. Now he said dreamily, "I remember. I didn't touch one of my sons. . . . Could it be you?" Father scratched his head, trying to remember. "It could be you. . . . There is Apolonio; María died for him. There is Silvestre; Lolita came home to him with a baby. There is Aurelio; Corazón and Rosario fought over him. And there is Dionisio; Irene's father and brothers hunted him for months. . . . Now, let me see. . . . Yes, it could be you!" Father shouted, as if he had discovered a treasure. Then suddenly he patted my back as if to say he pitied me, and walked back to his bench by the wall.



I WAS now a little dizzy and sleepy with the wine. I saw the bride and groom dancing again, moving like uncut *talahib* grass in the wind. Then I saw the groom walk toward the kitchen and the bride go back to her seat. In our province, Pangasinan, you could not dance with the bride until after the wedding; only the groom could dance with her. Suddenly an idea struck me: *I must go to her.* I took a step toward her and then, in a trembling nightmare, I was sitting beside her. When I looked around for my father, I noticed that he seemed almost beside himself with anticipation, looking at me like a dog. The bride and I talked a while. Then she remembered that she had forgotten something at her house. She had to go for it, and she asked me to accompany her.

The house was on the other side of the river. The water was high—two feet under the footbridge. She went up the bamboo ladder of the house and I waited under a spreading guava tree. She did not stay long. On our way back her foot slipped on the slippery footbridge and she almost fell into the water. I caught her in time, but her bridal gown was wet. We returned to her house and she put on an ordinary dress.

When we got back to the dancing pavilion at last, the women began to cry. The bride tried to explain what had happened. The men sat back and listened. I walked away to a corner and waited. I saw my father coming toward me with a sly smile.

"That is the way," Father said.

"What way?" I asked.

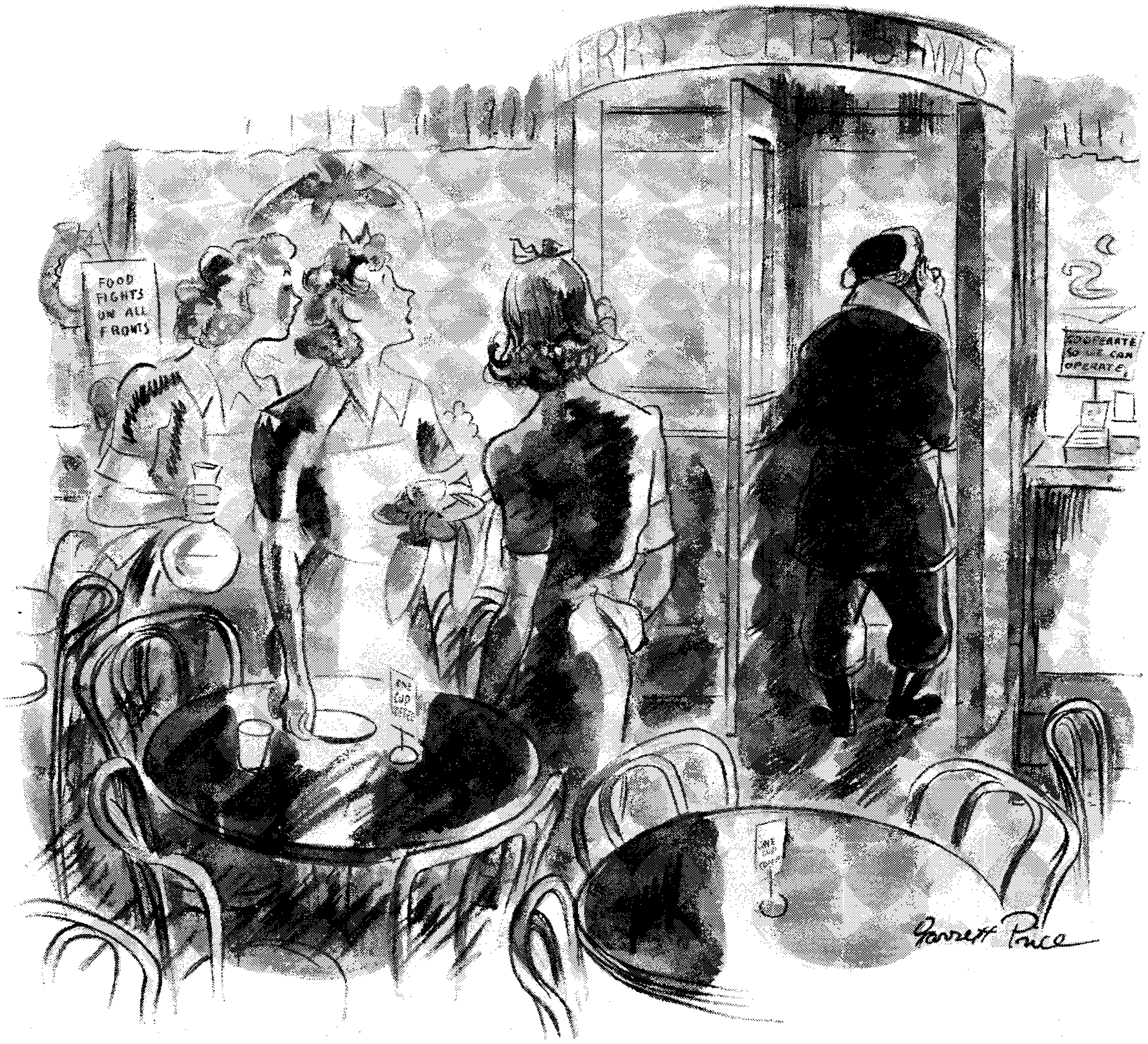
"That is the way, son," he said again.

"I didn't do anything," I said.

"That is the way to get up in the world, son," Father said.

"I don't know," I said.

"Let me see," he said. "No, it *couldn't* be you! I'm sure, now. You are honey to the girls, too. Who could it be? I *know* I didn't touch one of my sons. Well, now—how many sons have I got, anyway?" Father winked slyly, insinuatingly, and stumbled back to his seat.


MERRY CHRISTMAS
FOOD FIGHTS ON ALL FRONTS
COOPERATE SO WE CAN OPERATE
ONE CUP COFFEE

“You’d think he’d of left a tip.”

I was beginning to feel hungry. I found my cousin and we went to the kitchen. We sat on a long wooden bench and washed our hands in a wooden bowl that was passed around the table for everyone. We ate with bare hands. When we got through, we washed our hands in the same bowl and wiped our mouths with a rag that was passed around the table. Then we returned to the dance pavilion.

My father was shouting in the middle of the pavilion. I did not pay much attention to him, because he was always like that when there was wine. Some of the men tried to calm him down, but he became more noisy and uncontrollable.

“Look at my son!” Father shouted, pointing at me.

They looked at me.

“He takes after me, I tell you!” Father shouted, beating his breast.

They gave him more wine to stop him.

“Didn’t the women fight for me once?” Father cried at the top of his lungs. “Don’t the women fall for my son now? I ask you! Ha-ha-ha.”

Father was dancing with joy. The musicians stopped playing. The dancers stepped aside and watched my father in the centre of the ring that had formed around him. He was beating his breast ferociously and dancing in circles. There were tears of joy in his eyes.

“Didn’t the bride fall for him? I ask you!” Father shouted.

The people were outraged. They pushed toward Father, but my cousin and I acted quickly. We caught Father by the arms and ran for the nearest rice field. He was dead drunk. We tied him to a long pole and carried him between us to our village.

A WEEK later the girl’s father came to our house. He claimed that I had ruined his daughter. The groom had changed his mind. The marriage was put off. I had to marry his daughter or take the consequences. My father said he would let them know his decision in three days. But Father never sent any word to the next village.

We were burning weeds when the girl and her father came again. They were followed by relatives who were determined to force Father to arrange a marriage between the girl and me. My father was tactful; he promised to arrange the marriage and he gave them our only *carabao* to prove that he meant what he said. The girl did not say anything and I did not say anything. When they set out to return to their village, the girl rode on the water buffalo’s back.

Father and I hastened to the hut. He was proud of me but he had no intention of making me marry that girl, he explained. He had better hopes for me. He opened a coconut shell in which he kept his money and took out all that he had saved for years. Then we ran to town, where my mother lived with my two sisters. Father explained what had happened.

“What shall we do?” Mother cried.

“There is only one way,” Father said. “We must send him to America. They can’t reach him there!”

“No!” Mother said, beginning to weep. “He is the last one.”

“We still have the girls,” Father said.

The next day they accompanied me to the bus station.

“Forget the *carabao*,” Father said. “I’ll farm without one. I’ve done it before.”

I saw the sly twinkle in his face again.

“Remember,” he said, “remember in America that *I* am your father. Don’t forget *I touched you at birth.*”

—CARLOS BULOSAN

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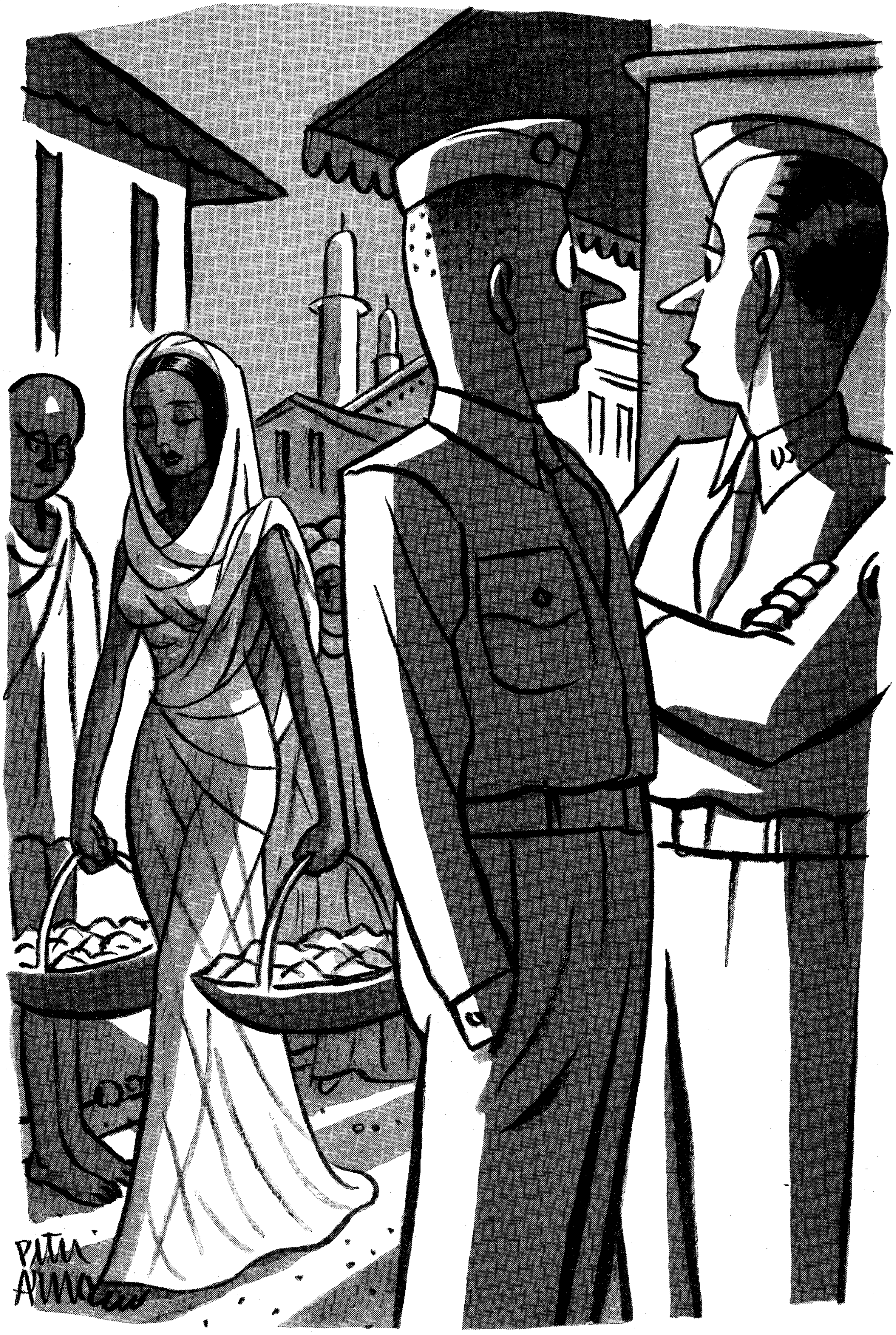
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From a press release*]

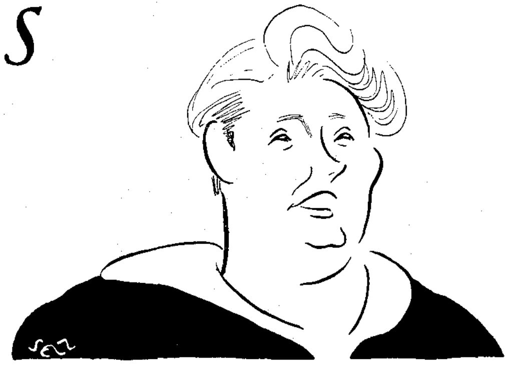
Bounced back into oblivion in the average fan’s eye by consecutive losses to Texas and Tulsa, Baylor’s ever-unpredictable Bears licked their wounds with tongue in cheek this week.



"Just what do they mean by 'untouchable'?"

PROFILES

THE FORTY-FIVE-MINUTE TEMPO



Mary Margaret McBride

FORTY-FIVE minutes a day is a long time for a person to talk over the radio, especially when that person has nothing particularly momentous to say. Miss Mary Margaret McBride has been doing this five days a week for the past six years, and has won a staggering host of friends among housewives whose sets are within reach of the National Broadcasting Company's Station WEAF. At one o'clock in the afternoon, Monday through Friday, domestic life comes to a standstill in a thousand thousand homes in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Delaware while Mary Margaret, in the naïve and attractive voice of a corn-fed ingénue, conscientiously tells her radio public what she has been doing, reading, and thinking for the past twenty-four hours, dispenses wholesome thoughts and recipes for fattening dishes, chattily interviews celebrated people about *their* thoughts and recipes, and slips in commercial plugs for the dozen makers of household products who are her sponsors.

It is since Miss McBride first went on the air, back in 1934, that radio broadcasting has assumed a sinister importance as one of the most powerful instruments of modern warfare. Men sit up all night in front of microphones to harangue men in countries where the sun is already shining; the air vibrates uneasily with threats, taunts, boasts, and promises. Men have become leaders of other men simply by using the radio to convey ideas; people have gone to jail for not listening to broadcasts and others have been executed for listening to the wrong ones. It is in the light of this state of affairs that we should examine a comment once made by a writer in *Printers' Ink*, a business magazine not given to hyperbole, upon Mary Margaret McBride's influence over her listeners. He called it "the most outstanding example of reliance upon the word of a human being in the commercial field." He didn't qualify this to mean only the radio, or confine it to the present, or water down the superlative in any other way. However, facts are facts, and it seems to be a fact that never before have so many women been ready to buy things just because another woman tells them to.

The interrelationships between Miss McBride, her twelve sponsors, and the ladies who listen to Miss McBride and buy her sponsors' products are, indeed, rather feverish. The ladies of the radio audience are like doting aunts. If, one day, their favorite complains of a cold, or if she even coughs just once, her next day's mail will be full of flannel chest-protectors, home-brewed cough medicine, and sound advice. Miss McBride lives alone, except for a Scotch cook named Frances, in a Central Park South penthouse that is littered with the hooked rugs and samplers her admirers have made for her. Gifts of old-fashioned toilet water stand in rows on her dressing table, and her bureau drawers are crammed with affectionately crocheted collars. She is always oversupplied with potted plants, many of them grown especially for her. In the summer she keeps them outside on her terrace, which, when broadcasting, she absent-mindedly calls "my front porch." Miss McBride's files bulge with recipes that have heretofore been strictly guarded family secrets. When, six years ago, she went to Europe on the dirigible Hindenburg, several hundred of her listeners spent sleepless nights praying for her; when she had a public birthday party for her program, it had to be held in Grand Central Palace. Her listeners buy the products she recommends, partly, perhaps, in the spirit in which they would help a real niece raise some pin money by buying Christmas cards or a magazine subscription from her.

The casual businessman with a product to advertise and a few thousand dollars to invest can't just walk into an agency and buy a share of this devoted public. As a matter of fact, Miss McBride at first professed to dislike the idea of being sponsored by anybody. "I can't get all het up about some product I don't really know anything about," she told her associates at the studio when she was still in the lowly and precarious position of being a "sustaining program;" i.e., an unsponsored program paid for by the broadcasting company. Finally she consented to let the broadcasting company sell her program to sponsors, provided she could establish certain ground rules. She wouldn't recommend tobacco or alcohol, since she downright disapproved of tobacco and alcohol. She would write the commercial plugs and deliver them herself, but only after a probationary period in which she and her personal friends would privately test the claims made for the product by its manufacturer. Now, when a product survives the probationary period and is tapped for membership in the inner circle, the news is relayed to the radio audience in a white heat of evangelism. "Will you just *try* a box of it?" Miss McBride cries into the microphone, arms outspread. "Will you *try* it?"

Far from dissociating herself from the commercial aspect of her program, Miss McBride revels in it. A bottle of bluing can become as interesting as, for example, Miss McBride's adventures at her first auction; it turns out, perhaps, that Miss McBride uses this particular bluing on her own collar-and-cuff sets. However, the sponsors have to take the bad with the good. Once, early in her career, Miss McBride decided that her Monday commercial for a soft drink she was then touting should be a description of Sunday picnic parties thirstily tossing off bottles of it in a grove. She chose to name a grove at which, the manufacturer had assured her, sales were high but at which, after a conscientious canvass, she had been unable to see anybody drinking the stuff. This fiasco was duly reported to the radio audience as a rare joke on herself. The fact that, though the drink was advertised only on her program, sales rose nine hundred per cent that summer hardly compensated the sponsor for his nervous collapse. He didn't protest, however, because he knew that when Miss McBride has had a tiff with a sponsor, word of it is sure to leak out somehow during a broadcast, and then the ladies of the radio audience write basketfuls of mail to the sponsor, tartly chiding him for pestering poor Mary Margaret. On the Wednesday before Thanksgiving this year Miss McBride recommended that her listeners use one of her sponsors' products, Ward's Toasted Bread Crumbs, to stuff their turkeys. Ward's were disappointed; they felt that while she had given them a plug she had been a little terse about it. Mary Margaret

SONG OF THE MIDDLE YEARS

Are you thirty-eight or over?
Are you crowding forty-four?
Then, brother, it is not for you
To try the cannon's roar.
The Army's not for you, my friend,
Your battle is not joined;
The fight, for you, is just a phrase
That needn't have been coined.
BUT . . .
Brother, you are working now
For Paul
V.
McNutt.

Chorus of Mothers:
I didn't raise my boy to be a welder.

Are you married, with dependents?
Do you run a little home?
Then, brother, it is not for you
The seven seas to roam.
You may put away your uniform
And lay aside your fears—
The Army doesn't want a man
Who's in his middle years.
BUT . . .
Partner, you've a rendezvous
With Paul
V.
McNutt.

Chorus of Imps:
It's a whole lot easier
Than life in Tunisia.

Are you graying at the temple?
Do you falter on the stairs?
Then, brother, you're in middle life,
In need of small repairs.
You won't hear the bugler,
You won't dodge the flak,
You'll never swim a river
With a very heavy pack.
BUT . . .
Polish up your dinner pail,
Here's Paul
V.
McNutt.

Chorus of Labor Racketeers:
You'll leave your dues at the Stage Door Canteen.

Is the young man lost forever?
Is your youth a vanished dream?
Do you sometimes pause to wonder
If you still are on the beam?
Then, brother, you are forty now,
The bloom is off your rose,
And you're approaching uselessness
Quicker than you suppose.
BUT . . .
Soon you'll have a bolt to turn
For Paul
V.
McNutt.

Chorus of Mothers, Imps, and Racketeers:
Dearly be-lov-ed, tell me it's true . . .

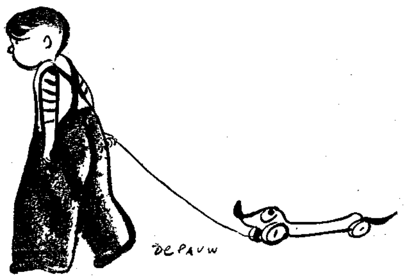
—E. B. W.

• •

insisted that she had done the crumbs justice, and she and Ward's quarrelled. On her next broadcast, sure enough, she let slip some remark, in a hurt tone, about her sponsor's grievance. Ward's were abashed the following day to be rebuked by scores of ladies who wrote in to say that, upon Mary Margaret's advice, they had indeed stuffed their Thanksgiving turkeys with Ward's Toasted Bread Crumbs. One lady reported that her old blind mother had insisted upon stuffing the crumbs in personally.

FROM Miss McBride's fan mail it is possible to form a picture of thousands of Eastern housewives settling themselves before their radios well in advance of one o'clock, so as not to miss a single word. For her part, Mary Margaret has a way of always seeming a little out of breath, as though she had been hurrying through her own household chores to get to the microphone. Her voice comes over the air with startling naturalness, and as she pants out the first few newsy morsels of her account of what she has been doing in the last twenty-four hours, an imaginative listener can almost hear a screen door slam behind her and a rocking chair creak as she sinks into it, pushing her hair back and smoothing out her apron. One highly metaphorical advertising man, attempting to analyze the fascination Mary Margaret has for her listeners, decided that she is "New York in a Mother Hubbard, hands still floury from the morning's baking, dropping in for some gossip over the kitchen table. In a sense, she takes her listeners out of the kitchen."

"What do you think I did yesterday, Vincent?" is a frequent gambit of hers. Vincent Connolly, a plump, blond young man who has been her announcer for the past eight years, is a favorite with Miss McBride's listeners, because he treats her with the same amused indulgence that they feel for her. "I don't know, Mary Margaret. Tell us," he says, with an anticipatory chuckle that is probably echoed by most of the ladies listening in. Mary Margaret—nobody ever seems to address her or refer to her as Miss McBride—launches into a fair oral counterpart of Eleanor Roosevelt's "My Day." The comparison is far from strained, since Mary Margaret's day is likely to have been as busy as Eleanor's. A typical day might include a visit to a flower show, a walk through Trinity churchyard, lunch at an Armenian restaurant ("And I had *shish khebab*, Vincent"), the discovery of an out-of-the-way curio shop, an encounter with the Army at a U.S.O. recreation centre, dinner with a phrenologist, and the opening of a Theatre Guild play. With the passing of the years, Mary Margaret has had to range farther and farther afield in search of topics, and now she thinks nothing of



A TAYLOR
CHAIR
USHIONS

"Are you sure these are regulation? It's for a lieutenant stationed at 90 Church Street."

making a weekend trip to Washington to see the cherry trees in blossom, for example, or to Williamsburg to see the Colonial restoration. However, she presents herself not as a razor-edged reporter but as a wide-eyed innocent in a world of radiant marvels. The solidity of the illusion she builds up can best be indicated by the reaction of one admirer who, after some years of listening in and writing fan mail, was invited to the studio to meet her idol. When a buxom, pink-faced woman with bobbed, graying hair was presented to the visitor, she choked up with bewildered disappointment. "Why, Mary Margaret, where are your pigtails?" she quavered.

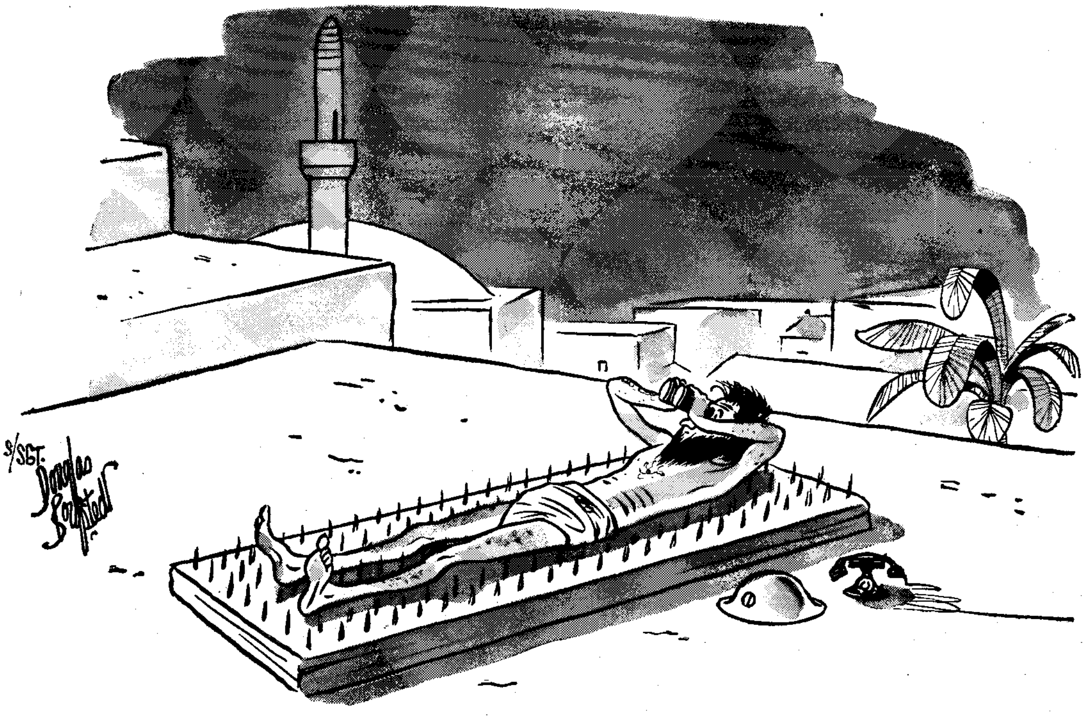
Each Mary Margaret McBride broadcast is attended by about twenty-five of her special admirers. In their sensible shoes and carefully brushed Sunday clothes, they look as quaintly out of place in N.B.C.'s glossy lobby as a flock of Rhode Island Reds. When Mary Margaret appears there on her way to the studio, shortly before one o'clock, there are little cries of greeting. She has a word for everybody, making sure that those who are there for the first time feel at home and saying something or other to show that she remembers those who have been there before; then she herds them all before her into the studio, never failing to ask, just before she goes on the air, "Is everybody comfy?" Comfiness, indeed, is Mary Margaret's stock in trade. Its principal ingredient is spontaneity, an effect she achieves, in a manner completely foreign to the devious ways of commercial radio, by really being spontaneous.

Her programs are, in a loose sort of way, planned, but they are never written out. As she talks, she consults a sheaf of slips of paper on which she has jotted down the outlines of what she intends to say. If she mislays a slip, the audience hears about it right away, just like one of the family. "Now, where did I put that lead-in?" she will murmur, searching for the paper bearing some ingenious plan for leading up to a commercial plug.

"Which one, Mary Margaret—Goodman's Noodleman Soup?" Vincent Connolly will say helpfully.

"Umm-hmm. Now, where *did* I—oh, *here* it is." And Mary Margaret will placidly launch into a eulogy of Goodman's Noodleman Soup, not a bit disturbed by the small contretemps. When she is talking about food, her voice takes on a slight suggestion of drool, and it is obvious that her heart is in what she is saying. What she says goes, too. Once in a while a listener will write in to say that such-and-such a recommended product isn't sold in her neighborhood and to ask Mary Margaret what to do—a manifestation of simple trust that is enough to make an advertising agency man drool himself. A while back, when Mary Margaret, who had been broadcasting for Florida Citrus Fruits, switched to Bohack's Tenderay Beef, which is sold only in Queens and Brooklyn, she received a letter from a scrupulous fan in Yonkers. "Dear Mary Margaret," the lady wrote, "I ate so many oranges during the winter I ought to never catch cold, but how can I get Bohack's up here? I can't do it and I feel I owe it to you and your sponsors to buy your products. What shall I do?" That is the kind of problem Mary Margaret comes up against all the time. It is certainly just as well that she draws the line at tobacco and liquor; otherwise, undoubtedly, the housewives of the Eastern seaboard would be lying about their houses in an alcoholic stupor, smoking like chimneys.

A regular feature of the program is a guest who is interviewed by Mary Margaret. It is either somebody from the great world of the arts and sciences or some humbler person with an interesting knack or hobby. She likes to alternate celebrities with such piquant folk as a Tennessee mountaineer, an Iraq silversmith, a seventeen-year-old boy who helps his mother make brownies, or a Brooklyn electrician who built an entire robot out of ordinary electric fuses. She



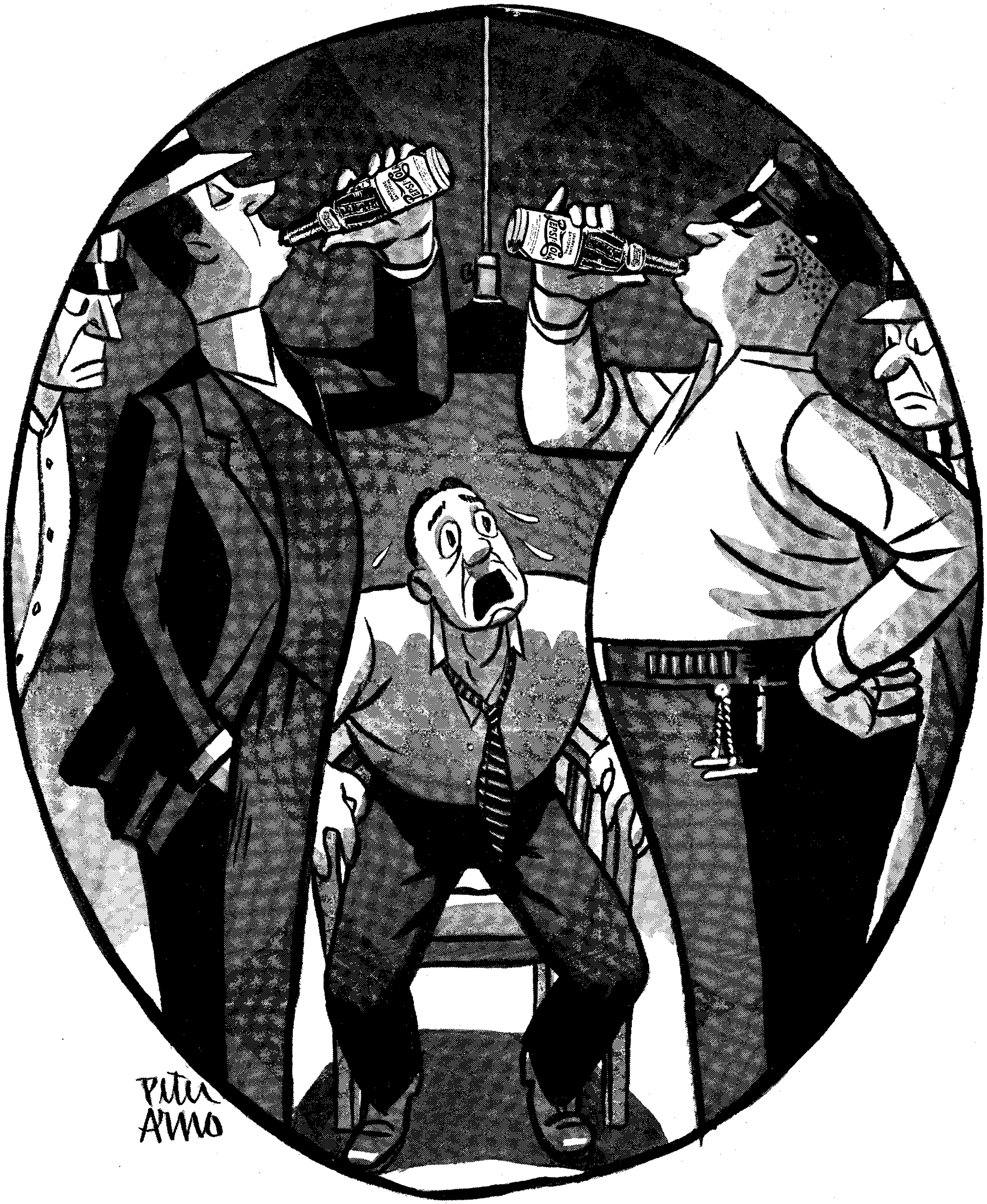
also likes to chat about "topics." Some of the topics she has covered through the years are, in alphabetical order, Ants, Blizzards, Counterfeiters, House Wreckers, Orchids, Paisley Shawls, Tree Surgery, and Valentines. The interviews are informal and natural, as such affairs go in radio, and the guest is soon likely to find himself exchanging quips with Mary Margaret and Vincent, or perhaps even helping out with a commercial plug. It is not irrelevant to remark at this point that in Paris, Missouri, where Mary Margaret was born, husbands and wives sit next to each other at parties. This background lends to her manner an indefinable something that brings about a curious transformation even in the most worldly of her guests. Members of what was once called café society have found themselves holding forth on the power of prayer or the advisability of learning the first and second stanzas of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Jimmy Durante, interviewed by Mary Margaret, brought tears to everybody's eyes with an account of his boyhood struggles, and Sally Rand, an especially daring experiment, told a wistful tale of her childhood in the Ozarks. A studio official who had fidgeted through the Sally Rand interview sighed gratefully when it was all over and remarked, "It's the damnedest thing the way Mary Margaret makes them *give*."

Part of the secret is that Mary Margaret is a determined optimist. Recently, in fact, she inaugurated a five-minute period of "cheerful news flashes," which ignore the more sinister bulletins off the wires in favor of such items as the story that an R.A.F. flier, downed in the Channel, whiled away the time he spent on a raft by thinking about homemade apple pies. A few years ago, when the first fateful rumblings were heard in Europe, there came a day when a zealous announcer kept cutting in on Mary Margaret's broadcast with news flashes. Finally she turned on him and snapped, "Jiminy Christmas, I just don't want to be interrupted *once* more." The broadcasting company forgot about the incident at once, but not Mary Margaret's public. "*We* understand," one of them wrote her. "But suppose somebody was listening to you for the first time—what would *she* have thought?" It is the prerogative of doting aunts to speak sharply to their niece once in a while, and Mary Margaret's fans exercise the prerogative. Whenever, for instance, she is unable to resist the temptation to twit Vincent Connolly about his girl, the next day's mail is sure to bring some reproofs. "I don't think you were a bit nice to poor Vincent today. It wasn't at all like you, dear," one lady wrote recently. Mary Margaret always accepts this discipline meekly, and promises herself that she will try to do better.

The standard ending to Mary Margaret's program is for Vincent to cut her short in mid-sentence and pointedly say, "Good*bye*, Mary Margaret." "Oh you!" Miss McBride exclaims, shaking her fist at him. Then she says, "Well goodbye, you-all," and sighs with authentic reluctance at having to leave.

As almost any of her listeners could tell you, Mary Margaret McBride was born in November, 1899, in a weather-beaten Missouri farmhouse. Her father was a farmer with an unfortunate nomadic streak. No sooner would Mrs. McBride have got some sweet-pea vines trained along the garden fence than another farm would take her husband's fancy, and she, Mary Margaret, three younger brothers, livestock, and household goods would be bundled off to one more discouraged house that had sagging doors and broken windowpanes. It is only because of her mother's indefatigable housewifery that Mary Margaret's memories, at least as recounted to her radio audience, are all of snug feather beds, spelling bees, taffy pulls, and Thanksgiving dinners. She is also indebted to her mother for a set of religious and moral convictions that have survived the impact of metropolitan life without a scratch. A story is told about Mary Margaret and her mother that is not wholly beside the point. A few years ago, while in New York on a visit, her mother was taken to Coney Island by some of Mary Margaret's friends and was inadvertently led into a ten-cent strip-tease show. Mrs. McBride settled placidly into her chair and sat there quietly for a couple of minutes, then turned to one of her hosts. "Those poor girls," she whispered. "How glad I am that Sister doesn't have to do this for a living." Mary Margaret's maternal grandfather was a Baptist minister, and his influence was strong in his daughter's family. When Mary Margaret was four, she was attending church and Sunday school regularly. At the age of eight she signed the temperance pledge at a revival. She has stuck to it ever since. When she was stricken with a childhood attack of measles, the family doctor thought to make them break out with a dose of whiskey, but she sternly repulsed him. "God will let the measles break out without any whiskey," she said, flourishing her white ribbon. He did, too.

Up to the beginning of her radio career, Mary Margaret's story is not unlike that of many another girl who came to the city and found it possible, with a little luck, to make a good living. She had a rich relative, Great-Aunt Albina, who sent her to boarding school and later to the state university in Columbia, Missouri. There was a catch to this rare gift of a university education, however; Great-Aunt Albina wanted Mary Margaret to become the principal of a


Pepsi-Cola
Pepsi-Cola
Peter Arno

"...I can't stand it any longer! Gimme one bottle an' I'll tell everything!"

LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
OPENING MON. DEC. 21 at 8 P.M.
Seats Now At Box Office
KATHARINE CORNELL presents
The Three Sisters
with Judith ANDERSON
Edmund GWENN • Ruth GORDON
Dennis KING • Gertrude MUSGROVE
Alexander KNOX • Katharine CORNELL
Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
Settings and Costumes by MOTLEY
BARRYMORE Theatre, 47th St. W. of B'way
CI 6-0390. Eves. 8:30 (Exc. Open'g). Mats. Wed. & Sat.

WIMAN and RODGERS
In association with Richard Kollmar
Present
RAY BOLGER
in
"BY JUPITER"
A New RODGERS and HART Musical Hit
Based on "The Warrior's Husband"
By Julian F. Thompson
with
CONSTANCE MOORE BENAY VENUTA RONALD GRAHAM
SHUBERT Thea., W. 44th St. • CI. 6-5990
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"A superb achievement . . . should be on your must list." Rascoe, World-Telegram
• DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN presents
Flora Robson in
A New Comedy
"THE DAMASK CHEEK"
By JOHN van DRUTEN and LLOYD MORRIS
PLAYHOUSE, 48 St. E. of B'way BR. 9-2628
Evenings 8:35. Matinee Saturday 2:35

OLSEN & JOHNSON
2nd Year In
SONS O' FUN
"Craziest succession of laughs ever . . ." —LIFE
WINTER GARDEN, B'y & 50th. Evgs. at 8:30
2 Shows Sat. and Sun. No perfs. Dec. 21-22-23-24
Resumes Christmas Matinee and Night

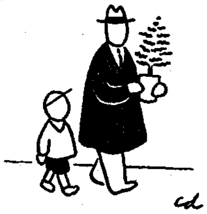
"Buoyant, Giddy & Funny" —Atkinson, Times
JUNIOR MISS
LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'way.
CH. 4-4256. Evgs. except Mon.
8:40. Mats. Sat., 2:40. Sun., 3 P.M.

CLIFFORD HAYMAN'S dramatic sensation
"NOTABLE EVENT OF SEASON."—TIME MAGAZINE
LE GALLIENNE • SCHILDKRAUT
UNCLE HARRY
HUDSON 44th St. E. of B'way. Evgs. incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"PERFECT SKATING SHOW"—Mantle, News
50c $1 & $1.50 PLUS TAX
Sat. Nights Only, 50c to $2.50 Plus Tax
Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
STARS ON ICE
CENTER THEATRE, Rockefeller Center. CO. 5-5474
America's Only Ice Theatre
Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—Sun. at 3
No Monday Perf. • Holiday Mat. Dec. 25

"UPROARIOUS!" —Brown, World-Telegram
MICHAEL TODD'S
STAR AND GARTER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
BOBBY CLARK • GYPSY ROSE LEE
Prof. Lamberti
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

boarding school which she had endowed. In her freshman year Mary Margaret honorably informed her aunt that she proposed to become a writer instead of a principal. Great-Aunt Albina then withdrew her financial support. Mary Margaret got a part-time job on the Columbia, Missouri, *Times*, as copy boy, reporter, and society editor, at a salary of ten dollars a week. She majored in journalism at the university and took only two and a half years to get her degree, working right through two summers.



In 1920, after a brief interval of reporting for the Cleveland *Press*, Mary Margaret came to New York to work as a publicity agent for a missionary group called the Inter-Church World Movement. After a few months the Inter-Church World Movement no longer felt the need of publicity, and Mary Margaret became a reporter on the late *Evening Mail*. Her first assignment was a tenement fire in the Bronx—"a wonderful fire for a début," she recalls.

The next decade of Miss McBride's life was prosperous and uneventful. She graduated to feature stories for the *Mail* and then branched out as a free-lance writer for women's magazines. Before long she was one of the highest-paid women writers in the country. Her way to a career seemed clear, and she went so far as to reject her most persistent suitor, firmly and finally. The depression was slow in catching her, but it did at last. In 1932, the magazines she wrote for could no longer afford her. After two alarmingly lean years Mary Margaret chanced to consult an astrologer, who unhesitatingly told her that because of a fortunate conjunction of Jupiter and Orion she would shortly enter a new profession. Three months later somebody at WOR, the Mutual Broadcasting System's New York station, called her up to ask if she'd be interested in doing a daily sustaining program of household hints at twenty-five dollars a week, on the usual gamble that the program might eventually attract a sponsor. The hand of fate was here clearly discernible, and Mary Margaret, ignoring the anguished squeals of her literary agent, plunged into the milieu of homely chat from which she has never emerged.

For a time Mary Margaret was Martha Deane. She was so christened by a young man who had a Bible period over WOR—Martha for the lady in the New Testament who busied herself so conspicuously with household affairs, Deane because it was supposed at WOR to be a lucky name. Acting on a rather vague order from the studio that she represent herself as a grandmother with a large family, Mary Margaret struggled through a few preliminary programs packed with hints for disguising culinary left-overs, and then balked. She stopped in the middle of a recipe and, ignoring frantic signals from the control room, addressed the listeners in her own person. "Look here, you-all," she said. "I haven't any children, and I haven't any grandchildren, and if you'll just excuse me, from now on I'll tell you about myself—the places I've been and the things I've seen. I'm sure it will be more interesting." Before the studio could get around to firing her, mail began to pour in from women who had listened to this historic broadcast and were now begging Mary Margaret to tell them about Chinatown and what a Broadway play looked like backstage. It was immediately evident that the new Martha Deane was a success.

As Martha Deane, she broadcast a half-hour a day from WOR for two years and forty-five minutes a day for the next four. In 1940 she allowed Florida Citrus Fruits to woo her away with a contract for thirty-nine weeks over C.B.S. Then she found out that the name "Martha Deane" was the property of WOR and that the station had no intention of allowing her to take it with her to C.B.S. A deal was fixed up whereby WOR finally agreed not to use the name, in return for Mary Margaret's personally broadcast endorsement of her successor, Bessie Beatty, but this agreement was eventually discarded, and there is now another Martha Deane. Mary Margaret, broadcasting under her own name for C.B.S., had her troubles. She was limited to fifteen minutes, and she was therefore so harried by young men with stopwatches that the easy genialty of her program began to wither. When, about a year ago, she was invited by N.B.C. to return to her old schedule of forty-five minutes, with several co-sponsors, she accepted gratefully. Her opening broadcast was made from the Vanderbilt Theatre, before an audience of fans culled from the index Mary Margaret keeps of all listeners who write her letters. The N.B.C. ushers passed cookies made out of Dromedary Mix, one of her new sponsors, while, before the microphone, Mary Margaret, with tears of happiness spilling down her cheeks, unwrapped and exhibited a large raw steak sent by another sponsor. "I guess there's no two ways about it," she told her friends afterward. "My tempo is the forty-five-minute tempo."

Miss McBride has calculated that on her five forty-five-minute broadcasts a week she can comfortably accommodate twelve sponsors, and this is the number she usually has. Among her current twelve are Sweetheart Soap, Knox Gelatine, La Rosa Macaroni, Bull Dog Blue, and Fanny Farmer Candy. Each sponsor pays her a hundred and fifty dollars a week, in return for which he receives five plugs every two weeks. The length of Mary Margaret's plug and the degree of her enthusiasm are left up to her. The sponsors, of whom she has had more than a hundred in all, rarely complain about either. Mary Margaret doesn't stint. Unlike some radio performers, who grow sheepish when they are delivering their own commercials, she walks right up to a plug and looks it in the eye. She will be talking along about yesterday's dog show or hockey game, and, before she knows it, she is talking, with undiminished gusto, about one of her sponsors' products. "Over the weekend," she will say, "I had a wonderful time cooking! I tried every one of our products out on Dick's bride. Dick—that's Stella's six-foot-four nephew who's in the Army—and Billie got married on the day of the Pearl Harbor attack. Billie admits that she knows almost nothing about cooking, so my products are wonderful for her. What are you laughing at, Vincent? I mean they are wonderful for her because they are so easy. You'll admit she wouldn't have to know much about cooking to add a cup of water to the contents of the package of Dromedary Gingerbread Mix—now would she? That's all you do, and you get a gingerbread that's made by George Washington's mother's own recipe—the kind of gingerbread she served Lafayette when he came to call. You could smell our kitchen all up and down Stella's road Saturday night. Billie didn't begin making the Dromedary gingerbread until—oh, I guess it was ten o'clock; we eat at all hours out there—and you could whiff the spicy, cinnamony, gingery fragrance of that rich, hot, fluffy gingerbread for miles. Billie had perfect success with it and she was so pleased! She sat there eating it with butter melted into its lusciousness, and she looked like a pussycat who had caught all the mice."

Any business dealings a sponsor or anyone else has with Mary Margaret are conducted through her agent, Estella Karn. Miss Karn, a small woman

Si, Si, Señor!
SEE, SEE, SEÑOR!
SEE THAT THE LABEL says BACARDI
RUM
Ron Bacardi Superior
BACARDI y Cª
ESTABLISHED IN 1862
SANTIAGO DE CUBA
89 PROOF-4/5 QUART
PRODUCT OF CUBA

All through the Americas the Good Neighbors will tell you: *"There are no substitutes for Bacardi . . . only imitations."* Only Bacardi has that incomparable flavor . . . that liqueur-like quality . . . the world's best kept secret since 1862. *Si, Si, Señor,* when ordering your next Bacardi Cocktail, see that you're served what you deserve!

The BACARDI COCKTAIL (Official Recipe)

A LITTLE SOUR *(Juice of half a lime)*
A LITTLE SWEET *(Half-teaspoonful of sugar)*
THE TROPIC SUN *(A jigger of BACARDI, White or Silver)*
WITHOUT THE HEAT *(Ice and shake thoroughly)*

IT'S FULL 89 PROOF FOR FULL FLAVOR!

BACARDI

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!

Rum 89 Proof—Schenley Import Corp., New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1942

The PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY
and
THE THEATRE GUILD
present
ALFRED LYNN
LUNT · FONTANNE
The PIRATE
S. N. BEHRMAN'S
Extravaganza
Staged by
MR. LUNT and
JOHN C. WILSON
●
MARTIN BECK
Theatre, W. 45
St. · Evenings 8:40
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"The foremost play of the Season"
—ATKINSON, Times
The Playwrights' Company
presents
THE EVE OF ST. MARK
by MAXWELL ANDERSON
CORT THEATRE
48th ST. E. of Broadway
Eves. 8:40. Matinees
Wednesday & Saturday

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION
Philip Barry's New Comedy
Without Love
with
KATHARINE HEPBURN
ELLIOTT NUGENT
ST. JAMES THEATRE, 44th St. W. of B'way
Matinees Thurs. and Sat.

2nd YEAR
CRITICS' PRIZE WINNER
John C. Wilson presents
Clifton WEBB ★ Peggy WOOD ★ Leonora CORBETT ★ Mildred NATWICK
BLITHE SPIRIT
NOEL COWARD'S best Comedy
BOOTH Theatre, W. 45th St. Evs. 8:40.
Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40

HOWARD LINDSAY and
RUSSEL CROUSE
present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by
JOSEPH KESSELRING
with ERICH von STROHEIM
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Mail Orders Promptly Filled

Michael Myerberg presents
Tallulah BANKHEAD ★ Fredric MARCH ★ Florence ELDRIDGE
IN
The Skin of Our Teeth
A new comedy by
THORNTON WILDER
with Company of 40 and Florence REED
Plymouth Thea., W. 45 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
No performances Dec. 24th and 25th

"AN UPROARIOUS EVENING."—Time Magazine
Strip for Action
A New Show
by HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
NATIONAL Theatre, 41 St. W. of B'y.
Evgs. incl. Sunday 8:45—$1.10 to $3.85
Mat. Sat. 2:45 & Sun. at 3. No Mon. Perf.

Fred F. Finklehoffe presents
GEORGE JESSEL · JACK HALEY · ELLA LOGAN · THE De MARCOS
SHOWTIME
Uproarious-Variety Show
BROADHURST, West 44th, Eves. Incl. Sun.
$1.10-$2.75. (Sat. $1.10-$3.30.) Mats. Wed.
Thurs. & Sat. 2:40. Sun. at 2:30 & 5:30. 55c-$1.65
Holiday Mats. Christmas and New Year's Day

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
Ronald Colman · Greer Garson
In James Hilton's
RANDOM HARVEST
An M-G-M Picture
GALA STAGE REVUE ● SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved Circle 6-4600

with snapping black eyes and a firm chin, supplies the qualities Mary Margaret lacks that are necessary to success in commercial radio. The two met during their Greenwich Village days, and roomed together for a while. They joined forces when Mary Margaret got her first sponsor, and now earn, between them, eighteen hundred dollars a week. Miss Karn takes a third of this. Mary Margaret, with twelve hundred a week of her own, is comfortably well off, but no more than that. After meeting her income taxes, she has to pay a girl who does research, a girl who acts as her librarian, a private secretary, and from two to four typists, depending on the fluctuating volume of her fan mail. There are at least four hundred letters a week, many of which demand answers dictated by Miss McBride. When she touches in her programs on some controversial subject, such as the proper definition of the word "doughnut," she receives as many as five thousand letters in one week. Another considerable item in Mary Margaret's budget is travel; she has, for instance, travelled so much by plane in search of material for her broadcasts that T.W.A. once gave her a trophy testifying to the fact that she had flown over 250,000 miles.

Radio listeners get the idea that Mary Margaret's social life is as full of unplanned good fun as the late O. O. McIntyre's. Actually, she won't take time off to dine out unless her hostess can guarantee at least two or three interesting items for the next day's broadcast. Once, the director of a zoo was thrown into a state of distinct apprehension at a dinner party when he noticed that, while he was entertaining his fellow-guests with anecdotes of his professional life, one of them was taking notes. It was Mary Margaret, of course. Catching his uneasy glance, she apologized. "I'm just so beat for time, I *have* to do it," she explained.

A visitor to a Mary Margaret McBride broadcast can hardly be blamed if he finds his thoughts turning toward lunch. Mary Margaret feels that for her to eat her sponsors' products while on the air, and smack her lips from time to time, is one way of bringing their goodness home to the audience. Among the dishes rushed to the studio by willing sponsors have been General Foods tapioca pudding, Icy Point salmon, Dolly Madison ice cream, S & W fruit cocktail, Fanny Farmer candy, and a salad made with Wesson Oil. Thus stimulated, her gastronomical flights are truly lyrical. "If I had to eat the same meal every day for the rest of my life," she once confided to her audience, "this is what I'd choose, fixed the way my mother did it: delicate buttermilk biscuits so hot you can't pick them up, with butter slathered on their delicate insides; mashed potatoes that have been hand-beaten with cream and butter until they are fluffy as a cloud; baby chicken fried to crisp brownness; and, to finish off with, hot apple dumplings, rich with cinnamon, butter, and brown sugar, and thick yellow cream to pour over. Of course, there would also be pickled peaches in thick syrup, grape jelly, spiced gooseberries, and pear and cherry preserves." In order to keep Mary Margaret keyed up to this pitch, Miss Karn has instructed Mary Margaret's cook to give her nothing to eat before the broadcast but a glass of orange juice and a salad.

NEXT to her almost pagan appreciation of the delights of the table, Mary Margaret's strongest asset as a radio figure is her sincere and unashamed sentimentality. Once, while touring Europe with her mother, she started to weep at a table in a Parisian boulevard café. She had just happened to remember how many nights Mrs. McBride had sat up caring for her when she was a child. "There, there, Sister," the old lady said testily. "That was a long while ago." Another time, after visiting a friend who had just had a baby, Mary Margaret seems to have had a try for the world's record: "If you never get sentimental about pink-and-white morsels of babies with big dark eyes and groping bits of perfect hands, you'd better turn me off. Because you know what girl babies do to me. They make me feel all weak inside as I look at them—I want to get them into my arms. I want to hug them!" There is no surer way of infuriating Mary Margaret than to compliment her on such outbursts in a way which implies that she is just acting. "Maybe I'm corny, but if I am, I can't help myself," she says.

—BARBARA HEGGIE

• •

MIGRATION PROBLEMS

Although apparently we have decided to be mobilization—or, if you prefer, the industrial draft mobilization—or, if you urefer, the industrial draft—we have not yet reached clear sailing.—*Claremont (N.H.) Eagle.*

No, sir, not yet.

ONCE AGAIN—IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF *Merry Christmas!*

IT'S A GRACIOUS, heart-warming custom, dropping into friends' homes at Christmas time to share a Four Roses Egg-Nog. But the warmest glow of all belongs to the Four Roses Egg-Nog host himself. If you've never been one, why not try it!

IT'S SO EASY! All you need for 5 pints of Egg-Nog is 6 eggs—¾ cup sugar (or 1 cup light corn syrup)—1 pint cream—1 pint milk—1 oz. Jamaica Rum—1 pint Four Roses. (*But be sure you use Four Roses—to get an Egg-Nog that can't be matched for flavor-rich magnificence!*)

YOU MAKE IT THIS WAY: Beat separately the yolks and whites of eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. (If corn syrup is used, gradually add the *full cup* to egg whites while beating). Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir cream and milk in. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

AH! WHAT DELICIOUS EGG-NOG! And well it might be! For today's Four Roses is finer by far than any whiskey we've ever made or known—in all our 77 years . . . another reason you should be a Four Roses Egg-Nog host this Christmas!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies —90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

★ *make your dollars fight...buy war bonds and stamps!*

This whiskey is
FIVE YEARS OLD
Ancient Age

The gift that hits the spot . . . because it's **PRIME✳MATURED**

Give . . . not just whiskey this holiday season . . . give the whiskey that's prime✳matured! Let the smooth, clean taste of Ancient Age be a flattering quality-tribute to the one you would impress. Through a scientific duplication of the old "top-racking" custom, Ancient Age is *prime* in quality, Ancient Age is evenly *matured* to make a gift that hits the spot for the most worldly-wise of drinkers. So, give the gift that pleases *experts* . . . and be prepared with it yourself, when friends troop in!

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 90 Proof. This whiskey is 5 years old. Stagg-Finch Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

tune in! JACK PEARL and Morton Gould's orchestra in Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Carnival." Your Mutual station every week (consult your local newspaper for exact time).

THE THEATRE

FREUD WITH SOUND EFFECTS

"THE WILLOW AND I," at the Windsor, is an example of a rather interesting idea suffering from confused and haphazard treatment, and also, perhaps, from the arbitrary time requirements of the theatre. John Patrick, the author, writes with some vigor and conviction, though with no particular distinction, but unfortunately he never seems precisely sure about the exact nature of the work in progress—frank melodrama alternates throughout with what purports to be serious psychological investigation, so that occasionally there seem to be two plays struggling on the same stage. Both of them, I'm afraid, are pretty unsatisfactory. Mr. Patrick's melodrama is a quaint mélange of gunfire, madness, and offstage thunder and lightning; his attempt to present a case history in clinical terms is too naïve, too popular-scientific to impress many of us in these overeducated days. Also, even with so much material at his disposal, he hasn't apparently quite enough to say to carry him through two hours and three acts, with the result that "The Willow and I" is frequently padded out with injudicious comic touches involving the humor of colored servants, frustrated spinsters, and chronic alcoholics.

It isn't easy to summarize all the riches visible at the Windsor. The tragedy that finally overtakes the Sutro sisters has its roots in their childhood, when Mara, a dim, gentle girl, fell into the habit of yielding to the hard, grasping vitality of her younger sister, Bessie. No special harm comes of this as long as nothing more precious is involved than a dress or an adolescent beau, but inevitably a really appetizing man turns up, a handsome dog, able to quote indefinitely from the Book of Ruth, and the girls begin to give at the seams. He prefers Mara, but Bessie bags him with the assistance of a threat of suicide and a Colt .45. The exact circumstances of this triumph are too intricate to explain here, but they are such that Mara gets the impression that she has shot her sister and takes leave of her negligible wits for some forty years. In the end, she is providentially though rather mysteriously brought around by a thunderstorm and, after a brisk workout with the local witch doctor, recovers sufficiently to do Bessie in, psychologically, by appropriating her son. In spite of this unpromising synopsis, there is probably a pretty good play in the conflict Mr. Patrick has imagined, but I suspect it would require a rather more disciplined and sophisticated talent than his to turn it out.

Martha Scott is suitably ethereal and strange as Mara, a wan Ophelia with a Michigan accent; Barbara O'Neil has the correct icy menace as Bessie; and Gregory Peck, playing both the original *casus belli* and his son, has an old-fashioned Charles Dana Gibson quality about him, guaranteed to fetch the ladies. Of the others, some mention is due to Edward Pawley, as an indestructible souse; Cora Witherspoon, as a comic-strip old maid; and two children, one black and one white, who display an almost bloodcurdling competence and self-possession.

FOR one reason or another, I never got around to reading a novel called "The Sun Field," by the late Heywood Broun, but I can't believe it bore much resemblance to the stage adaptation of it which struck out last week at the Biltmore. This work, attributed to Milton Lazarus, dealt with the gruesome mating of a feeble-minded baseball player and a literary Vassar graduate. The idea obviously was to combine the proved humor of the dumb athlete with the strong allure of applied biology—or, in its simplest terms, to graft a little sex on Lardner. I'm sorry to report that Mr. Lazarus failed dismally on both counts. With the exception of a few lines too hot to handle on this diamond, the humor was not humorous, and the romance was dull, interminable, and perhaps just a bit demented.

It seemed, to be specific, that the hero, naturally the King of Swat, was hitting fine until he got married to the beautiful authoress, who felt for him, as she explained coarsely, lust rather than its tenderer counterpart. This crude revelation naturally had its effect on his batting average, for he was fundamentally a proper man, and things went from bad to worse until he wound up by striking out with two out and three on in the ninth inning of the game that meant the pennant. After that debacle, the plot went to hell rapidly. Separated from his fancy spouse, the King of Swat returned to his natural diet of loose women and straight whiskey to such good effect that he was presently hitting three homers and a triple every afternoon. The lady, however, was unable to let well enough alone, and at last the pair were reunited, with every prospect, as far as I could see, of another batting slump. In addition to this tiresome couple, Mr. Lazarus provided a rich assortment of funny subsidiary characters, ranging from left-handed pitchers to nymphomaniac poetesses, but they really weren't much help. The main rôles in this minor catastrophe were taken by Claudia Morgan, who behaved rather as if she were slumming, and Joel Ashley, who actually managed to suggest a baseball player.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From the New York Law Journal*]

MARIE FRIEDMAN, Appellant-Respondent, v. CHARLES A. GORDON and Others, Defendants. MILTON R. GOLDSTEIN, Former Attorney for Plaintiff, Respondent-Appellant, and JONES & GOGOLICK, Former Attorneys for Plaintiff, Respondents.—Order granting motion for the substitution of an attorney in tort litigation prosecuted by the plaintiff against certain defendants modified by striking therefrom the final ordering paragraph and substituting therefor a paragraph granting the motion on condition that Milton R. Goldstein have a lien upon the proceeds of the litigation of twenty per cent of the amount of any recovery therein, and that Jones & Gogolick have a lien in the amount of $500 upon any recovery obtained by the plaintiff and payable therefrom, without prejudice to an application to the court for a reduction in the amount of the latter lien in the event that the amount of the recovery is such that $500 is disproportionate to such recovery; and that the papers be turned over to the new attorney, James A. Doherty, without the present payment of any sum of money.

LETTER FROM ORAN

DECEMBER 7 (BY WIRELESS)

THE shortest path to an understanding of the city of Oran lies through the aisles of one of its municipal markets. In the Marché Michelet, the largest and cleanest of them, the tenants of the stalls are Frenchmen from the Midi, Arabs, Europeanized Algerian Jews, and, most numerous of all, Néos. The Néos are Algerian-born French citizens of Spanish descent, and they constitute slightly more than half of that portion of Oran's population which wears European clothing. Together with immigrants from Spain, they make up about sixty per cent of it. The only foods freely offered for sale in this chief city of an agricultural region are salt sprats, date flour, couscous (which is something like hominy grits), fresh dates, and oranges. The dates and oranges are a recent addition; until November 8th, when the Americans landed, every piece of fruit grown here was exported to Germany and Italy, via Genoa or Marseilles, by order of the German and Italian Armistice Commissions. Theoretically, the Néos, because of their Spanish background, are susceptible to Axis propaganda, but they are infinitely more susceptible to the evidence of the oranges. Any appreciable increase in the amount of other foods will make them even more definitely our friends. No counter-propaganda is effective against a can of condensed milk furnished to an expectant mother. In Oran, up to now, a woman has had to be pregnant six months to be entitled to a milk ration. The Oranais are pragmatic rather than venal. They will not believe that people who starve them are their friends or that people who bring them food are their enemies.

The present meat ration in Oran, when meat is available, is a quarter of a pound weekly for each person. A tenth of a pound of coffee substitute is the monthly allowance. The substitute is made from olive pits (the olive oil has been exported, of course), date stones, and dried chick-peas. Dried peas and lentils, with perishable vegetables in season, have been the nutritional mainstays during most of the armistice period. Wine is plentiful, but brandy isn't. Great quantities of brandy have been redistilled for industrial alcohol, part for export and part for local use as a substitute motor fuel. Under the circumstances, American enlisted men, impulsively and as if by instinct, did the right thing when, upon entering the city after two days of fighting, they gave away their emergency rations to the rickety children and the ragged Arabs they met in the streets. Having done this, the soldiers promptly began to grouse, because they had nothing to eat and wouldn't have until supplies caught up with them. However, the Army suffered no casualties from starvation, and the spendthrift gesture did our cause more good than anything the psychological-warfare sharks had been able to think up.

The city of Oran has between 150,000 and 200,000 inhabitants and looks like a cross between Miami Beach and Washington Heights, although it is dirtier than either. The harbor lies in the shape of a crescent, with a continuous ridge of hills rising fifteen hundred feet behind it, and the city is built on their slopes and crests.

Along the boulevards that offer good sea views there are *style-moderne* apartment houses with rounded corners, lots of glass, and balconies in the European manner of 1929. The older buildings are dingy and equally un-Oriental, and the climate is so cold that the scattered palm trees look like a real-estate man's importation. There must be mosques in the city, for at least half the population is *indigène*, which is the French term for the people here, chiefly of Berber stock, who call themselves Arabs and who, with the Néos, do all the manual labor. However, during several days of casual walking about town, I have never seen a mosque, and the only *indigène* who looked even faintly picturesque was an old fellow employed by a tintype photographer to pose with American soldiers in the Place du Maréchal Foch. Oran may be, as the Frenchmen here say, the least French city in North Africa, but it is at the same time the least African. Néos, Jews, native Oranais with French grandparents, and even the few *indigènes* who adopt European clothes and vocations seem to merge into the same vague Mediterranean type.

SINCE the Department of Oran, like Corsica and the two other Algerian departments of Alger and Constantine, is technically a part of continental France, the only other continental French departments not now occupied

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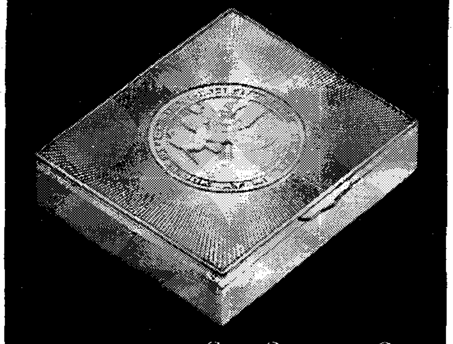
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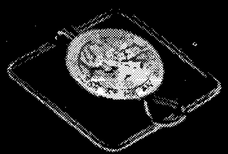
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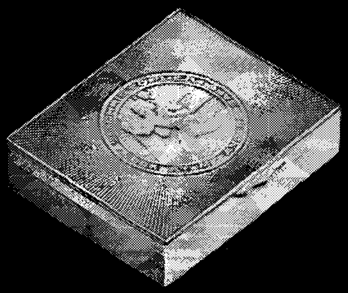
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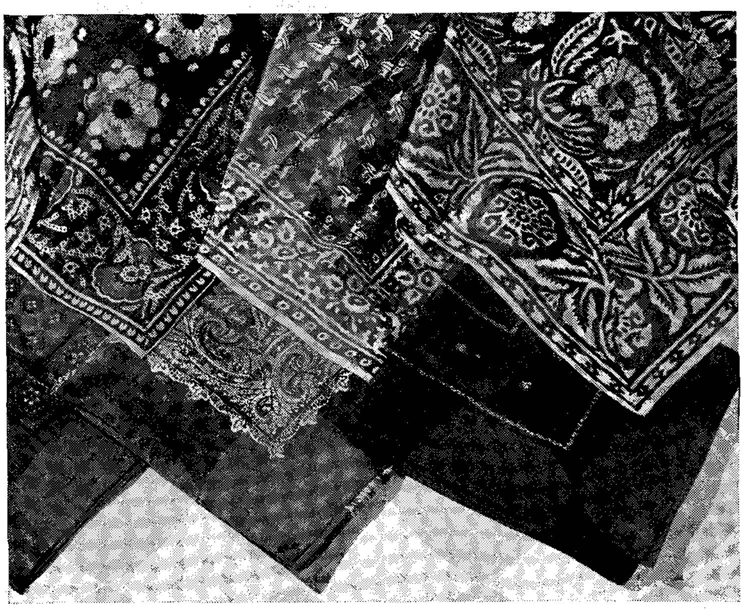
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET
WHITE PLAINS EAST ORANGE

by the Germans are the two others in Algeria. It is as if continental United States had extended statehood to Puerto Rico and Hawaii and had then itself been occupied by an enemy power, leaving the untypical new states to carry on pro tem as the United States of America. The city of Oran, which resisted the Americans two days longer than Algiers did, is two hundred and fifty miles further from the present front in Tunisia than Algiers is, and the Department of Oran is the first one of the New France in which civil government is being carried on in what appears to be a normal manner. Practically every act of the French and American authorities here sets a precedent that is likely to be cited to the French elsewhere as France is dragged piecemeal from under the occupying forces.

The military commander saddled with the extracurricular responsibilities connected with local administration is Major General Lloyd R. Fredendall, a solid, soldierly man whose position has been eased by the decision of the local authorities of the late Vichy government to retain their jobs, salaries, and pension rights and continue with the chores of local administration. The Prefect, a M. Boujard, was appointed by the Front Populaire government of Léon Blum in 1936 and has managed to survive all subsequent political changes—a tribute to his adaptability. General Boisseau, who was rather recently posted here as the French military commander, says he will perform prodigies under Admiral Darlan. The junior officers and enlisted men, who were serving their time in the French army when the Americans landed, and who fought with skill and pluck, are now keen to acquire American matériel and use it against Axis troops. The French tanks in the Battle of Oran had a speed of five miles an hour. The Zouave regiments, which originally were composed entirely of *indigènes* and later entirely of Europeans, are today mixed; Frenchmen who escaped from the 1940 debacle serve in the same companies with Arabs. The Foreign Legion, which has its headquarters at Sidi-bel-Abbès in this department, picked up no new glory in the recent fighting and appears to be slightly weighed down by tradition. French mobilization is going on here, and the Reservists coming into the barracks bring with them the sentiment of the civilian population, which is pro-American, prudently anti-German, and violently and confidently anti-Italian. A few of the more prosperous Reserve officers display no particular enthusiasm for the recent



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alterations. The great landed proprietors of the department, grandsons of immigrant French peasants, piled up large fortunes in paper francs during the recent armistice period by exporting to Germany their grain, their fruit, and the alcohol made from their brandy. They never suffered personally.

Perhaps General Fredendall's happiest innovation, for its effect on civilian sentiment, is the function which the Oranais call *la retraite*. At five-thirty every evening a twenty-piece military band plays tunes like "Over There" and "Marching Through Georgia" in the Place de la Bastille. The little boys, Arab and Néo and Jewish and French, come running from all the streets and alleys and gather, with their elders, around the soldiers. A detachment from the headquarters guard marches and presents arms, and then the tricolor and the American flag, which float together from staffs in the Place, are lowered while the band plays "The Marseillaise" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." It has become one of the most important and gayest events in Oran's day.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

RECEPTION: POOR

Oh, say, have you talked to a knitter
Who hasn't a moment to fritter,
Who hears you with pain
Twixt the purl and the plain,
While you stifle an impulse to hit her?

Or made your requests to a jotter
Who can't stop his jotting to potter,
Who lends you an ear
That's pretending to hear,
While he jots and blots dots with a blotter?

Have you ever played études on spinets
For people with "only five minutes,"
While what talent you had
Goes from awful to bad,
And they smile with the warmth of stuffed linnets?

What a pity such strained condescension
Cannot meet with the kind intervention
Of a suitable gun
So that, till you are done,
You will have undivided attention!

—VIRGINIA BRASIER

•

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Helped him contrive
to assemble his crop.
Weak in the budget,
to Macy's he came . . .
Most of Manhattan,
of course did the same.

Now, on the twenty-fourth
day of December
There may be friends
you forgot to remember.
Hitch up your horse, then,
and race like a rabbit
Straight to your oldest
and thriftiest habit.

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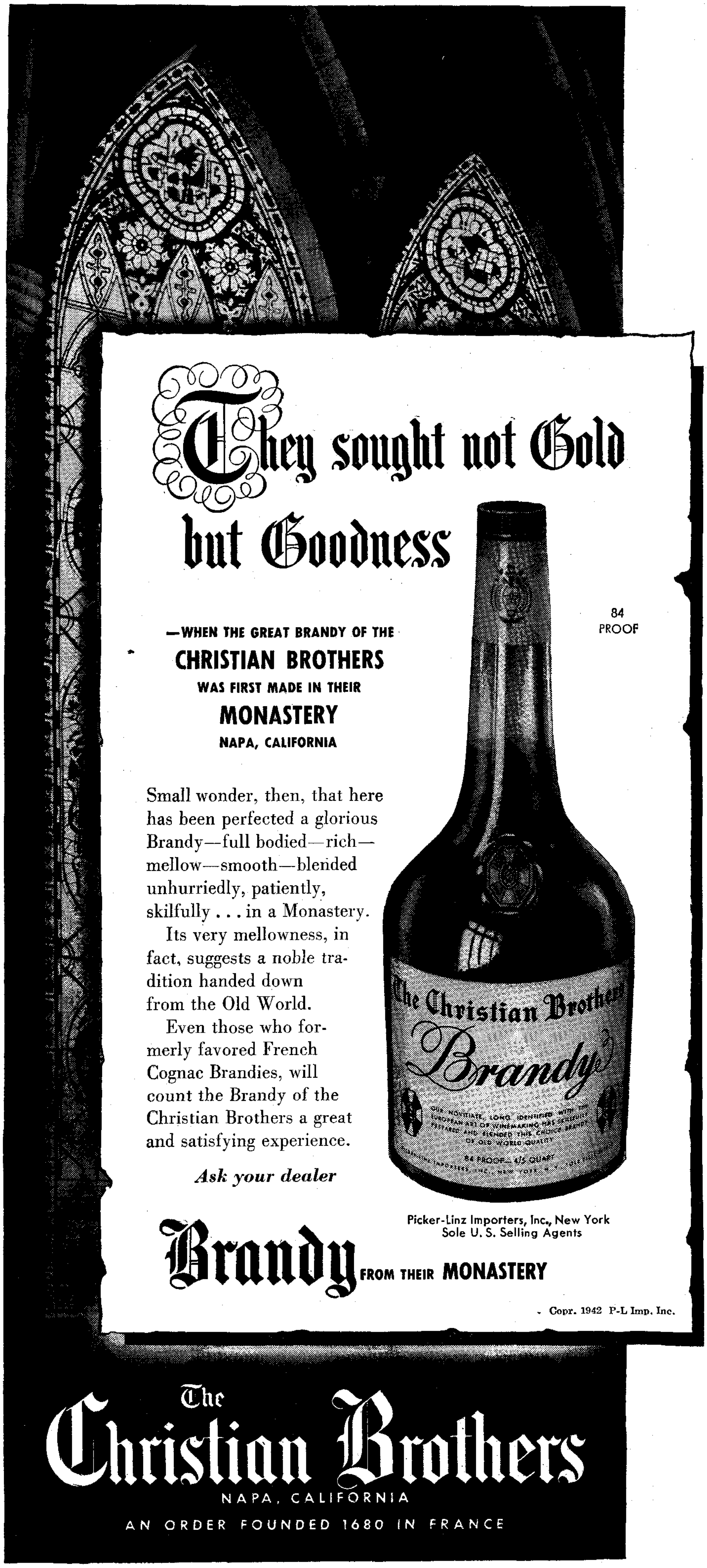

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THE FLAT SILVER

As soon as Betsy arrived in Grand Central Station, she hurried to a telephone booth and called her mother's dear friend Mary Winters.

"Aunt Mary?" she asked, in her high young voice.

"Why, Betsy Ryan, you cute thing," Mrs. Winters answered, "where are you?"

"I'm in town to look at some flat silver, Aunt Mary, because—you know what? Hold your hat! I'm going to be married on the twenty-third!"

"Married? How on earth? I thought that Nick of yours was in New Guinea. Here I've been feeling so sorry for you and—"

Betsy interrupted with a rush of words, very light and bright. "Oh, Aunt Mary, darling, he's not the one. This is a man named George Prentice that I met at a wedding last May."

"But Betsy, the other one, Nick, was he—I mean, what happened? My goodness."

"It's a long story, Aunt Mary. I'll tell you when I see you," Betsy said. "What I called you about is can you come downtown and have lunch with me? Mother told me to be sure and talk to you before I bought any silver, because you have such beautiful taste. And uh, I was wondering if you could possibly take me to that place you know of where you get the discount. I mean if it's not too much trouble."

"Why, of course, darling," Mrs. Winters said. "I'll meet you at the Forty-ninth Street Longchamps at one. How'll that be? Madison Avenue entrance. Right behind all the cauliflowers."

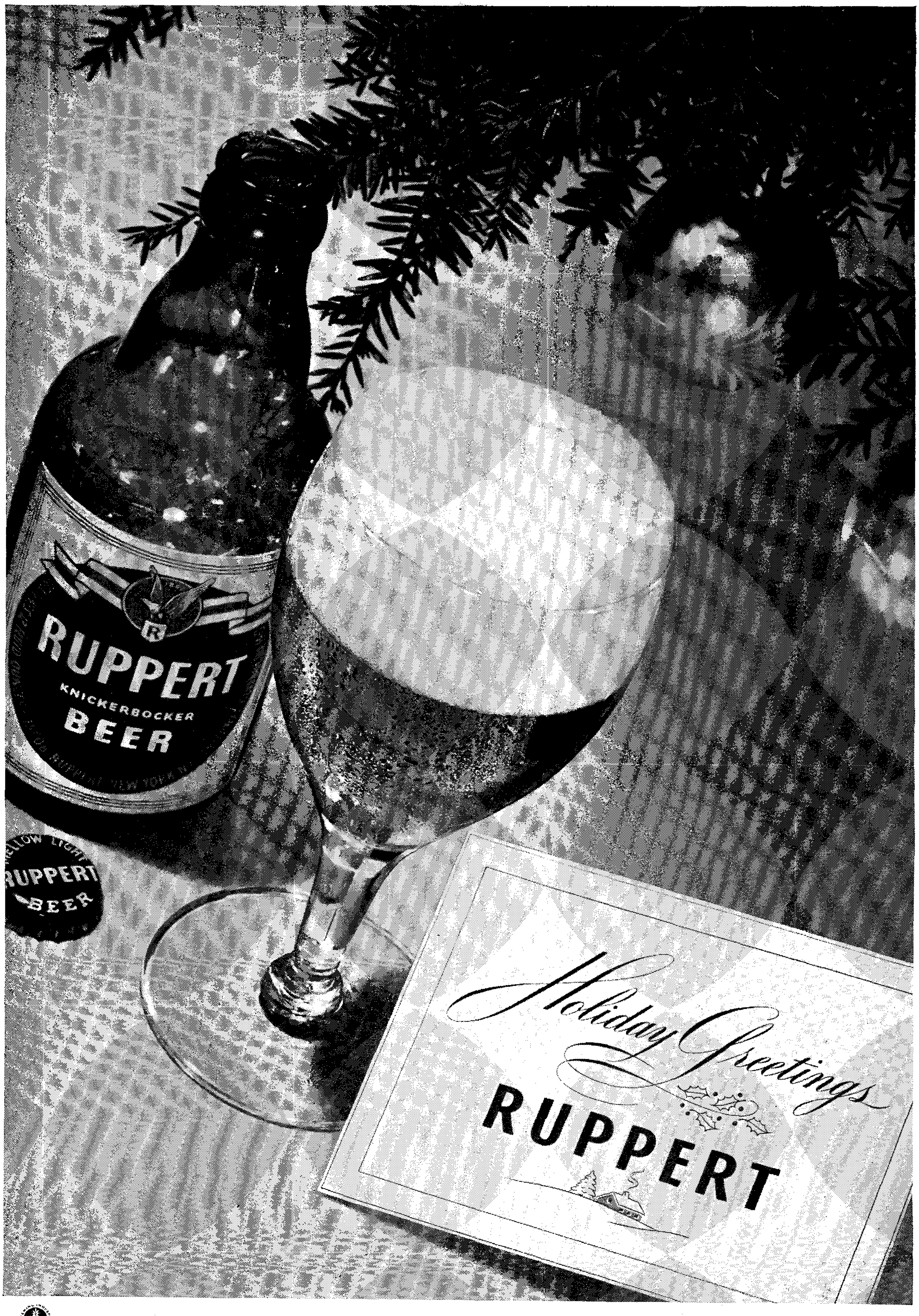
When Mrs. Winters arrived at Longchamps, she saw that Betsy was waiting. She was sitting near the entrance. Mrs. Winters could see her trim shoulders above the design of vegetables in the window. Betsy sat very straight, and the thick, light-brown hair lay sweetly on her shoulders, like a tiny fur cape. As she turned and saw the older woman, she rose in one lovely young motion and uttered little squeals of joy. They kissed.

"Aunt Mary, you look super!"

"So do you, my dear. You look good enough to eat." They sat down at a small table, pulled off their gloves, and picked up the big menus, smiling at each other over the tops of them.

"Well now, Betsy, come clean," said Mrs. Winters. "What happened, for heaven's sake?"

"Well, I just discovered that I'd made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a terrible mistake, that's all." The story went quite smoothly, as if it had been told often. "That affair with Nick was just an infatuation. Why, I was just a *child* last winter. I think I'll have the chicken livers."

"Where do you see that, dear?"

"Here," Betsy said, pointing.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Winters said. They ordered.

"But I'm *really* in love this time," Betsy explained. "For keeps. George and I just seemed to click right away at the wedding. . . . Oh, I told him I was engaged, but he said he understood perfectly. And then when I discovered that I loved *him* and not Nick at all, honestly, I had the most *awful* time convincing him. Why, I practically had to knock him down and *sit* on him before he'd believe me!" She buttered a piece of crusty roll and bit into it.

"But won't this one have to go to war, too?" Mrs. Winters asked.

Betsy grew serious. "I don't think they'll take him. You see, his eyes are very weak." Her pretty face broke into an unwilling grin. "Isn't it just too bad?"

Mrs. Winters smiled and sighed and shook her head. "Oh, Betsy, Betsy!"

Betsy picked up a glass of water and drank it, a big, square diamond engagement ring flashing on her boneless little hand. "Aunt Mary, you don't think I'm an awful heel, do you?"

Mrs. Winters shook her head.

"George is really very attractive, and I like him loads," Betsy continued, "and, you see, he's got this nice little private income. If I marry him, I can have a baby right away and that's what *everybody* is doing, and I'm dying to—" She stopped, and Mrs. Winters, staring at her, thought that Betsy looked grown-up now, and not quite so pretty. But then Betsy started talking again, gaily. "Here I am boring you with all this, when what I wanted to talk to you about was my flat silver."

She opened her purse and brought out a wad of clippings—pictures of knives, forks, and spoons laid in straight, gleaming rows. Then she put them on the table and bent her head, handling the little pieces of paper lovingly, her red lips parted. You could almost see her lifting the actual pieces of silver, weighing them in her hand, smoothing and caressing the shining metal.

—JUNE COCHRANE ORTGIES

•

Mr. Peffer does not hedge about the bush.—*Herald Tribune Books.*

What does he do—bush about the hedge?

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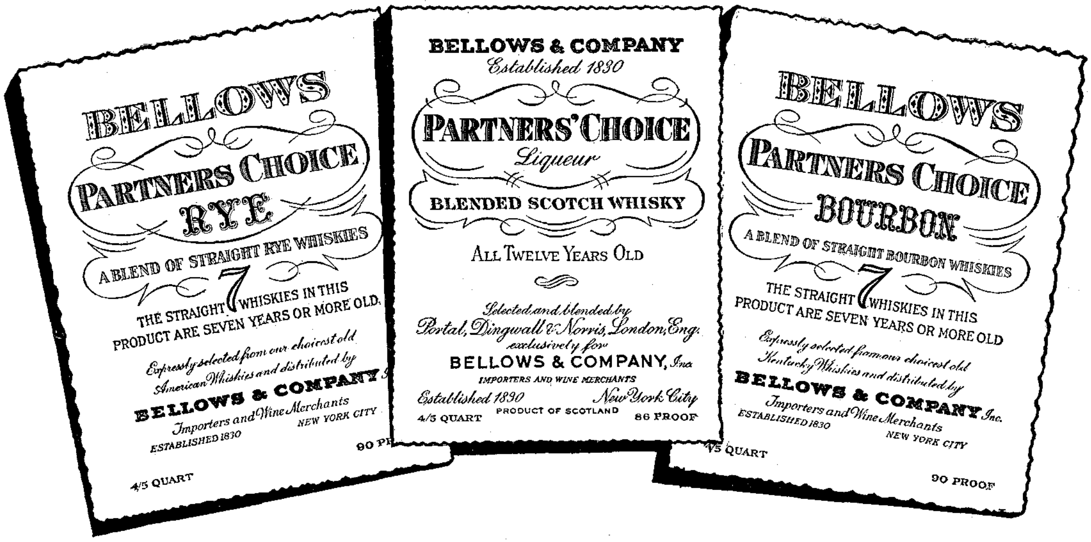
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

FROM ONE BLINKIN' THING TO ANOTHER

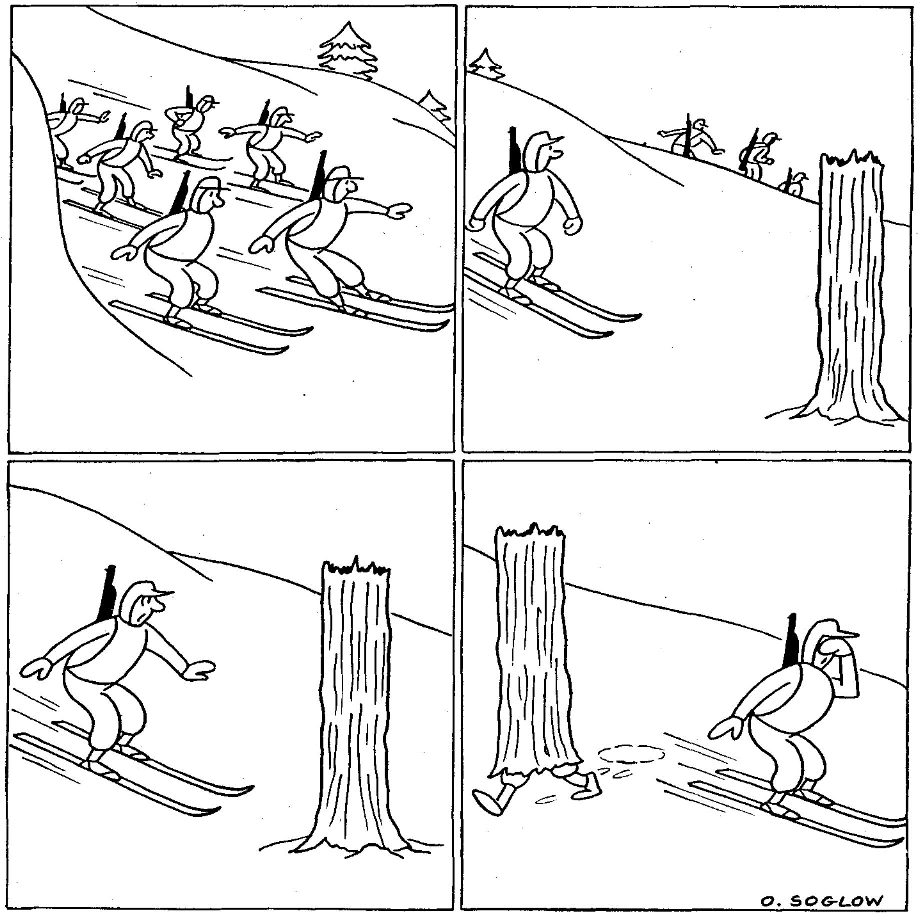
NOT long ago I spent an afternoon and evening with an indestructible young Londoner whom I had met some weeks before while visiting a home for convalescent merchant seamen at Oyster Bay. Although we had intended only to have tea together, by the time he had finished giving me a catalogue of his experiences in the war it was ten o'clock, and tea and dinner were behind us. He told of fighting with the B.E.F. in Belgium and France; of being evacuated at Dunkerque; of taking part in Commando raids against the German-held French coast, the Lofoten Islands off Norway, and the Libyan coast; of receiving a transfer, because of a permanent injury to his eyes, to the merchant marine; and, finally, of being torpedoed a few hundred miles off Iceland and drifting in the North Atlantic for five intensely cold days on a small wooden raft. Everything considered, it was a lot of war for one man—as much, I guess, as one man, even an Englishman, can be expected to take.

The young seaman had come in from Oyster Bay to meet me at a restaurant in town. We took a corner table and ordered a couple of pots of tea and a tray of pastries. He spent a long time choosing his pastry, but at last he picked out a slab of multicolored cake, shot through with raisins and cherries and frosted with whipped cream. "Nah, this is something like," he said, in an accent that sounded to me part cockney and part Yorkshire. I asked him to explain the mixture of accents. "I was born in London, right enough," he said, "but I married a bit of Yorkshire with my wife. Shall you be wanting the whole story?" I told him that I should be. "I've been through a good deal in this war," he said apologetically. "I've gone from one blinkin' thing to another. I may talk the ear off you." I said I wouldn't mind.

He grinned, running his hand through his thick, curly black hair. "I'd better begin with my full name. It's Cyril Thomas Edward Charles Faircloth. I was saddled with all those names because of a family row, which ended by my being baptized twice. I was born on the ninth of October, in 1915. At that time my dad, who'd been a pretty successful greengrocer, was serving in France with the Tenth Hackney Londoners. Later, as I remember hearing, he was gassed, hospitalized, and discharged from the army as physically unfit. My mother used to play in variety, under the name of Ivy Cavana. I've an uncle called Jimmie Junnix, who's quite a well-known comedian, and that's always been my own ambition—to be a comedian. As a matter of fact, my great-grandmother on my mother's side was an actress here in America a long time ago. I suppose she was a *sort* of actress. Her name was Gypsy Queen Lee."

I asked Faircloth if he had ever heard of Gypsy Rose Lee, who is also a sort of actress, but he shook his head absently. He was thinking, it became clear, of his half-remembered childhood. "Along about 1920," he said, "the hard times had ruined my dad's greengrocery business. He got fed up with it, and with my mother, brother, sister, and me. He ran off, and none of us have seen him since. Well, my mother couldn't quite swing supporting the three of us, not in those times, so she decided to put me in an orphanage. I was just past five by then. I was sent to an orphanage in Somersetshire. It was run by Lady Somerset, and it wasn't too bad, but I hated it. I was always getting into mischief." Faircloth smiled. It was plain that he liked recalling his wicked past. "I was what you might call a holy terror," he said. "By the time I was twelve, I'd got a bellyful of that place. One night I rolled my clothes together, climbed over the wall, and ran down the road to the quays, where I'd spotted a private yacht the day before. I slipped aboard the yacht, hid myself in the dinghy, and the next morning, when the yacht had cast off, gave myself up to the captain. I told him I was over fourteen, and he offered me a job as a mess boy at a wage of thirty-seven shillings a month. From that day to this I've been on my own."

Faircloth held this job for nearly a year. The crew, whose meals he served, kicked him from stem to stern once a day. He has no recollection of ever seeing the yacht's owner, who was supposed to be somewhere aboard. Faircloth finally quit one day at Glasgow and hitchhiked to Edinburgh, a distance of about fifty miles. Finding no jobs open to a boy of thirteen, he went to London, hitchhiking all the way, a matter of five hundred and thirty miles. After calling on his mother, who hadn't at first recognized him, he went down to the docks to find himself another berth. He soon signed as a deck boy, at a wage of three pounds, seventeen shillings a month, aboard the steamer Antina, which was about to sail on the China run. He had always been eager to see



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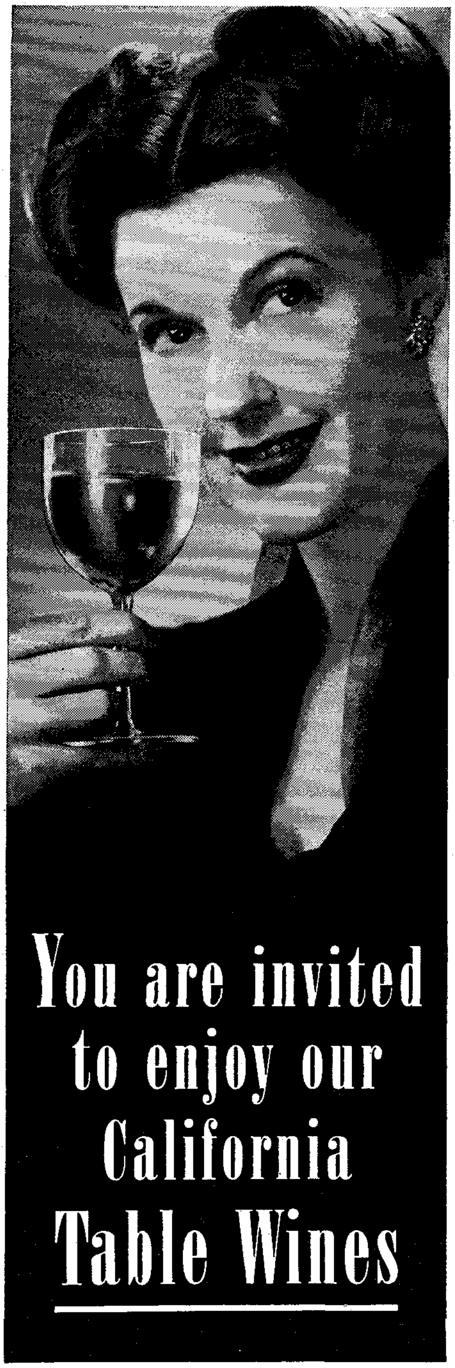

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the world, and on this voyage alone he saw a major portion of it, going ashore at Vigo, Gibraltar, Malta, Port Said, Suez, Aden, Bombay, Adelaide, Auckland, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Singapore, Hobart, Capetown, and Southampton.

"I got back to London," Faircloth told me, "in '29. From then until '37 I made eight voyages. I worked up to being an able seaman, and I liked the life well enough, but I wanted better. Besides, the depression was cutting down the number of good berths and also our pay, which had never been exactly handsome. One day, when I was on the beach in London, a pal of mine talked me into walking down to Whitehall with him to have a look at the recruiting office there. First thing I knew, a sergeant was slapping me on the back, telling me I was just the man His Majesty had been waiting for. In another minute I'd been given a shilling and was swearing to serve the colors for seven years, with another five years in the Reserve. Well, that did put the tin hat on it. I was assigned to Princess Charlotte of Wales' Royal Berkshire Regiment. After six months of training, my battalion was sent down to Folkestone. My job was driving a lorry in a motor-transport unit. I liked that life well enough, too, but still I wanted better. I had my ambitions, and, besides, I'd gone and got married.

"When I first met the wife, she was an usherette in the Odeon Theatre, off Piccadilly. Her name's Grace. She's a blonde, with blue eyes and a fine set of teeth. Her family lives in Yorkshire, and that's where she's staying now, her and the boy. I haven't heard from her in eight months, but I expect she's all right." Faircloth shrugged. "You never catch up to your mail when you're at sea. Well, after we'd been at Folkestone a while, they sent us up to Blackdown, near Aldershot, and that's where we were when the big show started." He hesitated. I thought he was going to make some remark about the war, but he merely said, "Eight months is a long time to wait for a letter. The kid is the spit of me—curly-haired, wiry, a young devil."

LOOKING back on his life, which struck me as being barren and harsh enough, I asked Faircloth how he had felt about fighting. "Why, I only thought one thing," he said, as if puzzled by my question. "This is our fight, and the quicker it comes, the quicker it's over. War was declared on September the third, and on September the eighth, after being aboard ship for a couple of days, we landed in France. Our lorries, Bren guns, and other equipment reached us the next day, and we set out across France for the Belgian frontier. Driving in our lorries, we passed through one town after another and finally stopped at a place called, I think, Nomain, about twelve miles from the border. Everywhere we were greeted with cheers. We were coming to end the war, so they thought.

"We stayed at Nomain for several months, digging trenches and building pillboxes and watching the lights from the Belgian towns that made the sky yellow along the border. We'd been told that when the lights went out it would mean that the Germans were breaking through into Belgium. One Sunday morning about one-thirty the lights started going out. The barriers at the border were raised, and we headed into Belgium, driving through Tournai, Astaire, Watteau, and up to the River Dihle. Maybe those aren't the names, but that's the way they sounded to me. We were at the river for several days. The Jerries were on the other side. Up to then I hadn't known what war felt like. I hadn't even seen a person killed. The Jerries were dropping two-inch mortar shells over the river, and one day, when four of us were lying in a ditch by the roadway, a shell landed beside us. My three pals were blown to pieces right in front of me. I couldn't believe it. We'd been talking about life at home, talking about women, you know, and there they were.

"Then the Jerries started across a bridge over the river. I set up a Bren gun and pulled back on the trigger till it was too hot to hold. In spite of their losses, the Jerries kept on pouring across the bridge, and my battalion had to retire to the field behind us, then to the field behind that, and the field behind that. After a day or two the Black Watch and Cameronians came up to relieve us. I've heard that in the last war these kilted Scotch regiments used to be called 'the ladies from hell,' and they lived up to their reputation. Along with my own regiment and some others, they drove the Jerries back about nine miles, but the French and Belgians on our flanks kept on retreating. Finally the orders came through for us to start retreating, too. It broke our hearts, I tell you. Why, with a few more guns, a few more planes, and a little coöperation, we'd have been in Berlin in four days. Maybe you don't believe that now, but that's how we felt. But we had nothing. We had to go on retreating. We were told, 'Wait till you get

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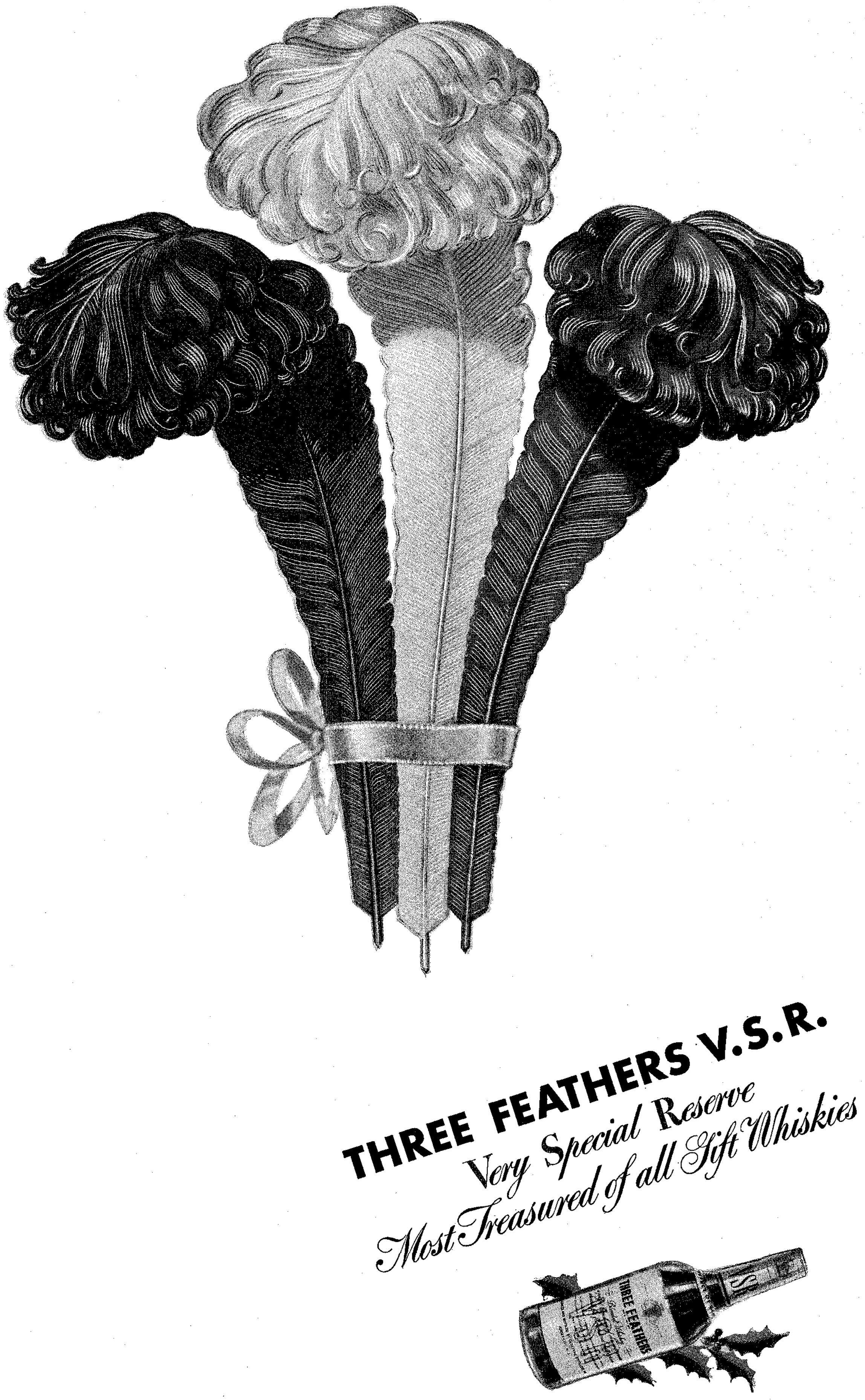
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To those millions of lads (and their brothers and dads)
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To the men from the mills and the farms and the hills
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To the workers and miners and airplane designers,
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Wherever they are—be it near, be it far,
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With a stoutness of heart they are doing their part
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So good luck and God speed them—may nothing impede them
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To roll up a final success.

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SEVEN CROWN
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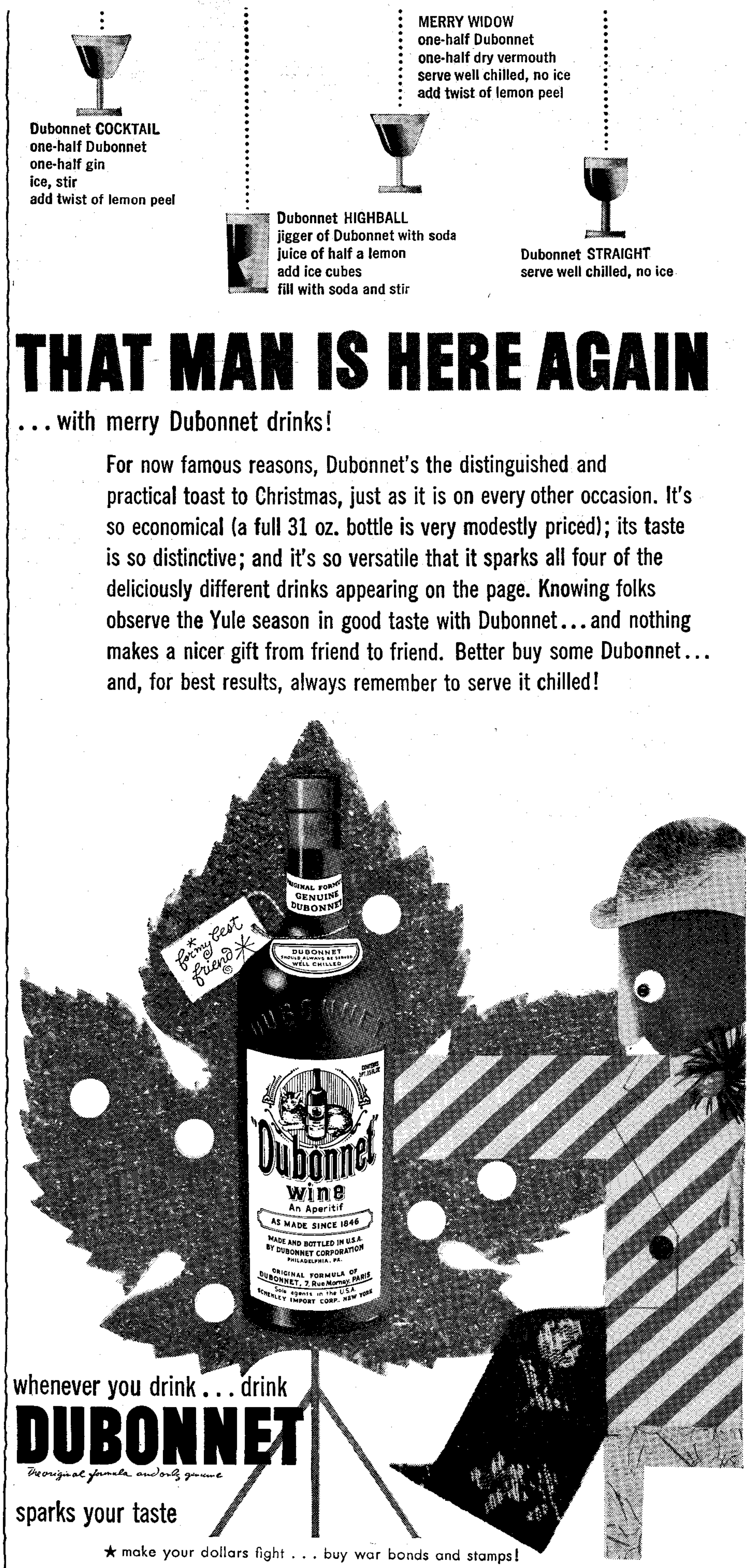
back to those trenches you dug last fall. Wait till you get into those nice, snug pillboxes. There'll be plenty of fresh French soldiers waiting there to help you.'

"Then one day we were told, 'A small group of Jerries has broken through on one flank. It'll take about six hundred men to wipe 'em out. Just a matter of a few hours.' Besides a rifle apiece, we were given two anti-tank guns and four Bren guns. Off we went, looking for that small group of Jerries. Well, we got to the top of a hill, and there they were, battalion after battalion of them, in armored cars, maybe eight or ten thousand men. There wasn't time to set up our anti-tank guns, and we had to fire at their tanks and cars with our little .303 rifles, and the bullets bounced back in our faces.

"Then we started to retreat again. Run and stop, run and stop, run and stop, about thirty miles a day. I tell you, it was proper hell. We were just about dead when we reached the trenches we'd dug the fall before. The trenches were full of water, the pillboxes had been blown to bits by Fifth Columnists, and there wasn't a Frenchy in sight. We backed up, town by town, with every town blazing, till we reached the beaches at Dunkerque. We fought for seven days at Dunkerque, side by side with the Gordon Highlanders and the Border Regiment of the Queen's Own Rifles. My battalion, which had consisted of a thousand and one men, had been made up six times by then. There was only one ship left to take us off—the H.M.S. Repulse—and as we pulled away we could see hundreds of men still waiting on the beaches or up to their necks in water.

"I fell asleep on deck and woke up at Dover. Was it lovely to see the cliffs! I shall never forget that. From Dover what was left of the Royal Berkshires—about seventy-five men and an officer out of my battalion—were sent by train to Dorset, to be guests of the Dorsetshire Regiment. From there I was sent up to a little town in Yorkshire, to take things easy for a few weeks. But it was too quiet for me. I heard they were asking for volunteers in what they called special-service battalions, under the authority of the Admiralty. They were the Commandos, but no one had yet called them that. Sir Roger Keyes was the head of the show in those days. Our baby had been born while I was out in Belgium. I'd named him Victor Charles, so that I could say I'd got the first V.C. of the war. Grace and the baby were staying up in Bridlington, where Grace's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ice, stir
add twist of lemon peel

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jigger of Dubonnet with soda
juice of half a lemon
add ice cubes
fill with soda and stir

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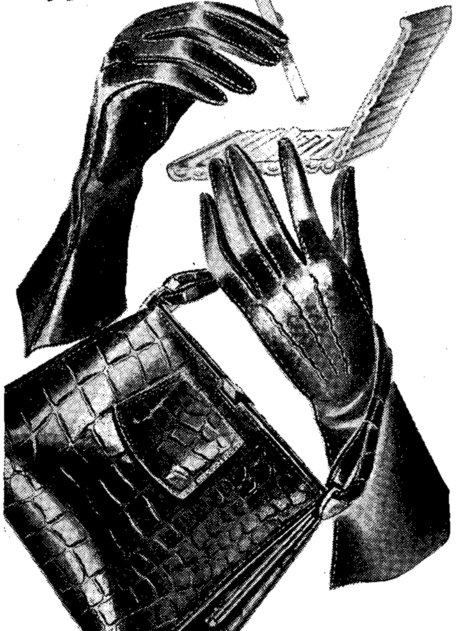

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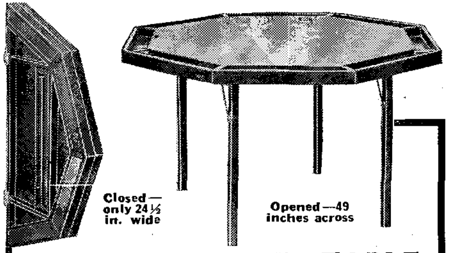

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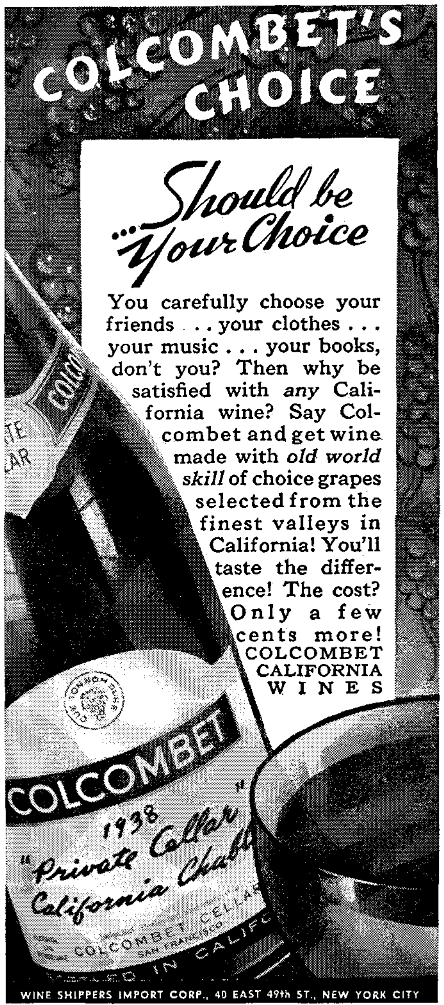
family lives. When I signed up in one of those special-service battalions, I didn't know when I should see them again.

"But where should I be sent for training but to the Midlands! That *was* a bit of luck. Bridlington, you know, is right near the Midlands, and I could sneak off now and again to get a good look at the boy. In training we practiced hill-climbing, compass-reading, and swimming. They were just loosening us up for the real thing. After a couple of months they sent us to Scotland. There, at one of the lochs, we did our intensive training. We lived, for example, for five days on a ration of chocolate, pemmican, and water, all the while practicing our mock invasion schemes. We learned what they call unarmed combat—jujitsu, boxing, knife-throwing, and so on. We had to learn how to swim at least three hundred yards with a full kit, in our fighting denims and rope-soled shoes.

"Our last test was to march from Glasgow to Edinburgh and back, a distance of about a hundred miles. We had to make it with a full pack and as fast as we could. I'd walked most of one way over the same road when I was thirteen. We made it, most of us, in three days. Our feet were red-hot lumps of meat when we got through, but by then we knew that we were tough enough for anything. We were sent down to the south coast, where people got to calling us suicide squads. We stayed there a month or two, getting used to living in private houses, buying our own meals, even wearing civvies. Then we were sent out on our first raid. Our job was to put out of action some of the big guns that were blasting us from the French coast.

"Ten troops of us went over, with fifty men to a troop. Before we sailed, the commanding officer of my troop handed each of us, standing on parade, a small, specially drawn map. On each map was a ring, and inside the ring was a dot. Every man was assigned to a different dot. When the commanding officer had handed out the last map at the end of the line, he came back to the head of the line and started picking up the maps. By that time each of us had studied and memorized all the details in his section of the map. We sailed at night and were off the French coast early the next morning. We dropped from our landing craft into the water, then lay in the brush along the cliffs while scouts went forward to reconnoitre.

"After ten or twelve minutes, and just as dawn was breaking, the scouts came back to tell us how quickly to advance. There were four speeds we had



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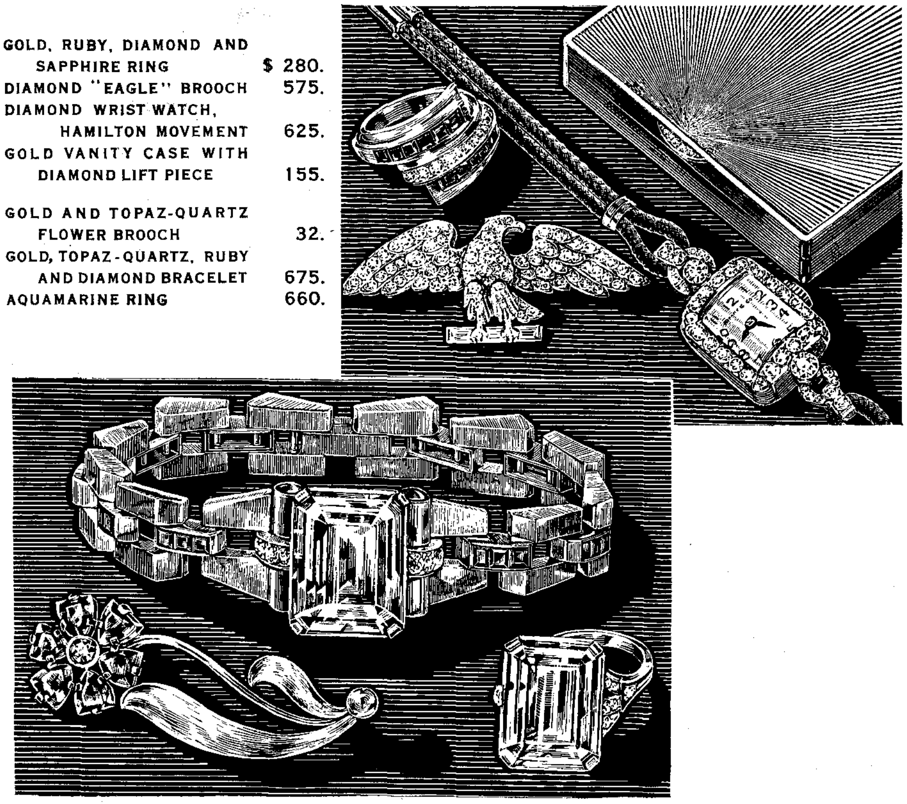
learned—very fast, fast, slow, and very slow. This time it was slow. Carrying Colt forty-fives, machine guns, and explosives, we crept up on the batteries. Our scouts had already knifed the sentries—the best place is under the right side of the jawbone, so that the knife can be shoved up and out at the left temple, and the Jerry doesn't make a sound—but there were other Jerries asleep in the barracks. We placed our explosive charges in the breeches and against the bases of the big guns—whoppers they were—and around the hut where the Jerries were sleeping. We timed the fuses so that we could get back to our ships before the charges went off. As it worked out, we were about a mile offshore when we saw the first flash and heard the crack of the guns exploding. In four hours we were back in England—the whole job over and done with in four hours—and we never lost a man."

BY this time our waiter was clearing his throat and fumbling pointedly with a menu, so Faircloth and I decided to order dinner. Drawing upon my American tourist's memory of Simpson's, I suggested rare roast beef for both of us, but when it was brought to the table, Faircloth, with some embarrassment, explained that he did not feel up to eating it. "Looks a bit raw, don't you think? We tried raw meat in France one day. We'd run out of rations, so we killed a sheep and ate it. Lost my appetite for that sort of thing properly, I did." The waiter took away Faircloth's roast beef and after a few minutes returned with a well-blackened steak, which Faircloth accepted gratefully. As we ate, he described a half-dozen other raids on the French coast in which he had taken part.

These raids, all made from the south coast, covered a period of several months. After they were over, Faircloth's unit was sent up to Scotland, and from there he took part in the raid on the Lofoten Islands. "One assignment was as important as another," he said. "We never knew, when we started out, what was going to be exciting and what wasn't. On that Lofoten Islands job my dot in the ring was a crossroads outside a town. For six hours I lay in a prickly, scrubby little bush, with a machine gun set up under the leaves, waiting to spray the Jerries, but they never showed up out there. We took some prisoners, though we don't like to bother with 'em, and we brought a good many young Norwegians back to Scotland with us. But as far as I was concerned,



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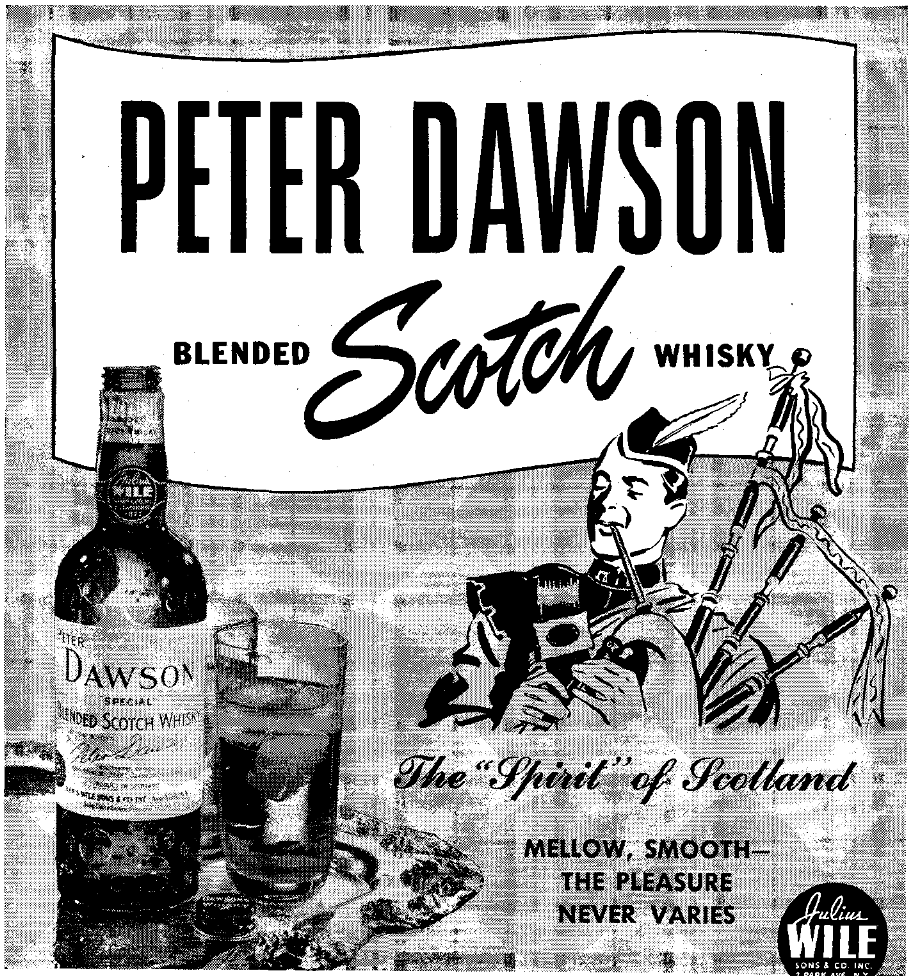


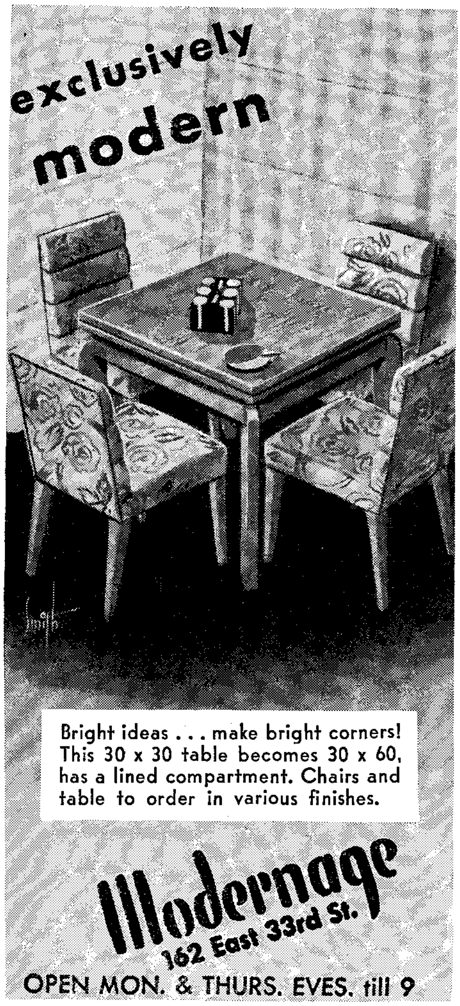
86.8 PROOF • JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., 2 PARK AVE., N. Y., SOLE U. S. AGENTS IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

I might as well have stayed at home and drunk my tea.

"Early in 1941 I was transferred to the Eastern Command Unit, which was based not far from Alexandria. We had to sail all the way around the Cape to get there. Our first job was to blow up some ammunition dumps outside Bardia. That was to get us used to the sand and the wind, and to the sun, which was a little different from the sun in Scotland and Norway. We raided the coastal highway several times. We couldn't blow it up, you see, because we were hoping to make use of it ourselves one of these fine days. We'd lie in little scooped-out pockets in the sand along the edges of the road and, as the German trucks came up, we'd riddle their tires. The Jerries would pile down from the trucks, shouting '*Kamerad!*,' and then we'd stick some explosives under the trucks and blow them up. We couldn't save much of anything for ourselves, because, of course, we were miles back of the German lines.

"We took part, too, in the raid that all but captured Rommel. Our job was to act as scouts, going ahead and cleaning out the pillboxes that lined the way to Rommel's headquarters. We landed about eight miles from Bardia, and we walked this eight miles along the base of the cliffs at the edge of the desert. This was all while it was still dark, early in the morning. We lay low till five A.M. I had been placed in charge of sixteen men, and I sent nine of them ahead to pick off one pillbox. The eight of us who were left went ahead to pick off another. Well, it was duck soup. The lot of us crawled on our bellies up to the pillboxes, which had been built in the sand, and tossed a couple of grenades through the machine-gun slits. Some of the Jerries came out. We grabbed their guns, blew up the pillboxes, and sneaked back to the shore. Four of the six Jerries we caught tried to escape. I shot 'em in the legs, and that brought 'em down as neat as you please. The other men got back from Rommel's headquarters just as we reached our boats. Timing, you see. They'd missed Rommel by twenty minutes, we found out afterward. He'd gone off, as you may have heard, to a birthday party twelve or fifteen miles away. The men weren't half sore.

"A couple of months later we were making a raid on Tobruk. I was in the lead boat as we came up along the shore in the darkness, my hands on the trips of a machine gun. Suddenly a big Jerry searchlight swung about and flashed in my eyes. We were only a few yards away from it, and all that candlepower



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burned right back into my brain. I gripped the machine gun hard to help hold in the pain, and my machine-gun bullets spattered into the searchlight, and it went out. By that time, though, I was blind. All I remember is falling over the side of the boat into the water. The rest of the lads must have picked me up. After they had carried out the raid, they took me back to the hospital tent at our base, then shipped me in a transport to Gibraltar. I was transferred at the Rock to a fast destroyer, which landed me at Liverpool, and from there I was carried by train to London. I was given a bed at the St. Giles Hospital, which is one of the biggest eye hospitals in the world. I found out about all this a long while after it happened. At the time I was delirious. The pain was pretty awful, and my head was wrapped in bandages down to my chin. I'd have felt happier dead.

"After a few weeks the nurses started taking me into another room, unwrapping my bandages, and asking me if I saw any light. I said, 'No.' Then they'd bandage me up again and wait a week. I kept saying, 'No, no, I can't see any light. I can't see anything.' But one day they took off the bandages, and there it was, in one corner of the room, a little, yellowish, wobbly flicker of light. I tell you, I shouted at 'em then. I yelled, 'I can see! It's a light! It's a little yellow light!' They said, 'But there's no light there.' They wanted to make sure that I was really seeing the light. They moved it about, and each time I told them where it was, and after a while they admitted I could see.

"My eyes got better and better, but they never got back to being as good as they had been. They'll never be that good again. I have to wear glasses aboard ship, for example, for standing watch. Can't act as able seaman without 'em. When I got out of the hospital, I knew I'd be of no more use to the Commandos. That was pretty hard to take. I was sent to the Midlands, where I'd started training. Of course, I was glad to see the wife and kid again, and the wife was that tickled that I couldn't get back into the war—or so she thought. The Commandos would have discharged me as physically unfit and let me wander about England like my old man. I remembered what had happened to him, and I decided I didn't want it that way."

Faircloth pounded the table. His hands were shaking. "I went to my Commando officer and said, 'I'm no use to you any more. I want to go back to sea. Can I get a transfer to the merchant marine?' He said, 'Yes, if you

a Timely Topic

If you are contemplating a month or two in town, consider this charming residential hotel so many people prefer for its quiet atmosphere . . . its proximity to the homes of their friends . . . yet withal, its convenience to business, shops and war activities. You'll like the way it is meticulously maintained . . . the lovely suites of one to five rooms with serving pantries . . . the fact it costs no more than other houses of comparable quality. Brochure on request.

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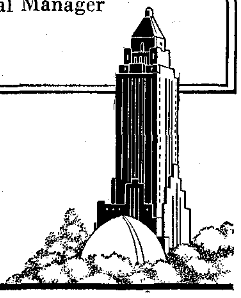

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I can understand why no one who thinks twice would accept that entirely on faith, not even when you read it in the NEW YORKER whose executives are *very serious* when analyzing the advertising they accept.

But with wartime taxes, you who have an open mind will be richly rewarded by a visit to my shop. In fairness to your own budget, drop in and see why many well known (and well dressed) New Yorkers have their clothes made by us.

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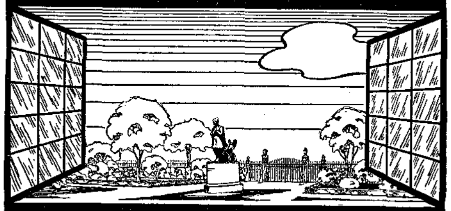
like. Good luck.'" Faircloth dug into one of his pockets and brought out a booklet—his transfer papers. I opened it and read, in two sentences, the Army's account of Faircloth's record in the war: "Faircloth, C., has served in the Royal Berkshire Regiment for a period of three years, three hundred and forty-nine days, and has been transferred to the Army Reserve for an indefinite period from February 21st, 1942. His conduct whilst serving with the colours has been good."

FAIRCLOTH calmed down. "That left me free to find myself a ship," he continued. "I said goodbye to the wife and kid—she wasn't half sore at me—and packed my ditty bag and went down to the pool offices in Dock Street in London. I was signed onto the pool for a week or two before I got a berth on the Fort Linham, a freighter of about ten thousand tons, sailing in water ballast for Halifax to pick up cargo. We swung up north to keep out of the way of the subs. We were four and a half days out of London and a few hundred miles off Iceland when a torpedo hit us. It was at three o'clock in the morning, whilst I was standing my watch at the wheel. I thought, 'This is it. Well, I've had everything else.' After that I was too busy to think. The torpedo struck abaft the funnel, and the ship spun over hard to starboard. I hung onto the wheel, trying to hold the ship to leeward to keep her from shipping too much water. There were about sixty-five men aboard, and I hung onto the wheel whilst they launched our two motorboats, two rowboats, and three of our four rafts.

"Pretty quick, I saw the boats making off without me. I said to myself, 'Why, they've gone and left you to steer this blinkin' torpedoed tub about the ocean.' I got down from the bridge and walked aft, looking for something to grab onto. As I passed the engine-room skylight, I heard someone give a shout. Turned out to be an old greaser—what you'd call an oiler, I expect—caught down there between the donkey engines. A rope ladder hung through the skylight, put there on purpose for emergencies. I slipped down that ladder and set the old greaser free. He was roughed up a bit, and by the time I'd hoisted him up, the deck was level with the sea. I managed to launch the last of our four rafts, drop the old greaser on it, and hop aboard myself. We drifted out of sight of the ship, and we never saw her go down. We never saw the sub, either, or the boats that held the rest of the crew.

"This raft we lay on was about six

Windows on the Park



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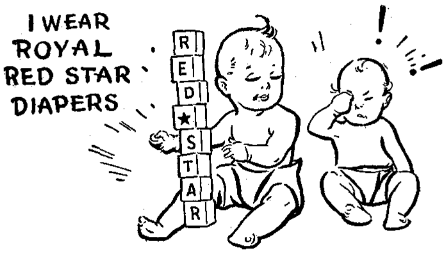
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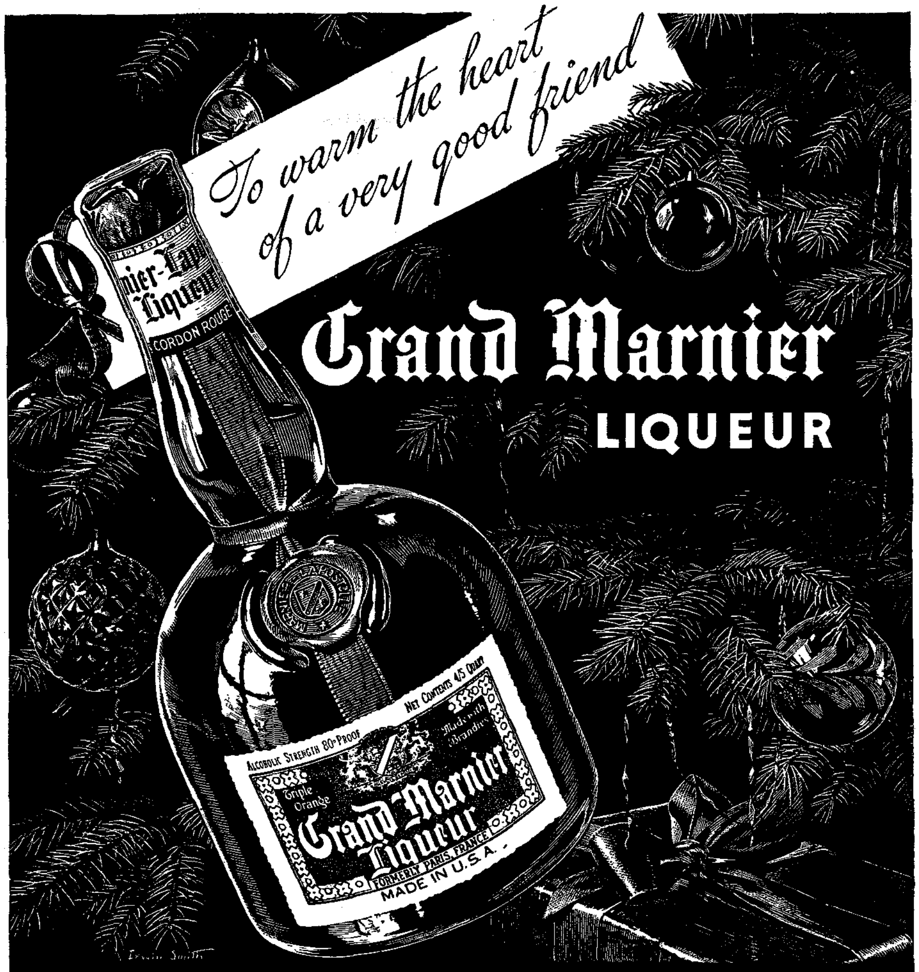
feet by eight feet. It was stocked with water, some hard biscuits, and a little chocolate. There was a length of canvas, too, to be used either as a sail or a blanket. It was cold. When our eyes ran from the wind, the tears froze on our cheeks, and we could break them off with our thumbnails. We floated about for two days, nibbling at the biscuits and chocolate and drinking a little water at noon. The old greaser—I got to calling him Bill—was about seventy. Too old to stand much exposure. He grew weaker and weaker. I asked him about his home in England, about all the places he had ever been, to try to keep his courage up. His whole body was covered with tattoos, and we talked about those: where he had got them, what they meant, what he remembered about the different girls' names scattered over his arms and chest. Along about the third day, though, he started to cry, the poor old man. The sound was awful, but I couldn't make him stop. I'd say, over and over, 'Come on, Bill. Never die. Never die near a victory. Today we're going to be picked up. I just feel it in my bones.'

"Toward the end of the third day he fell asleep, and he didn't wake up. I took my glasses out of my pocket the next morning and held them over his mouth. There was no mist on the glasses. I knew what that meant. I wanted to hold some sort of a funeral service for old Bill, but I couldn't think of anything to say. I'd forgotten all the prayers I learned at the orphanage. Finally I said, 'Well, God rest your soul, old Bill,' and shoved him over the side of the raft into the water.

"On the morning of the fifth day a bit of a wind blew up. I lay under that piece of canvas all day, and, oh, by Christ, it was icy cold! Along about sunset I tried to stand up, but my legs were too weak. I tried to force myself up on my arms. I could only just turn my head from side to side. Then I did think I was a goner. I gave up trying. I said aloud, 'Good night, old Bill,' and closed my eyes. I don't know how long it was before a bomber flew over and spotted me. I figure that the bomber had lost its bearings a bit, otherwise it never would have seen me. The bomber's crew, as I found out later, radioed to a corvette escorting a convoy fifty or a hundred miles off that they had spotted a man on a raft, and the corvette came by and picked me up. I remember waking up in the corvette, covered with hot-water bags and yelling for old Bill. The corvette dropped me at Montreal. I lay around there for a good number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88 PROOF

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MEDIUM . . . *Dry Sack*	. . .	*Famous, all-purpose wine*

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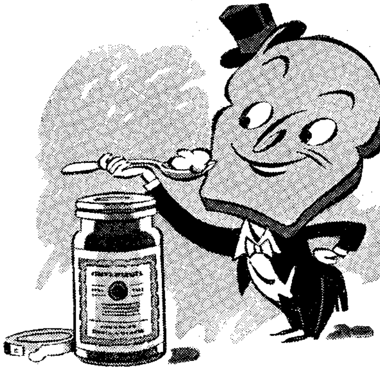

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of weeks, and then signed onto the ship's pool again."

Faircloth had once more become agitated. He rapped his knuckles against the table, and I could hear his feet beating restlessly on the tiled floor. "A man doesn't have much choice when it comes to deciding whether to go back to sea," he said. "They're short of men, so what can you do? They signed me aboard a new ship sailing out of Norfolk, Virginia. I took a train to Norfolk, reported aboard ship, and sailed as far as here. I was standing the twelve-to-four-A.M. watch, with the ship riding quiet out in the Narrows, when I felt a sudden stabbin' pain over the heart. Oh, it was killin'! I lay down on the deck. One of my new buddies came along and said, 'Hold on, Faircloth, we'll be seeing the bright lights of New York tomorrow, you and I.' But I never saw the bright lights at all. I couldn't even get up off the deck. The ship's captain blew the whistle for a Coast Guard cutter, which came by and took me to the Downtown Hospital. There they found I had pleurisy. It had taken a long time to catch up with me. I spent two or three weeks at the hospital, a week at the Seamen's Institute, and after that they sent me out to the convalescent home at Oyster Bay, to rest up. I needed rest, you know."

IT was nearly ten, and time for Faircloth to be getting back to Oyster Bay. I called our waiter, who was sitting sleepily on a chair by the kitchen door, and paid for our tea and dinner. As we got up to go, I said to Faircloth, "I hope you're not too tired. Is there anything you'd especially like to see on your way to the station—anything you've been hoping to see, such as Central Park or the Empire State Building?" He hesitated, then said, "I should like to see some of those bright lights I've heard about. I should like to be able to write home to the wife that I'd seen them." We were standing in the restaurant doorway by now. I told him about the dimout, explaining that the big signs on Broadway had been turned off months ago. He looked hurt and disappointed.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Don't fret, chum," he said. "I'll be back to see them after the duration."

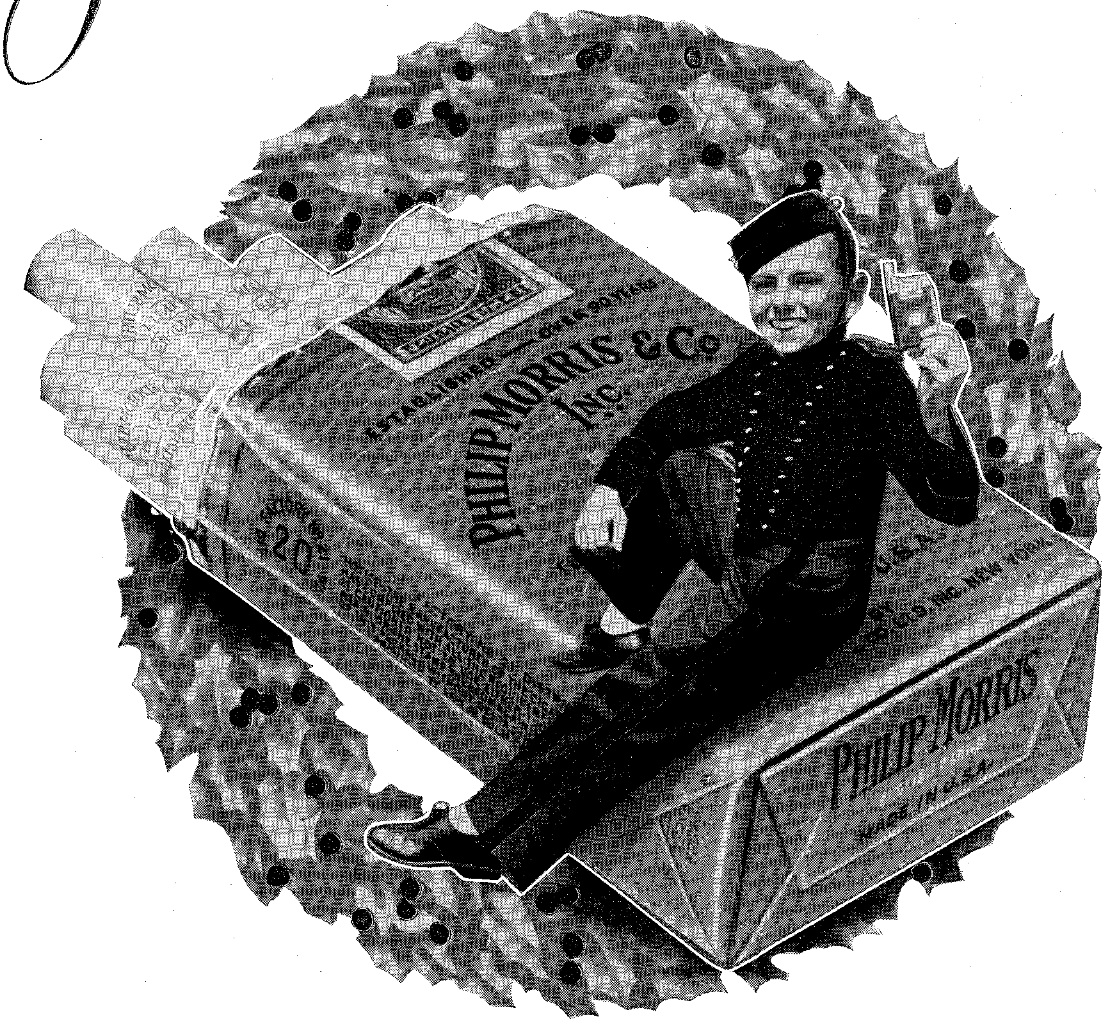
—BRENDAN GILL

•

She testified that her legal residence was Honolulu, where she maintains a million-dollar home called Hzanalamzea.—*Dallas Morning News.*

Make it a $500,000 home.

Holiday Greetings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Peggy Sage has worked out a new DRESS PARADE MANICURE that is calculated to stand up through long hours of war work and last to register loveliness on your short, precious "hours off." It's the most complete, most wonderful manicure in town. It costs a dollar, but your war-busy hands deserve it—weekly. Phone—Plaza 3-9011

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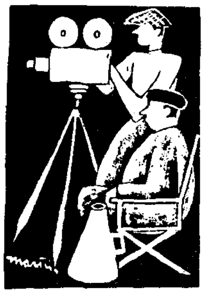
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Commentaries and Quizzes



IT has been said by some who have seen it that "We Are the Marines," the March of Time's full-length feature on the amphibious branch of the services, will probably do well as a recruiting picture. Of course right now, since the President has removed the citizen's option in the matter of taking up arms, it would be a shame if the film achieved any such end. Men who went to it and were worked up to a martial pitch would just have to do their scrapping around the house until their turn came. The fact is, though, that the picture may very well not have that effect. The life of a Marine, as represented by the March of Time, is a very rough business. He is told from the minute he joins that his superiors want none of his lip, his training involves the most vigorous bodily exertion, and his place in the vanguard of military operations is certainly a hazardous one. Furthermore, he is exposed to quite a bit of strong language. Will Hays, whose prominent and sensitive ears have been frequently offended of late, has eliminated the words d--n and h--l from the sound track of "We Are the Marines," leaving three hiccups in their stead, but you can still tell what was there in the first place.

Although the film is never altogether clear on just how the Marines' function differs from that of any other type of advance landing force, the technique of landing on enemy ground is, at least, pretty completely demonstrated, along with a number of other modern methods of war. As a documentary, everything about the piece is jake except where it confirms the suspicion I have had for a long time that commentaries ought to be abolished. There should be spoken captions whose sole purpose is to explain just what is happening in the scenes they go with, but let there be an end to the dreamy ramblings which commentators are given to and which not only have, in most cases, nothing to do with, but often are contradicted by, what is going on on the screen. "You can always tell a Marine by his bearing," the March of Time's man says, while the Marines who are walking around right in front of your nose would be impossible to distinguish from an infantryman who was wearing the same uniform, or from a ballplayer who was, or a streetcar conductor.

THERE'S no use trying to avoid ranking "Random Harvest," Greer Garson's latest work, in relation to "Mrs. Miniver," an earlier one. If you don't undertake the project on your own hook, you are likely to be whipped into line by a postcard which will be handed to you, unless the practice has been abandoned by now, as you leave the theatre. It says, in effect, that there has been a difference of opinion, never mind among whom, as to which of the two is the more masterful job. You are asked to cast your ballot and shove it along to something called the Motion Picture Research Bureau, which conveniently enough has the same address as M-G-M, the makers of both epics. Well, you will find this department a lobby, if only an easygoing one, for "Mrs. Miniver." It's hard to say just what the title of "Random Harvest" means, but "random" is certainly the word for the picture's most noticeable characteristic. The story is about an Englishman, played by Ronald Colman, who has amnesia twice, gets married twice, and winds up as a member of Parliament in a lot more time than it takes to tell it. However, the camera work is fine, and the scenery, which includes not only Miss Garson but a good bit of English countryside that is almost as pretty, may be enough to win your vote. The film has the further distinction of being the third one about amnesia that has come out in the last six months.

YOU may also be handed a brief examination on coming away from "Journey for Margaret" which will ask you what parts made you cry the most, or some such intimate question. This is a picture that has to do with children orphaned by the bombing of London and has Robert Young doing as well as he can in the welter of gentle appeal produced by Fay Bainter and two child actors. I was suffering from a cold in the head and cried the whole time.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

Helen Traubel, who will sing the Tristan role in the revival of "Tristan and Isolde" with the Metropolitan Opera Company.—*Photo caption in the Philadelphia Record.*

It's that manpower shortage again.

OF ALL THINGS

REPORTS leaking out of Germany tell us that Hitler is in a terrible temper these days. It is said to be all his assistants can do to keep him supplied with good chewing rugs.

•

Secretary Wickard, our Food Administrator and diet dictator, brings us the welcome news that Americans will not starve. He will see to it that we get enough nourishment to do the work to which McNutt calls us.

•

New Guinea is almost free from Nipponese, but the process of cleaning up the Pacific has barely begun. The job will have to be done island by island, step by step, and Jap by Jap.

•

Congressmen are going home for a much-needed rest after a long and laborious session. Some will relax until the first week in January and some—alas!—forever.

•

Kurt Zeitzler, the new Chief of the German General Staff, is described as being a friend of Heinrich Himmler. This is the first time most of us ever got the faintest idea that Himmler *had* a friend.

•

We have so many czars in the country now that some people fear we are becoming totalitarian. We should not start worrying until the name of the capital has been changed to Franklingrad.

•

The stock market seems to feel that the war will not last as long as was once supposed. The war babies are wabbling on their dimpled little legs.

•

Henry J. Kaiser proposes to make prefabricated houses when the war is over. They will be three-room jobs and will sell for $1,500, complete with radio, heater, and cigar-lighter.

•

People who used to complain that coffee gave them insomnia still find themselves sleepless. They lie awake worrying about how they can buy some coffee.

•

Mayor LaGuardia observed his sixtieth birthday by giving the Red Cross a pint of his blood. Any invalid soldier who gets that is likely to be a tough customer to handle.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Bradford Bachrach

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Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness. JOHN KEATS

Early Bachrach bridal photographs are today precious family heirlooms. With infinite pride in our four and seventy years of artistry and craftsmanship, we promise you a treasured loveliness . . . perfect in every detail of cherished gown and veil. Your bridal portrait . . . to have and to hold forever.

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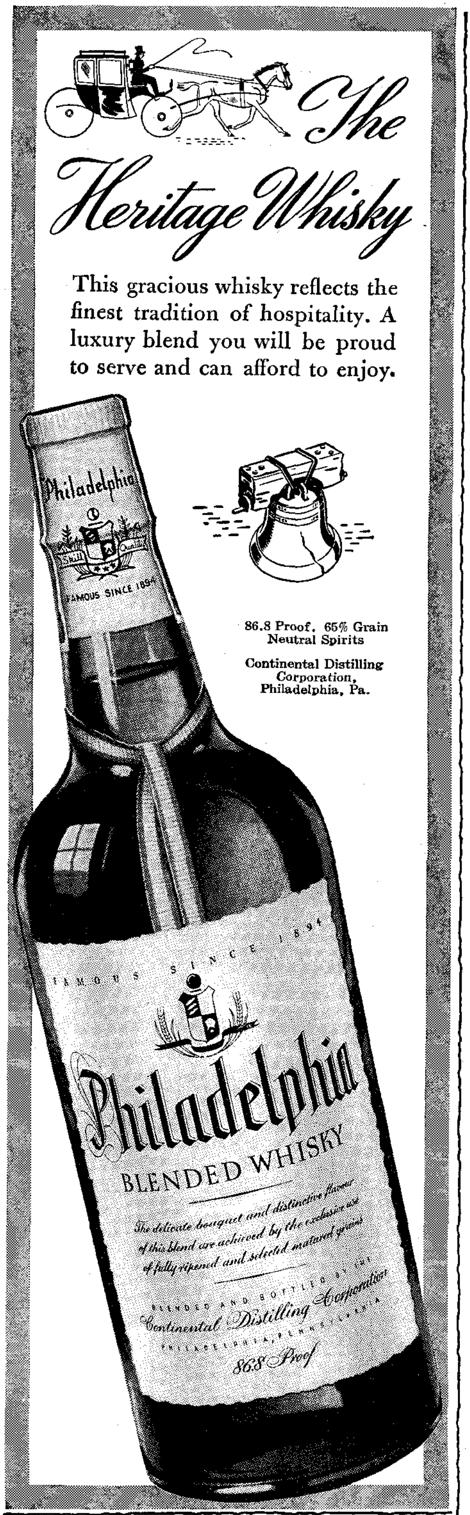
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Philadelphia
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The delicate bouquet and distinctive flavour of this blend are achieved by the exclusive use of fully ripened and selected matured grains
Blended and bottled by the Continental Distilling Corporation Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
86.8 Proof

The Heritage Whisky

This gracious whisky reflects the finest tradition of hospitality. A luxury blend you will be proud to serve and can afford to enjoy.

86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

Continental Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hotel QUEENSBURY GLENS FALLS, N.Y.

OUR STRONG POINTS
COME OUT ON WEEK-ENDS!

Superlative air...scenery...food...sleep...and plenty of action thrown in! Reserve an immaculate room now—for a blessed three days of rest and peace. Write for booklet.

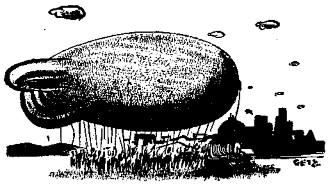
3 MILES to Ski, Skate, Toboggan
9 MILES to Lake George
18 MILES to Saratoga

GOOD TRANSPORTATION

LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 13 (BY CABLE)

THE most important news of the last fortnight here has not been concerned with the war but with the peace. The Beveridge Report, which had been "heard of" for so long that people were beginning to wonder whether a limp wet blanket hadn't been pressed over its mouth, finally came out, to the accompaniment of many cheers and surprisingly few howls. For the first time, ordinary Englishmen, who had felt that the Atlantic Charter was only a lot of big words for a lot of difficult abstract things, thought that, in Sir William Beveridge's proposals for postwar social security, they saw a practical design for living. Londoners queued up to buy this heavy two-shilling slab of involved economics as though it were unrationed manna dropped from some heaven where the old bogey of financial want didn't exist. Those who couldn't get hold of a copy were able to take the report in easier doses from the press, which favored it over the war in all the editorials that day, and from the B.B.C., which added enthusiastically off its own bat (and was subsequently reproved in Parliament for doing so) that the cost of putting the scheme into effect would tot up only to the amount needed to keep the war running for a few days.



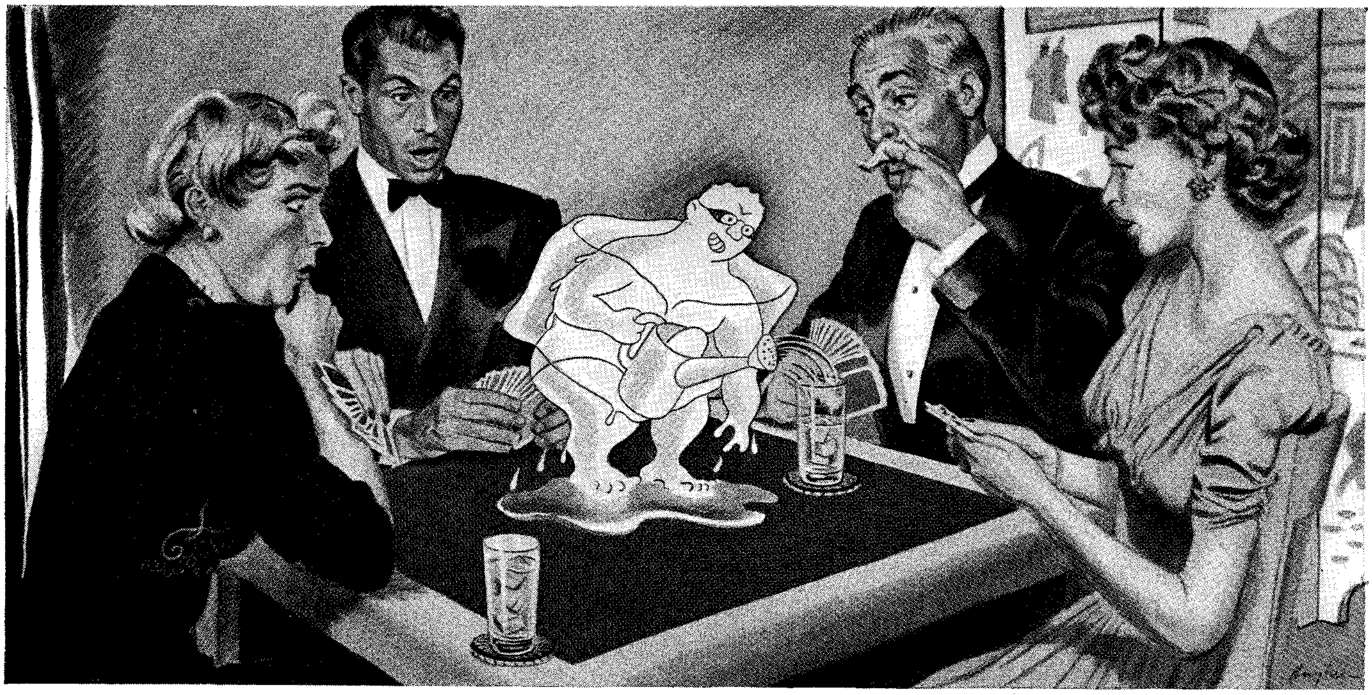
Since the plan would in effect do away with the various voluntary insurance companies and benefit societies which make such a big drain on the English workingman's pay envelope, these powerful interests are naturally expected to kick the hardest, supported by such Tory elements as dare to rally to their defense. Opposition so far has mostly and shakily been on the ground that if you guarantee a nation won't starve you thereby remove its spirit of adventure and initiative, the critics having apparently and queerly figured out that hungry men make the best potential Drakes and Livingstones. Meanwhile, the plain British people, whose lives it will remodel, seem to feel that it is the most encouraging glimpse to date of a Britain that is worth fighting for and (more important still, in view of the groggy state of the birth rate) into which it need not be so much of a hazard to be born.

GERMAN radio reports of a new Eighth Army offensive have ended a period of comparative calm, in which the headlines and the public temperature had got back to normal after a long spell of excited shouting. There has recently been a general tendency to caution regarding the situation in Tunisia, which was too glibly taken to be as fine as everything else until Mr. Eden abruptly described it in the House as "critical." Considerable consternation is expressed both in private conversation and published comment over the recent maneuvers of Admiral Darlan, which the British fear look like the digging in of a man who has come to stay. Since British propaganda to Occupied France has busily plugged Darlan as Traitor No. 1 for the past couple of years, it's suspected that the underground movement in France may find his sudden siding with the Allies a little hard to understand. Bewilderment here is right out in the open. Lots of Britons, though perfectly willing to agree that necessity makes strange bedfellows, seem to feel that Darlan is the crumb in the bed which keeps you awake until it's removed.

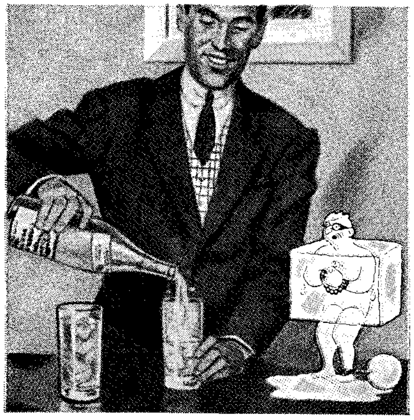
TALK about this and other phases of how the war is going hasn't diverted people's attention from the inescapable fact that Christmas is coming. Though the stern official view is that presents should be given to nobody but children, shops of all sorts have been seasonably crowded all week with customers who maybe were there for their health. Even the children won't come off so handsomely this Christmas, for toys are scarce, poorly made, and appallingly expensive. Judging by the comments of harassed parents, gloomily pricing toys that are ugly and costly enough to give the tots nightmares and their elders apoplexy, plenty of young Britons are going to find books in their Christmas packages. The personal column of the *Times* carries frenzied appeals daily for second-hand tricycles, doll prams, and constructional toys, none of which can be bought new any more.

The Christmas dinner isn't going to be so particularly festive either, from all accounts. Turkeys are difficult to find, though it's rumored that tinned ones will be available—a bleak prospect for those who can't work up any suitably seasonable emotions at the thought of getting out the yuletide can-opener. The outlook for the dessert course isn't much rosier, since dried fruit for the traditional puddings and pies is scarce

Problem of the Uninvited Guest



A WEIRD LITTLE GUEST lolls around watering the average highball. Who is he? Melting Ice. His air bubbles sneak out, swallow highball bubbles whole, and go joy-riding right out of your drink. Ice water dilutes what's left. That's when sparkle fades . . . flavor fizzles . . . in highballs made with ordinary mixers. Drinks aren't finished. Neither's your mixer. There's one word for that . . . *wasteful.* What to do?

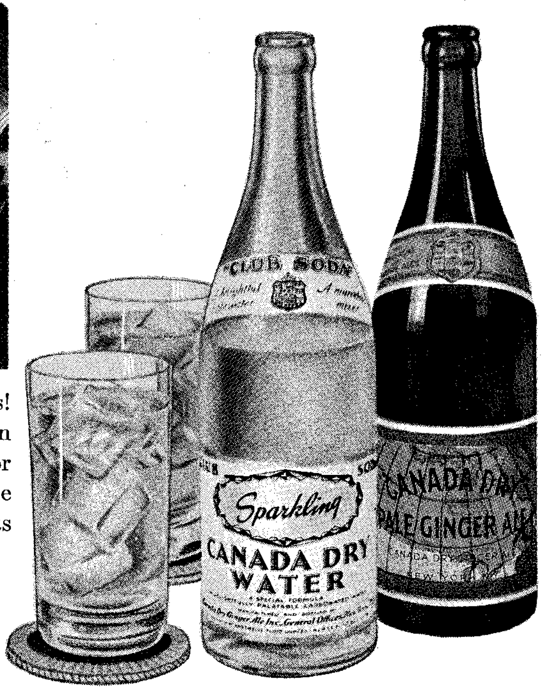


ARREST THIS NUISANCE . . . Use Canada Dry Water or Ginger Ale, as smart hosts do, and sip finer-flavored drinks. Their "Pin Point Carbonation"*—millions of tinier bubbles—keeps sparkle *alive!*

CANADA DRY WATER
CANADA DRY PALE GINGER ALE

WHAT? STILL DANCING? . . . Yes! You'll be amazed how much longer an opened bottle of Canada Dry Water or Ginger Ale, recapped and put in the refrigerator, holds its sparkle . . . its liveliness!*

P. S. When you're out, speak up for these finer mixers and get better drinks.



CANADA DRY

Water • Ginger Ale

TOM COLLINS MIXER • LIME RICKEY

Buy the big bottle—save money—conserve caps

***PIN-POINT CARBONATION** the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest.

ENLIST TODAY IN THE FIGHT AGAINST CANCER

GIVE YOUR TIME: Help 1,000 volunteer women engaged in making surgical dressings for New York City's needy cancer patients.

GIVE YOUR OLD LINENS: Help us supply more than 60,000 dressings, in 1943, by sending us all your worn-or-torn white linen materials: napkins, towels, tablecloths, sheets, pillowcases. The Girl Scouts will make collections. Call BUtterfield 8-2665, or write direct to:

WOMEN'S FIELD ARMY

NEW YORK CITY CANCER COMMITTEE

American Society for the Control of Cancer

130 EAST 66th STREET • NEW YORK CITY

and requires a forbiddingly high number of food points when finally discovered. Even the self-sacrificing who had planned to wrap up a little of their tea or sugar ration and pop it into some friend's Christmas stocking received a setback from the Food Ministry, which unhelpfully announced that it was illegal to give away rations. All in all, those who are planning to spend the two-day holiday allowed by the government in bed are probably doing the smart thing.

Not only the shops are currently crowded. London's hotels, restaurants, theatres, cinemas, snack bars, and taxis are doing record business. The theatres, which still begin at early-evening blitz hours though there's no blitz, have been packing them to see Shakespeare's "Henry IV," Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma," Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," and Congreve's "The Way of the World," besides the usual girl shows. There are waiting lists at many big blocks of flats, where in 1940 the few remaining tenants jumped at the sound of their own voices in the elevators. Undeterred by the thought of the return of raids, owners of damaged houses who two years ago moved out into the country are having their collapsed ceilings put back as fast as the overworked builders can manage, taking their furniture out of the dust covers, and moving in again. If you compare this confident mood with the deep anxiety and uneasiness last Christmas, there's reason to feel encouraged.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

So now she was lying there and remembering all these things, and being stabbed and stabbed and stabbed. She was remembering the ties he wore (blue always, to match his eyes) and the way his black hair would shine when it was damp, and the songs he liked, and the absurd way he used to make love, in his own private double-talk: ("Ilfi lolfove youlfou, darlfarling, becaulfause youlfou're solfo sweelfeet.")—*From a story in Redbook.*

Stabbing must have been a nice change.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From a Trans-Lux Newsreel program*]

The film unmasks the peace-time face of Japan and reveals the savage fanaticism beneath.... Included also are the first films of Jap Olympic-trained swimmers opening the first bridgehead for the Japanese forces at Kota Bharu in their attack on Singapore.

New York critics were overly enthusiastic.

A WORD TO THE WIVES:
(sweethearts, sisters, mothers, daughters)

Take the IF out of GIFT

Give Walnut Pipe-Tobacco and remove every "if". . . every question of quality . . . every doubt of a royal reception. There is no finer gift for the man who smokes a pipe.

John Middleton's
WALNUT
A NATURAL BLEND OF 7 SELECT TOBACCOS
The Choice of Experience

WALNUT
THE WALNUT AROMATIC BLEND
THE WALNUT AROMATIC BLEND John Middleton

Men of substance usually choose mild, fragrant Walnut. Here it is, gift-wrapped, ready for mailing, in air-tight humidors. The pound, $2.25. The half-pound, $1.15. At leading tobacco, drug, and department stores.

Walnut is the largest-selling tobacco in its price-class. This pocket-pack at 30c is a convincing spokesman for Walnut's nut-like flavor.

JOHN MIDDLETON, INC., PHILADELPHIA, *Blenders of Fine Tobaccos Since 1856*

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS—LAST ROUNDUP

THIS week we bring our annual lists of Christmas-gift suggestions to a close, with the hope that they may have simplified your shopping problem in this pre-holiday season of so many more important concerns. We also hope that your Christmas, if not every bit as merry as some you've known, will at least be one of considerable cheer and of confidence in better ones to come.

Here are the subjects we've already covered:

October 10th.... Gifts for men in the armed forces—here and abroad.
November 21st.... Christmas cards, stationery and playing cards, handkerchiefs, food for servicemen in this country.
November 28th.... Accessories in the big shops, highlights in the lingerie shops, gifts for men, art for Christmas.
December 5th.... Gifts for the house, jewelry.
December 12th.... Toys, perfumes and the like, books for children, phonograph records.

To wind it all up, we give you, below, a potpourri of eleventh-hour gleanings from our notes. This is followed, on page 76, by a discussion of food for the holidays and, on page 80, by some pointers on trimmings for house and tree. Moreover, starting on page 91, in our "Books" department, you will find a résumé of likely gifts for practically any adult who reads, no matter what his special interest.

The Homestretch

AS is always the case at this final stage of the game, we find our office still cluttered with a lot of first-rate, if miscellaneous, ideas for solving a variety of gift problems. For the benefit of last-minute people (with whom we sympathize, though duty and priorities have compelled us, up to now, to urge early shopping), here is a summary of those ideas, which we trust will enable the tardy to create the illusion of foresightedness:

AMERICA HOUSE, 7 East 54th: Birchwood hamburger plates, sturdy and beautiful; $1.25 each. Chunks of native American minerals mounted on glass as paperweights, and nice for a student's desk; $1. For knitters: a wooden folding yarn swift, for easy winding, that adjusts to take hanks of varying sizes; $1.50, in a cotton-print case.

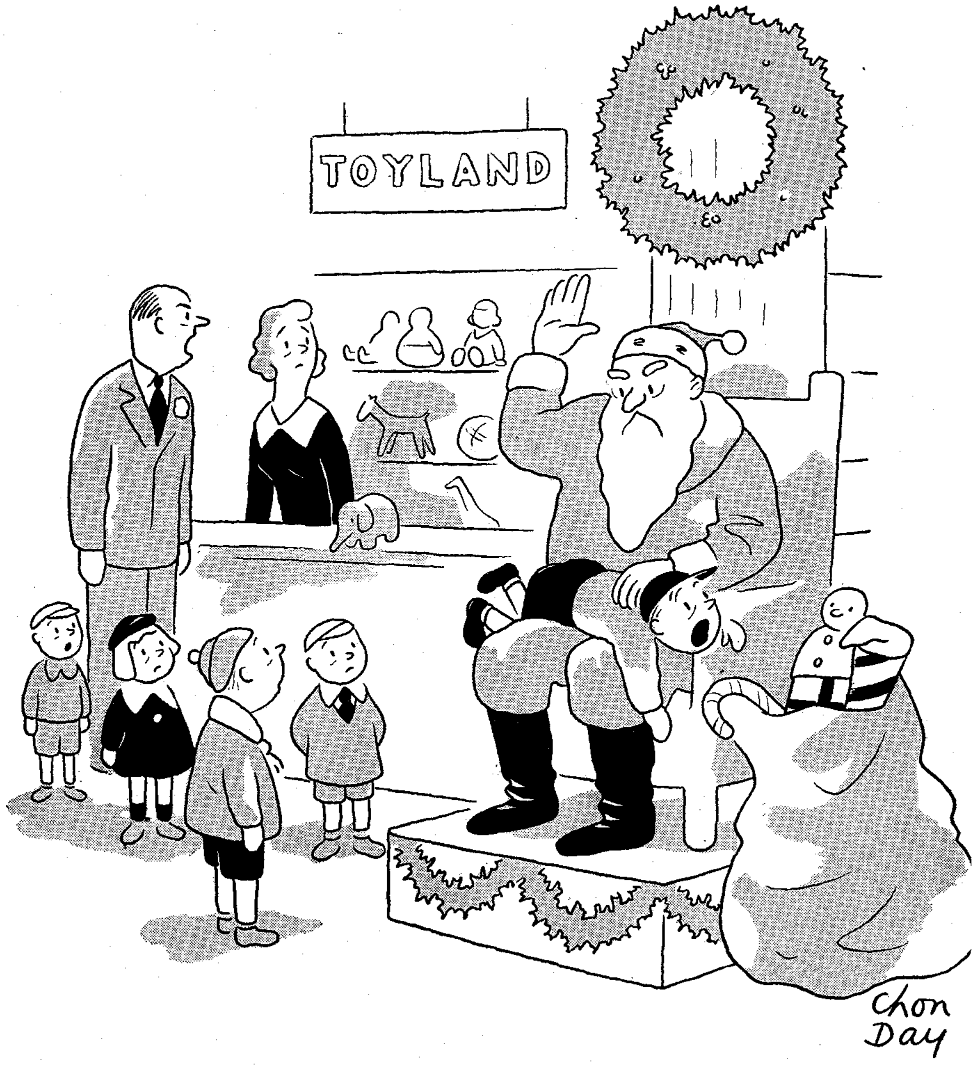
KAYE BELMONT, 26 East 55th: Sherry glasses, with raised oval designs in combinations of tourmaline colors to give a jewelled effect ($16 a dozen), and two matching decanters ($18). Two-branch silver-plated candelabra, fine copies of George II silver, that are good enough to use with genuine old things; $38.50 a pair. Graceful lily-shaped sterling-silver candle-snuffers with ebony handles—real lady-of-the-house stuff that will make her long for dozens of candles to douse at night; $13.75.

BITTER & LOUD, 209 East 72nd: A kitchen rack, painted with gay rustic figures, has hooks for pots and pans ($3), and there's a hanging, off-the-floor kitchen trash basket to match ($3.50). A really enveloping chintz apron with a voluminous skirt that has mammoth quilted pockets; $8. Four- and six-compartment muffin tins painted in Pennsylvania Dutch designs, for passing highballs around—and a good way to manage the skittish things; $4 and $5.

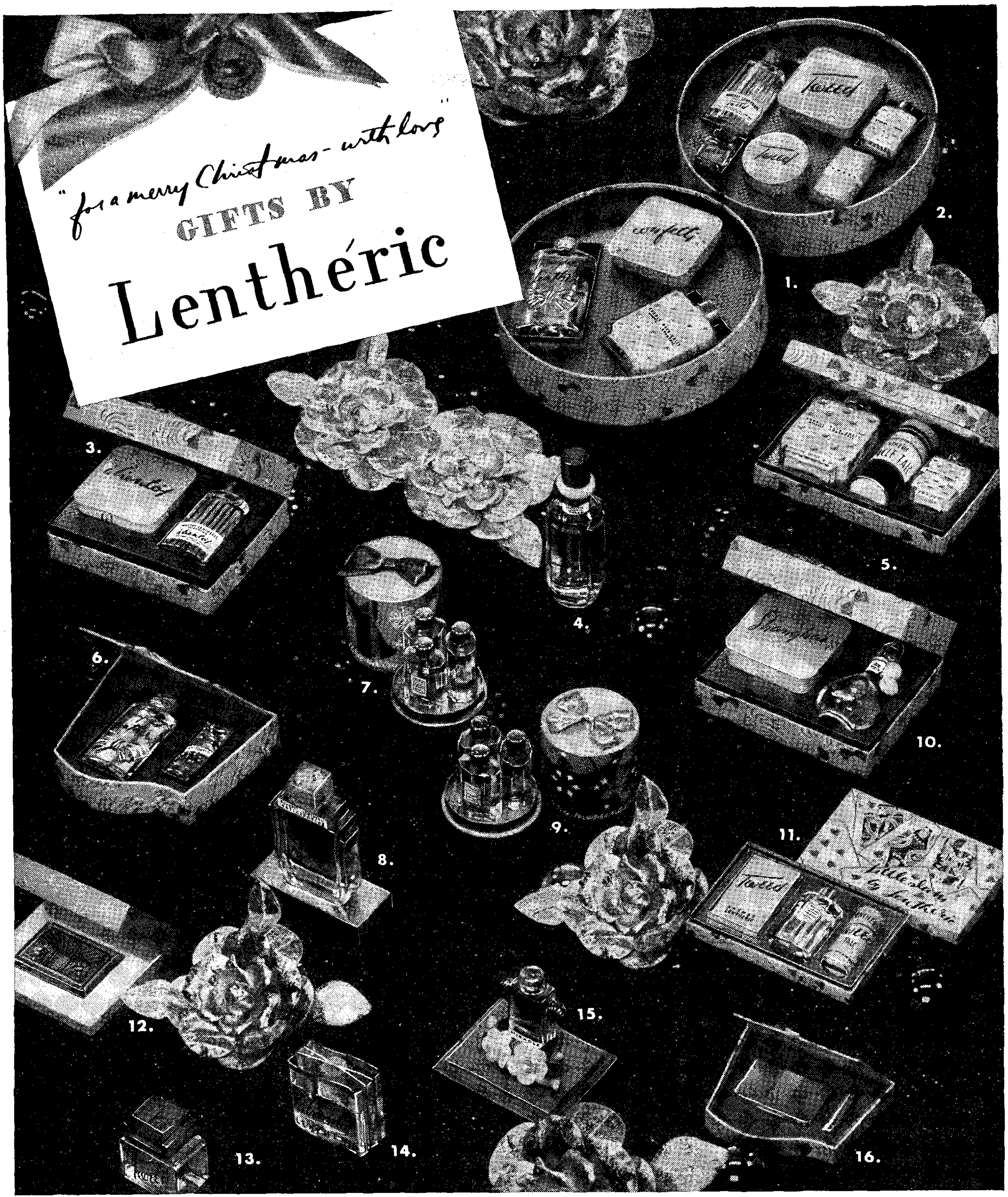
A. L. BRANDON, 852 Lexington Avenue (64th): Old-fashioned Christmas atmosphere in such items as accordion-type crèches made of colored scrapbook pictures and depicting various scenes related to the Nativity; $1.50 to $6. Also, little embossed cardboard figures of snow children and angels, mica-sprinkled and sparkling as gaily as they did fifty years ago, when they were new; fifty and seventy-five cents each, and nice to dress up a package with or just to treasure.

CARLIN COMFORTS, 10 East 50th: Lovely, lush sachets with Carlin's own scented powder (heaven knows what's in it, but surely some mimosa and gardenia) include a heart-shaped one with lace frills and stitchery cupids ($6.50) and an embroidered drawer-pad one with three lingerie bands that have satin heart clasps ($15). With either one you're given a jar of the sachet powder for refilling, and it's all the sort of thing women yearn for but seldom buy for themselves.

DAVIS COLLAMORE, 7 East 52nd: For the tot newly on his own at table: a Royal Doulton mug, plate, bowl, and deep dish, with bunnies performing a different trick on each piece; $6.50. One-drink decanters (about an ounce and a half) of pre-Hitler Czech glass, nicely cut and edged with gilt; $6 for a set of eight. Bitters bottles, square and made of



"By far the worst Santa Claus this store ever had."



Attached to the cover of each gift set is a de luxe greeting card, in envelope.

1. ***Gift Presentation,*** flacon, Bouquet Lenthéric; Bath Powder and Bubble Bath Salts. Confetti . . **$5.45.** Tweed or Miracle . . **$5.20**

2. ***Tweed Presentation,*** Perfume, Bouquet, Face Powder (beige); Bath Powder, Soap and Sachet . . . **$9.95.** In Confetti . . . **$10.60**

3. ***Gift Presentation,*** Bath Powder, and flacon of Bouquet. A Bientôt, Tweed, Miracle or Shanghai . . . . **$2.45.** Confetti **$2.60**

4. ***Bouquet Tweed,*** in de luxe decanter **$2.25** *and* **$3.50**

5. ***Gift Presentation,*** Bubble Bath Salts, Talc, and Sachet. Miracle, Tweed, or Confetti. **$3.25**

6. ***Confetti Presentation,*** Perfume, and flacon of Bouquet . **$6.60.** In Tweed or Miracle . **$5.95**

7. ***"Three Merry Messengers"*** (Chimes Presentation); flacon each of Bouquet Tweed, Miracle, and Confetti **$2.05**

8. ***Bouquet Anticipation,*** in de luxe decanter **$3.00** and **$5.00**

9. ***"Three Merry Messengers,"*** (Snowflake Presentation); flacon each of Bouquet Tweed, Miracle, and Confetti **$2.05**

10. ***Gift Presentation,*** Bath Powder, and decanter of Bouquet. Shanghai, Tweed, Miracle, A Bientôt, or Confetti **$3.75**

11. ***"Little Slam"*** (Tweed Gift Set); flacon of Bouquet, Talc, and Sachets **$1.50**

12. ***"Monogram" Plastic Vanity*** (Double), loose powder and lipstick . **$5.50.** (Single) **$5.00**

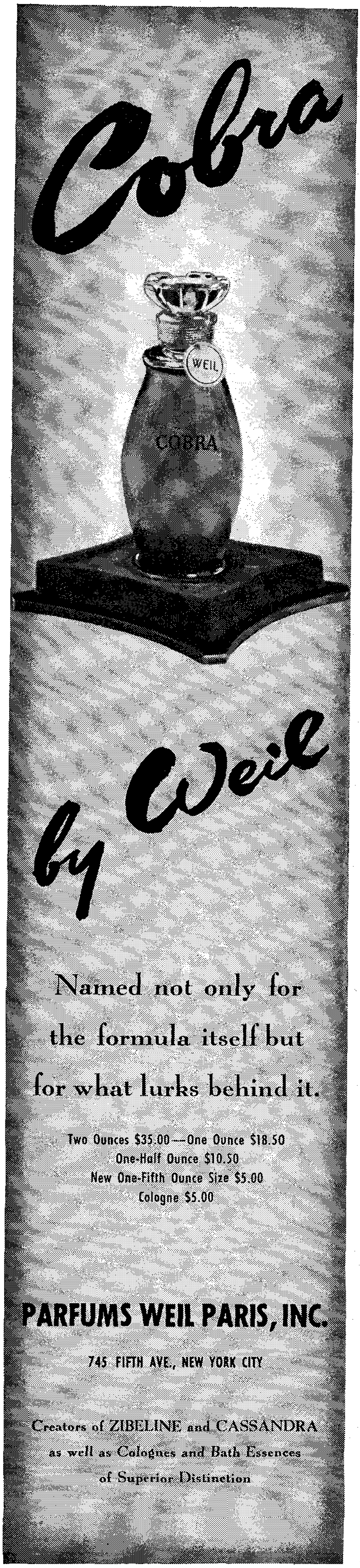
13. ***Perfume Tweed*** . . . . . . **$4.50** to **$46.00**

14. ***Perfume A Bientôt*** . . . . **$5.00** to **$55.00**

15. ***De Luxe Perfume Presentation,*** in crystal flacon; Perfume Miracle, Shanghai, Tweed, Confetti, A Bientôt, and Pink Party . . **$10.00**

16. ***Gift Presentation,*** Duo-tone, 14-K gold-plated vanity; matching lipstick **$7.00**

ALL PRICES, PLUS TAX



Named not only for
the formula itself but
for what lurks behind it.

Two Ounces $35.00—One Ounce $18.50
One-Half Ounce $10.50
New One-Fifth Ounce Size $5.00
Cologne $5.00

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745 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Creators of ZIBELINE and CASSANDRA
as well as Colognes and Bath Essences
of Superior Distinction

heavy engraved glass, with shaker tops; $4.

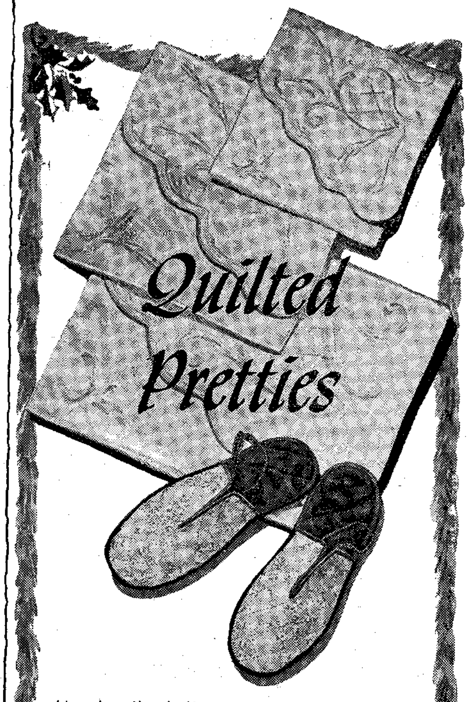
Mark Cross, 655 Fifth Avenue (52nd): Some new luggage in Shetland tweeds here meets the crying need of being light and, moreover, all but gets along without leather. Black-and-white herringbone tweed bound with black cowhide, or tan-and-white bound with brown, makes a suitcase (from $22.50), a hat-and-shoe box ($47.50), and any number of other pieces—all sightly, tough, and treated to resist dust and dampness.

De Pinna: Among Christmasy clothes for children (in a snow-capped doll-house kind of showroom, with free lollipops), you'll find red felt mittens tied with green bands and trimmed with mistletoe, for three-year-olds and up ($1.75), pinafores in red cotton with white eyelet embroidery, for girls from two to eight ($4.95), and navy-blue wool sweaters with red woollen strawberries on each shoulder, for kids from one to four ($1.95).

Designed for Living, 131 East 57th: Six hors-d'œuvre dishes, made of snow-white, emerald, or light-green bent glass and nested in a matching or contrasting serving tray—an impressive setup; $12.50. A combination cheese-bread-and-wine board, with room for a whole loaf of bread and a depression into which the base of any standard wine bottle will nestle snugly; $5.25, and there's a peg from which to suspend a bunch of grapes for a festive touch.

Elsie Sloane Farley, 785 Fifth Avenue (60th): Portuguese decorated faïence bowls, oval and shallow, to hold those savory stews we're going to see more and more of during the coming year; $7, and extremely handsome. No-fooling old-time Coney Island beer goblets to hold pretzels on the bar—or even beer; $2.50 each. A glass copy of an old pedestal sewing table, with flower-and-butterfly decalcomania decorations against a white background, is a real charmer for the right kind of room; $45.

Arthur Gilmore, 16 East 52nd: For those Washington commuters: a flexible, eighteen-inch kitbag, made of long-grain cowhide and big enough to hold a change of linen, a pair of shoes, and toilet things; $45. For women: that wonderful pillow bag, divided into three sections (clothes and toilet things on either side and papers and magazines in the middle), is one of the lightest possible pieces of strictly utilitarian lug-



Hand-quilted lingerie cases of rayon satin in pink-sand, light blue, or candlelight. 3-pc. set, 5.95

Hand-quilted scuffs – grand for weekenders. Rayon taffeta in pastel prints. Small, medium, large. 1.75

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Fifth Avenue at 49th Street, New York

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men's finger free*

most comfortable gloves in the world...

★ designed by merry hull

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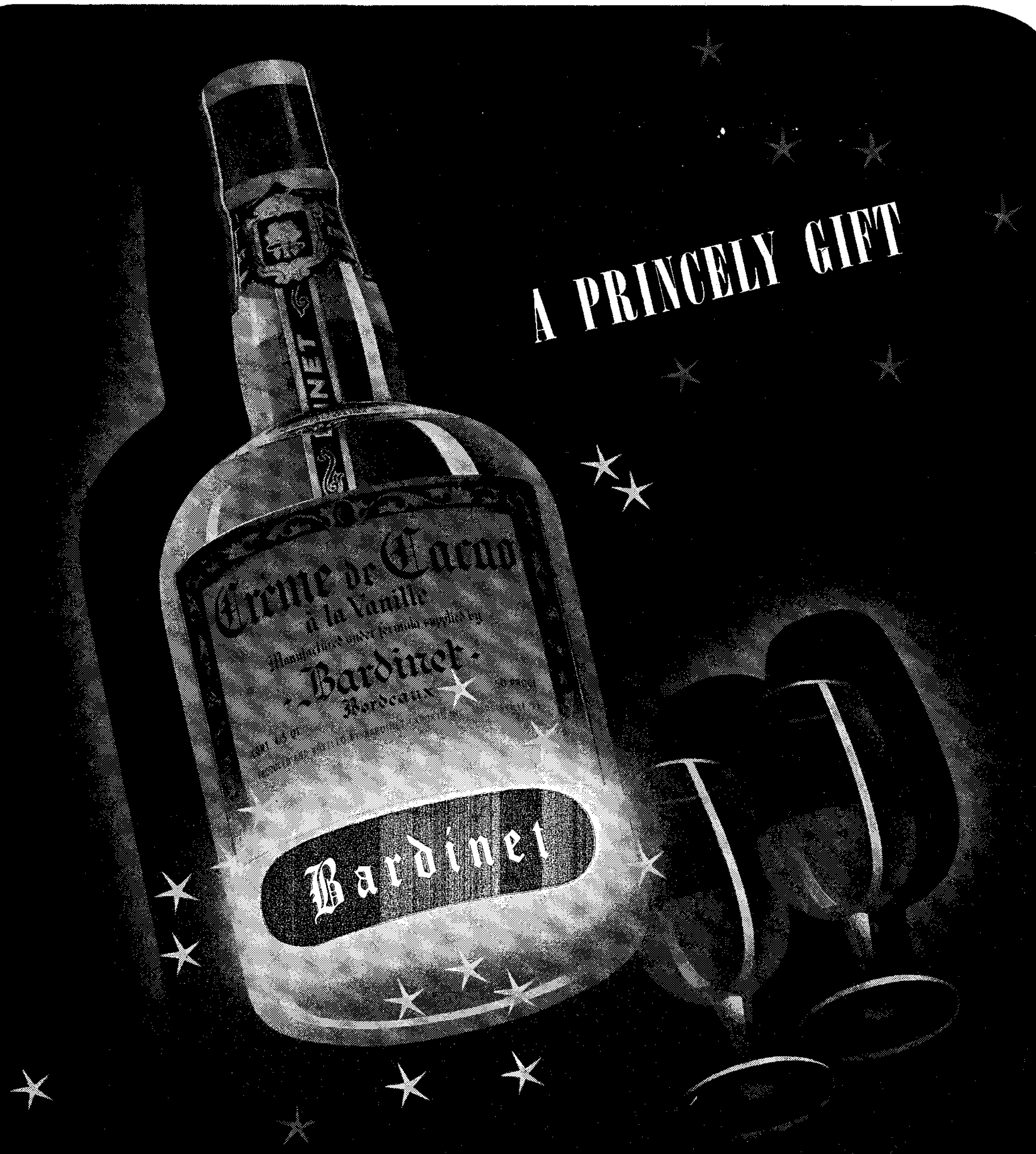
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Crème de Cacao
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gage; from $31, in bright-red morocco. Flat envelope cases for toting about bulky correspondence; $11 and up, in red morocco or pig.

Good Neighbor Imports, 653 Lexington Avenue (55th): From Peru: fringed, natural vicuña scarves, soft as feathers ($12.50), hand-woven alpaca ponchos that are debonair and useful for country living ($25), and little silver forks that have Incan idols for handles and are good for oysters or for use as pickle spears (six for $5).

Gourielli, 16 East 55th: Old fluted-glass rose bowls—for incense, if you like—in half a dozen enchanting shades, including the rare pure yellow; $5, with incense and a small burner. A gem of a Victorian oil lamp (electrified) made of pink satin glass with an artichoke-shaped shade; $15.

C. S. Hammond, 1 East 43rd: Wall maps here now have magnetized markers that stick where they are until pushed around to outline the latest advances and retreats. Don't be scared by the top price of $1,000 for a de-luxe edition; the *bottom* price for such maps is $5—all made to order, so hurry. The new Encyclopædia Britannica World Atlas, with Hammond maps in soft colors to cut eyestrain to a minimum, is sold with a certificate entitling the holder to revised maps come peace; $8.95. For serious trainees and armchair strategists: a straightforward handbook called "How to Read Military Maps;" $1.50.

Irene Hayes, 273 Park Avenue (47th): Gifts that come filled with holiday greens, such as a bamboo-bound Pyrex coffee jug in a new decanter shape ($3.50), a good, big crystal ashtray, large enough for a centrepiece ($4), and an all-glass Lazy Susan that may be taken apart and used as a sandwich plate and salad bowl ($15).

Lyman Huszagh, 57 East 56th: One-of-a-kind prizes in such things as a pair of old hurricane lamps (from $55), but what *we* liked best were the flower-shaped vases, dishes, and so on. Among those we coveted were a huge, full-blown, white porcelain rose, surrounded by buds and green leaves, that forms an enchanting covered bowl ($22.50), and a porcelain tulip cluster to hold cut flowers ($18).

India Arts and Crafts, 14 East 56th: Evening scarves of pale gauze, with silver or gold patterns, for the loveliest creature you know; from $4.75. Among dream-stuff costume jewelry, you'll find a two-tiered necklace made of huge, carved gold-metal beads and adjustable to choker- or bosom-length; $9.75. Enchanting Indian dolls, beautifully dressed, include a Hindu bride in a gauzy sari and with a caste mark on her forehead ($9.50) and a magnificent, turbaned maharajah wearing a brocaded coat, sword of office, and jewels ($14.50).

Kargère, 714 Fifth Avenue (56th): Felt-backed tiles for hot dishes or flower vases, with nosegays and flip sayings painted on them; $2.50. Cachepots, cigarette boxes, and supper plates, decorated with opera scenes and a few appropriate bars of music; $2 to $3.95.

Lighthouse for the Blind, 111 East 59th: Among many prize baskets are vegetable-luggers for Victory gardeners ($4.30) and Bermuda-style bike baskets to strap on the handlebars ($2.75). Pickup blankets for very new babies; from $1.75.

MADOLIN MAPELSDEN, 825 Lexington Avenue (63rd): A glass paperweight to cover and magnify a favorite snapshot; $1.50. Gold-tooled scrapbooks, made to hold a lot without bulging, are invaluable for a soldier's or sailor's family to collect his letters and photos in; $2.50, and fifty cents extra for initialling, if you want it. A no-nonsense metal bottle-opener, heavy enough to smash ice cubes with; $2.25.

ALICE H. MARKS, 6 East 52nd: Captivating small jam pots, painted with sweetheart roses and forget-me-nots; $3.50. A cocktail-shaker, every bit of it made of non-priority crystal; $5, or $8 with six matching glasses. Pigskin covers for War Stamp books; $2.

MCGIBBON, 420 Madison Avenue (49th): Practical luxury item: a pair of hemstitched Irish-linen sheets and matching slips for twin beds; $41. There's no finer present for almost any household than a dozen Irish-linen huck hand towels in the satiny diamond design endorsed by generations; $17.50.

ELSIE MCNEILL, 509 Madison Avenue (53rd): Old Irish crystal ashtrays, with some of the original gold tracery still visible; from $3.25. In the very-fine class: a pair of green-and-gold miniature Derby urns; $55. Specialized present for a painter who works at it: an artist's bench, a copy of an English one, with an adjustable upholstered seat to support the painter or his model; $55.

PAN-AMERICAN SHOP, 828-A Lexington Avenue (63rd): Those lustrous, light-as-air, silver-bead necklaces from Mexico; $6.95 and up. Semi-glaze terra-cotta skillets, also Mexican, that will stand low top-of-the-stove heat; $2.50 for a set of three. Chilean wool shawls, in plaid designs and with hand-knotted fringe, are heavy and large enough to use as throws or even as rugs; $15.

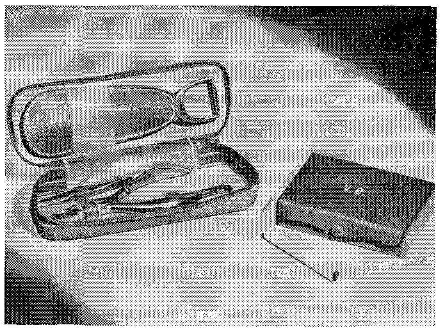
PICCADILLY ARCADE, 6 East 57th: The British War Relief Society's lane of shops inside a shop offers wonderful Christmas loot in its china, glass, book, antiques, lace, and jewelry sections, where the stock changes constantly and there's no junk allowed. When we were there, we found things like old silver saltspoons ($2), a seed-pearl pin with long, dangling earrings to match ($50, and lovely), and a French eighteenth-century combination workbox and portfolio, with some old writing paper still in it ($75).

RAND MCNALLY, 7 West 50th: The Cosmopolitan Map, mounted on fabric that folds between book-size covers, is a honey for earnest followers of war

GIFT WRAPPINGS

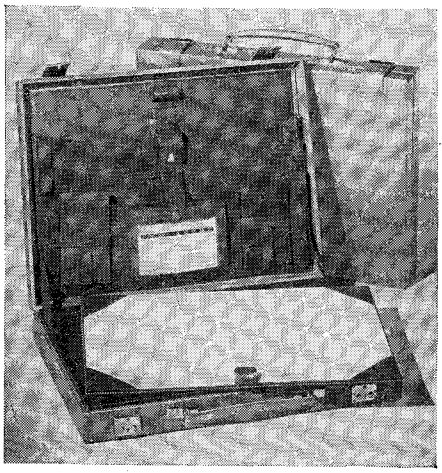
MARK CROSS ENGLAND

LEATHER SEEMS SO RIGHT THIS CHRISTMAS

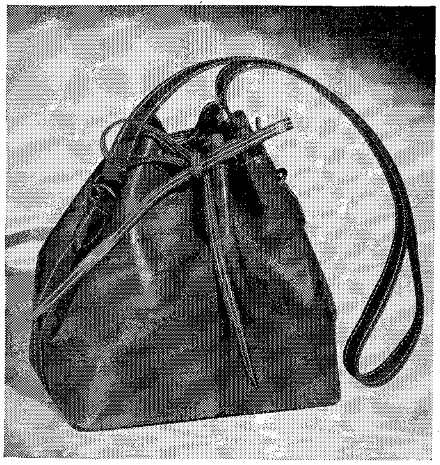


So very useful. The zippered pigskin case of **TRAVEL CONVENIENCES** . . . stirrup shoehorn, clippers, file, and tweezers . . . $9.50. The box type **CIGARETTE CASE** which takes 20 regular or King size cigarettes, $5.50.

So serviceable. Superlative **GLOVES** from England. Her pair is in gray or brown raybuck with wool-lined hands, the cuff lined and trimmed with fur. His pair is tan goatskin, handsewn, lined with chamois. Each pair, $12.50.



So efficient for these war-busy days . . . our **ATTACHE CASE** . . . with its address and note books, perpetual calendar, pockets, and roomy section for papers beneath the removable blotter-pad. Beautifully leathered (pigskin or red or black morocco) $45.



So smartly sensible. Good-looking shoulder-or-hand-bag version of our famous **NOAH BAG,** with its adjustable strap and leather drawstring. We have it in coloured morocco . . . brown, red, or black . . . at $10.50. Or in Gingerbread pigskin at $16.50.

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news who haven't the space for a wall map; $5. A complete atlas (with maps, charts, tables, facts, and figures covering the world of today) is news at $1, even if the paper it's printed on may not last much longer than the boundaries it outlines.

HARRY RICHARDSON, 855 Second Avenue (46th): Old camphorwood sea chests, with pale polished-brass hardware; from $35. Modern glass paperweights in broken-candy designs; from seventy-five cents. Matched flower prints, over a century old, with wide mats and ready for framing; $4.50 a pair.

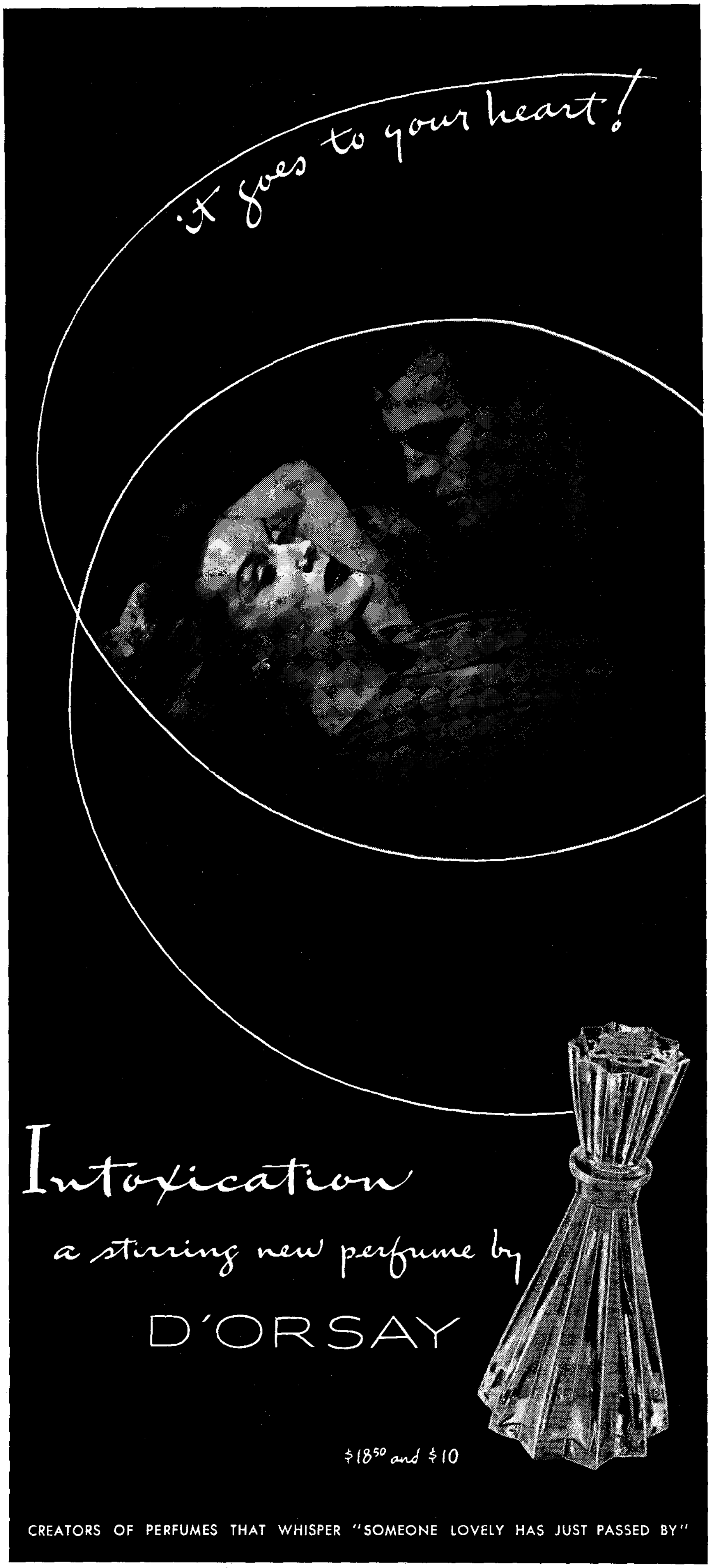
JAMES ROBINSON, 716 Fifth Avenue (56th): In addition to this shop's famous porcelains and old silver, there are such collectors' items as a needle case of pale-green enamel with gold, which dates from the days when ladies took their embroidery seriously ($150), a tortoiseshell-and-gold snuffbox, with a flower medallion of rose diamonds set in its top and a delicately chased lion-mask thumbpiece ($325), and a tortoiseshell set of six fruit knives and forks, made around 1780, with gilded blades and tines. ($85).

SOUTHERN HIGHLANDERS, 610 Fifth Avenue (50th): Among homespun treasures from the hillbilly country is a hand-loomed wool shawl, a coppery beauty with hand-knotted fringe; $6. Hand-made silver earrings in native flower shapes—dogwood, pansy, calla lily, and the like; from $3.50. Hobbyhorses (the stick kind) for young indoor equestrians come in natural polished cherry and walnut; $2.50. A fine stuffed Humpty Dumpty of small-pillow proportions is a lovable soft toy; $2.

TEMPLE'S, 518 Madison Avenue (53rd): A silver-plated Victorian inkstand with a carved grapevine border; $19. One-of-a-kind eighteenth-century Chinese porcelains made into lamps with attractive shades; $50. A Chinese lamp, as fine a one as you're likely to find, has a carved ivory figurine base and an oyster-white silk shade; $100.

TRADE WINDS, 56 East 55th: A sleeved terry bib with a crumb pocket at the bottom ought to keep a hearty small feeder tidy, if anything can; $1.75. A child's alarm clock, for the school-age kid's room, framed in plastic and painted with boy-and-girl figures; $3.85.

RANDOM SHOTS: For war brides who plan to visit their husbands at camp, the Studio for Interiors, 785 Madison Avenue (66th), shows a twelve-pound washable cloth case that looks like a portable radio and holds an electric stove (A.C. and D.C.), a four-cup glass coffee-maker, two English china cups and saucers, a tin box for sandwiches and cookies, and paper knives, spoons, and napkins; $25. . . . Among the many noteworthy Swiss watches at Tourneau, 431 Madison Avenue (49th), is one on the top of a gold-filled fountain pen—and it even has a second hand; all for $24.75. . . . For the man who wants to save space in his overnight bag, Brooks shows a pair of slippers, in red, blue, or black morocco leather, that fold over and slip into a matching envelope; $6. . . . Dunhill, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), offers a sterling-silver pocket pipe tool, with scraper and punch, which fits into a sheath ($6.50), and a pigskin wardrobe case that weighs a mere four pounds and yet has space for two suits or uniforms, in addition to the usual toilet articles, shoes, and all the rest; $45. . . . Navy or olive-drab cashmere scarves at Knize, 20 East 56th Street, are regulation for the services and all right for civilians, too; $5.75. . . . Not every shop can show you English lisle hose with thin horizontal stripes, but Albert Leonard George, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), has them in red-and-blue, tan-and-brown, and gray-and-white combinations; $3.25 a pair. . . . At Saks-Fifth Avenue, there's one of those handy canvas furlough cases for an enlisted man—it folds flat as a rug and doesn't get in anybody's way; $5.50. . . . Paul Bry, 204 East 57th Street, is responsible for something new in cocktail tables—one that curves up and over a sofa seat, holding drink ingredients at your elbow instead of way out there in front; $29.50, in oak, mahogany, or maple with a black finish. . . . For teen-age girls experimenting with makeup, a set of Rose Laird's Young Skin preparations is a gift as feminine as it is practical; $3.50 at Bonwit Teller. . . . Hattie Carnegie puts up a set of five of her cosmetics in white Lenox china containers that can be refilled; $27.50. . . . I. Miller, 689 Fifth Avenue (54th), has lovely, warm pony-skin boots, fleece-lined ($18.95) and, for school or college girls, snug wool socks in Argyle plaids; $1.95. . . . For the constant pipe-smoker, always stewing about nicotine and his nerves, the Rockefeller Center Tobacco Shop presents the Denicotea pipe, with a special compartment in its stem for a filter cartridge; $3.50, with four extra cartridges. . . . For a slightly less temperamental one, Abercrombie & Fitch suggest a tobacco-blending kit with a mixing bin, measurer, and nine basic tobaccos, whose potential permu-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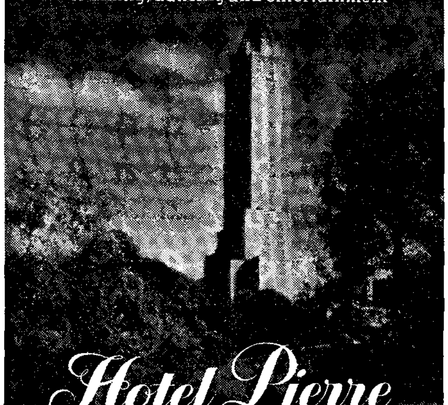
tations and combinations are endless; $4.50. . . . A timely trick at Young Books, 714 Madison Avenue (63rd), is a ration-card holder in red, blue, or tan leather; $1. . . . Sterling-silver pepper mills at Hammacher Schlemmer are $12.50. . . . Almost any woman would bless you for one of the perfectly beautiful tailored blouses of shantung silk in wonderful clear colors, such as sea green, rose, tan, and white, which the United China Relief Shop, 444 Madison Avenue (50th), sells for $9.50 and up. . . . Schirmer's, 3 East 43rd Street, has just about every kind of music box imaginable, for both young and old, including a child's hurdy-gurdy with a strap to go around the neck and a stick to rest it on—just like the ones those men with monkeys used to play ($12.75); ten tunes on records to go with it ($3.75). . . . The Yugoslav Christmas Bazaar, 11 West 57th Street, has an unusual collection of phonograph discs of Slavic songs, including a recording of a Chetnik fighting one that is sung and played by Yugoslavs; eighty-nine cents.

Food for the Holidays

THIS year it will be an effort for many of us to bring our thoughts back from wondering about Christmas dinner in Africa, or in the South Pacific, or in some other faraway spot long enough to get down to the business of providing for that meal here at home. However, since some fighting men, even though not one's own, will probably be sitting down at most American holiday tables on the 25th, it is none too soon to have a look at what Christmas provender is available. We assume that almost everyone plans to celebrate with relatively simple forms of good cheer, and, bearing this in mind, we have put less emphasis than usual on the frilly sort of Christmas edibles and have limited our investigations pretty much to the more modest fare which we believe most families will feel inclined to serve.

We start off with what we trust will be a helpful note on that traditional standby of so many holiday tables—the turkey. You should have no trouble lining one up at your favorite butcher, but if you want a bird that has never been near a town icebox, it may interest you to know you can order magnificent White Holland turkeys from the Glynwood Farm, at Cold Spring, New York (Cold Spring 337), for fifty-five cents a pound. Game, of course, is not so easy to come by, except the long-frozen sort, which we think should be passed up in favor of an honest and less pretentious fresh-



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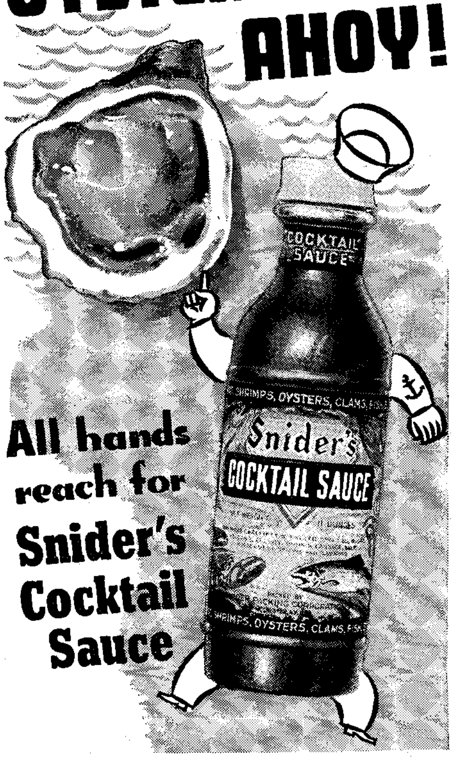

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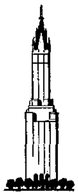

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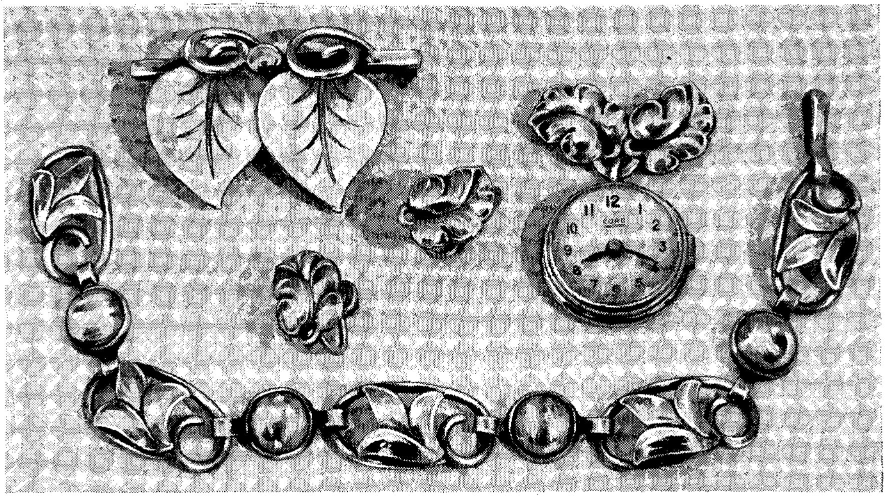
killed chicken, or lamb chops, say, but you will find that Shaffer's Market, 673 Madison Avenue (61st), has very fine venison, chukar partridge raised on a Long Island estate, and pheasant, all of which have been hung the right length of time but not frozen. The same market can furnish suckling pigs and superior Boston geese. The Bristol Market, 1110 Park Avenue (90th), also has venison and pheasant of high quality. Guinea hens are plentiful and particularly good this year. As for ready-cooked game, Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (48th), will take your order for whatever is available in the markets and prepare it very expertly.

Light desserts, as well as plum puddings, can be had from Robert Day-Dean, 4 East 57th Street; Madame Eva, 35 West 58th Street; and Henri, 15 East 52nd Street. Trade Winds, 56 East 55th Street, take orders for the most delicate and delicious Viennese sweet dishes. An incredibly fine *Baumkuchen* is one of the specialties of the shop, as are a wonderful nut roll, mocha *Tortes*, and a large, delicate meringue shell to be filled with an ice. Naturally, we have not been able to sample our way completely through the town's enormous collection of plum puddings. Gristede's Bon Voyage Shop, 12 Vanderbilt Avenue (43rd), and Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street, have superior puddings, as do Altman, Macy, Bloomingdale, and, no doubt, plenty of other shops. The Morvay Cheese Shop, 15 East 59th Street, still has—or had last week—a few of the English Melton Mowbray puddings, if that's what you hold out for.

Feeling as we do that Christmas breakfast often does not get as much attention as it should, we list a few places where first-rate material for that meal can be had. Most of the Gristede stores carry the pure buckwheat flour put up by the Pepperidge Farm people. One of the women who stand ready to fill orders from the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (55th), makes extremely good corned-beef hash, and Bellows' Gourmets' Bazaar, 69 East 52nd Street, has some very superior smoked kippers. America House, 7 East 54th Street, specializes in every kind of Vermont maple product, including pure maple syrup in comfortable-looking little brown jugs, maple cream, and churned maple sugar.

For the benefit of those who, for one reason or another, aren't in a position to prepare their own Christmas dinner, we pass along the reminder that Louis Sherry, 300 Park Avenue (49th); Nata



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Knabe

Don't Wait for Christmas
Reserve Yours Now

584 Fifth Ave. at 47th St., N. Y. C.

Lee, 1046 Madison Avenue (80th); and the Exchange for Woman's Work will send around complete dinners to meet your requirements, with or without service and table furnishings. The Exchange will even take whatever presents of raw game and poultry you may have received and return them to you very expertly cooked. All these places turn out fine desserts, too, and they won't hold you down to plum pudding and mince pies, either.

In case you want to show your enthusiasm for one of our Allies by bringing a Russian note into your Christmas menu, the Russian Tea Room, 150 West 57th Street, will deliver any of its homely, hearty specialties, such as *kouli biaka* (that sort of meat or fish pie which turns up on most Russian holidays), beef Strogonoff, and roast pig. Orders must be for five or more portions.

FOR home tree-trimmers, the Dodd Pastry Shop, 669 Lexington Avenue (55th), makes big, fat, gingerbread letters of the alphabet, which are particularly interesting to young people just learning to recognize their own initials. This shop also has good-sized bears and Santa Clauses of gingerbread, and festively iced wreaths and stars made of a rich cookie dough which do wonders for a tree. The Exchange for Woman's Work carries cookies of this kind, too. The Swedish Kondis, 204 East 58th Street, makes old-fashioned animal-shaped cookies and sturdy gingerbread men, all suitably decorated with icing. Several Schrafft's shops have good collections of the ever-popular barley-sugar toys in the old, familiar forms—locomotives, spread eagles, ships, etc. Mary Elizabeth, 8 East 37th Street, is another who has candy toys, as well as delicious popcorn balls that give a gay look to a tree. Altman & Kuhne, 700 Fifth Avenue (55th), and Trade Winds both turn out marzipan fruits which are pronounced delicious by marzipan-fanciers and highly ornamental by others who just have a tree to dress.

We shall not attempt to list all the places where you can get fine candies, but at the same time we feel we ought to mention a few which have confections that hover, we think, somewhere near perfection. There are, for instance, the beautiful chocolates of Rosemarie de

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Gracious Service
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FRENCH CUISINE
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Paris, 697 Fifth Avenue (55th); the unusual assortments of delicious crunchy sweets at Alice H. Marks, 6 East 52nd Street; the wonderful Viennese chocolates at Trade Winds and the various Viennese specialties at Henny Wyle, 557 Madison Avenue (56th); the elaborate French bonbons and simple caramel things at Anna Bibro, 860 Madison Avenue (71st); and the chocolates with superior marzipan fillings at Altman & Kuhne.

LITTLE presents of food which in other days would have been no more than a gesture of Merry Christmas this year take on the importance of real gifts. A package of any of the fine teas to be found at Hammacher Schlemmer, Vendôme, Maison Glass, Bellows' Gourmets' Bazaar, Morvay, the Bon Voyage Shop, or United China Relief, 444 Madison Avenue (50th), will be valued by any tea-lover. A quart of pure French olive oil, which is still to be had at most of these shops, a fine cheese from Morvay, or a prettily done-up box of assorted imported or domestic honeys from Bloomingdale or Dussourd & Filser, 960 Madison Avenue (76th), will make ever-so-welcome gifts. Then there are the big slabs of rich, slightly sweet chocolate at Henny Wyle, for which any hostess with a reputation for sweet dishes to sustain would bless you at this moment. Really impressive food gifts are the smoked Pinesbridge Farm turkeys carried by Vendôme and Macy and the even smokier smoked capon sold by Altman. Smithfield hams can be ordered from Vendôme and Macy, as well as from Maison Glass, the Bon Voyage Shop, Hammacher Schlemmer, the Woman's Exchange, or from Garrettson, down at 150 Front Street.

WE take it that most wine-lovers plan to save their 1920 Krug and '23 Romanée Conti to celebrate the Christmas of final victory and that this year people will be drinking to their fighting men in more modest vintages. We particularly recommend for this purpose two newcomers among American champagnes. (As a matter of fact, we can heartily recommend both for *any* Christmas.) One of them, from the Almaden Vineyard in California, is fresh, dry, and admirably suited for drinking as an apéritif; the price is $37.50 a case, and you should have no trouble finding it around. The other, bottled for M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd), under the brand name of Sovereign, is also a surprisingly good

Be selfish this Christmas
Give this and maybe you'll get a sip or two
Good Cheer ON THE GREATEST OF DAYS
LEJON BRANDY
LEJON BRANDY 84 PROOF
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP
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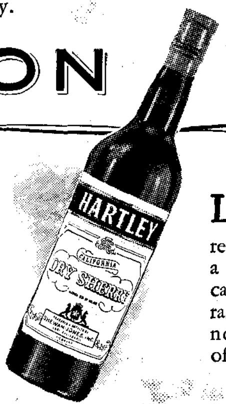
This blending retains the subtle dryness of pot-still brandy with a modicum of the rich flavor of traditional California brandy.

Hence, Lejon closely rivals in character and excellence the long-famous French Cognac imports. As a result, Lejon Brandy is increasingly chosen for distinguished gatherings where such choice is recognized testimony to quality. It was formerly obtainable only in top-ranking hotel and club dining rooms and restaurants, but now a limited supply is available through better wine merchants in the New York area.

Go to your wine merchant today. Have done with the selection of gifts for friends who seem to have everything. Distributed by National Distillers Products Corporation, New York City.

LEJON



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A dry Sherry with rare "nutty" flavor

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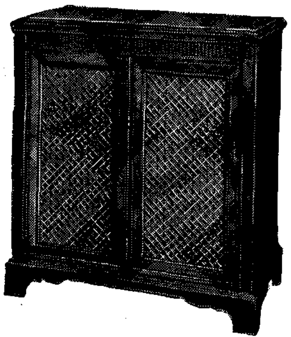

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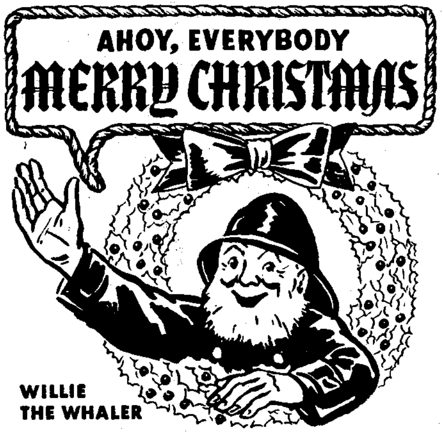

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wine for before-dinner drinking. It costs $29.50 a case.

The collection of great Burgundies, among them all the wines of the Domaine de la Romanée Conti of 1933, which Lehmann is still able to offer may help you wind up your gift shopping, and be it said to the credit of this firm that the prices of these incomparable wines are exactly what they were five years ago. For that matter, you will find just about whatever you are looking for in the Lehmann cellars—most of the great champagnes, brandies, everything. At Sherry Wine & Spirits, 678 Madison Avenue (61st), there is some 1920 Gruaud-Larose-Faure in imperial bottles holding half a case, which we would find it hard to resist if we were having a great number of guests for dinner, never having seen claret put up in bottles of that size before. Sherry Wine & Spirits have plenty of other fine clarets less magnificently bottled, as well as some 1921 champagne, fine Burgundies from Berry Brothers, and a collection of vintage ports. You'd do well to investigate, too, the Burgundies and champagnes of Sumner Wines & Spirits, 629 Park Avenue (65th); we think the moderately priced 1935 Santenots carried by this shop would be a most satisfactory accompaniment for a Christmas turkey. If it's Bordeaux you want, you should look over the stocks at Park Avenue Liqueurs, 96 Park (40th), where some rarities in 1924 clarets are still to be had. A. N. Luria, 1217 Madison Avenue (88th), also has some excellent clarets and a supply of the various Dupuy d'Angeac cognacs, which we recommend as clean, undoctored spirits at a reasonable price. There seems to be no dearth of fine sherries—all the well-known Williams & Humbert ones, as well as the standbys of Garvey and Sandeman and Duff Gordon and the rest, are still on hand to help make this as merry a Christmas as possible.

Trimmings

WITH dimout regulations necessitating a strictly behind-the-blinds Christmas, the town will have to forgo its dearly loved habit of wearing its holiday heart, all lit up, on its sleeve, but there will be trees and candles and evergreen garlands just the same, back of the drawn curtains. Those who have hoarded their tinsel trimmings from seasons past have the jump on less thrifty and foresighted folk, who may have to depend pretty much on things like gilded walnuts, candy canes, and cranberry festoons for tree decorations, unless they

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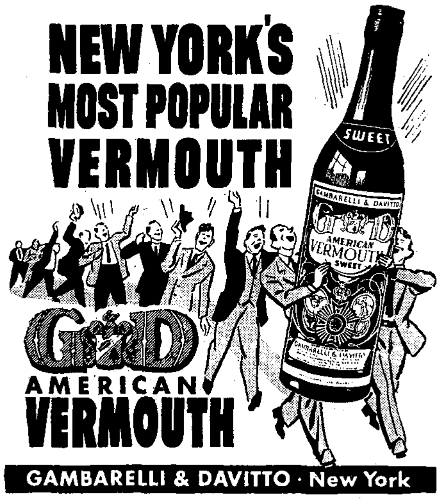

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hurry to places like Dennison, 411 Fifth Avenue (37th), and Shackman, 180 Madison Avenue (34th), for what few bolts of old-fashioned garland tinsel are left. Frankly, however, we don't consider a tinselless Christmas such a dire fate after all. We even think highly of trees hung with paper chains, such as kindergarten youngsters can fashion (and they usually love doing it) from bright-colored papers, like those sold at Educational Playthings, 20 East 69th Street, for fifty cents a generous box, and, inevitably, at Dennison.

Front doors and windows, of course, may still wear unilluminated wreaths and sprays of greenery, and, anyway, mantels and stair rails within continue to call for evergreen dressing. Two shops specializing in such things and open only for the Christmas season are Helen Ludlam, 22 West 52nd Street, and—can you take it?—White Christmas, 524 Madison Avenue (54th). Lots of Helen Ludlam's native holly, mistletoe, fresh greens, and giant pine cones come in assortments costing from $2.50 to $5, and are for those who like to roll their own, although she also offers ready-made door swags of greens, cones, and ribbon for $1.75. White Christmas has natural balsam, blue spruce, varieties of pine, and cones that look as if they were sprinkled with snow. Such things come boxed at from $2.50 to $20. The shop also has some wonderful artificial snow (thirty-five cents a bag) to be mixed with glittering mica (twenty cents extra) for frosty effects on tree or trimmings.

Alice H. Marks, 6 East 52nd Street, again has her traditional Christmas table centres—cotton snow men, bell clusters, etc., with candies and favors (from $8.50); Irene Hayes, 273 Park Avenue (47th), and Constance Spry, 322 Park Avenue (50th), offer mantel and doorway decorations based on your own ideas or theirs (from $5 to as much as you or your rich uncle may wish to spend); and that pleasant little shop called The Whole World, 104 East 56th Street, makes up baskets, bundles, or big sacks of Carolina pitch pine to blaze brilliantly along with your Yule logs on the night before Christmas ($3 to $10).

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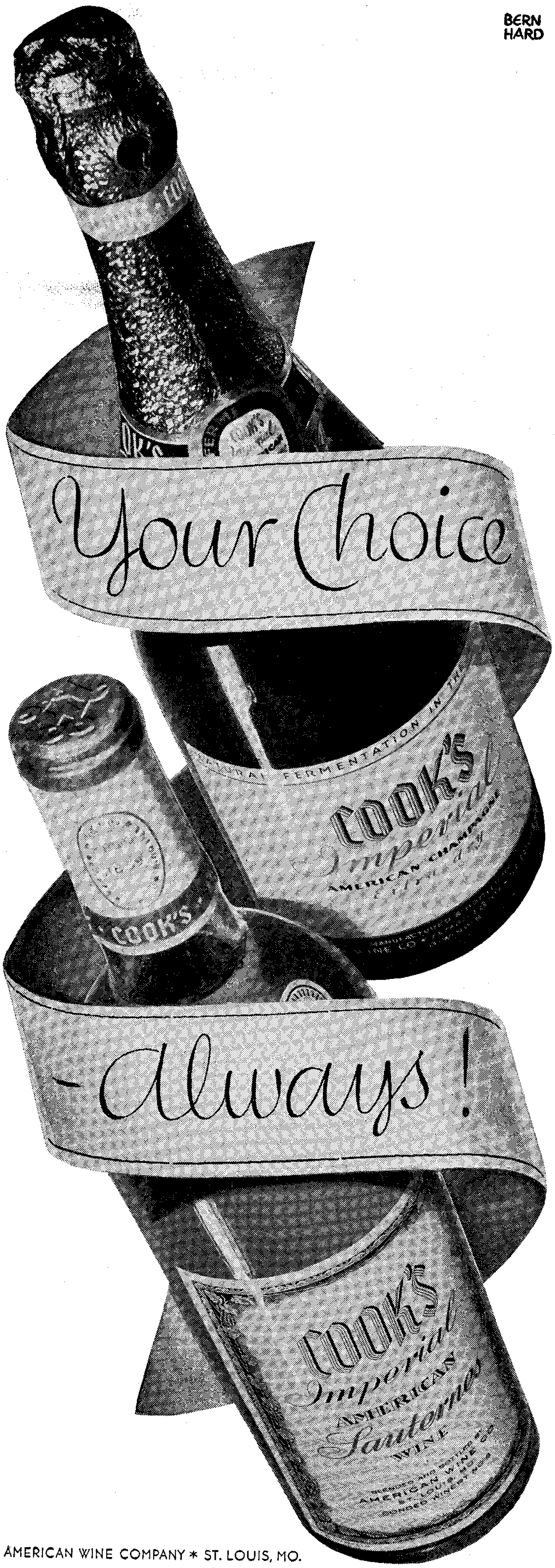
ALBANY, NOV. 25.—GOVERNOR AND MRS. HERBERT H. LEHMAN WILL BE AT HOME AT THE EXECUTIVE MANSION ON SUNDAY, NOV. 29, FROM 4 TO 6 P.M. TO SAY "HELL AND GOODBYE" TO FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS OF ALBANY.—*United Press news dispatch.*

And only yesterday it was "Damn and hello."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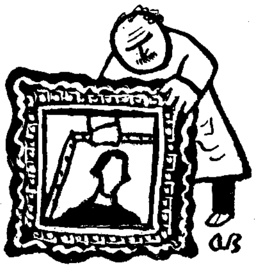
THE ART GALLERIES

Whew!

WHATEVER else may be said about the Metropolitan's "Artists for Victory" show, you've got to admit that it's big. Something more than fourteen hundred assorted oils, water colors, sculptures, and prints are included (all, of course, by contemporary Americans), or about six times as many as you'll find in the current Whitney Annual; every room but one in the whole paintings section of the Museum has been given over to it; and if you're still not impressed, let me add that the sculptures alone have been estimated (by me) to weigh at least twenty-five tons, while the paintings, if laid end to end, would reach ten miles. Some people say less than that, but I still say ten miles. It's one of the biggest and most inclusive contemporary shows ever attempted in this country, and you'd better take your lunch along when you go.



Criticizing the makeup of so huge a collection as this is a little like finding fault with the shape of a mountain: one can't help feeling that it was put together by natural forces, and that all mere man can do is to stand before it in awe. Yet there are, I think, certain deficiencies. I'm sure, for example, that the abstractionists and the surrealists, two thriving groups at the moment, will be dissatisfied with the representation they have been accorded, and in general the tone of the show, perhaps owing to the conservative cast of the jury of admissions, is a bit on the negative side. This gives a sort of "museum" air to the collection—style, competence, technical excellence, everything but excitement and sparkle—that in the long run you may find a trifle wearing.

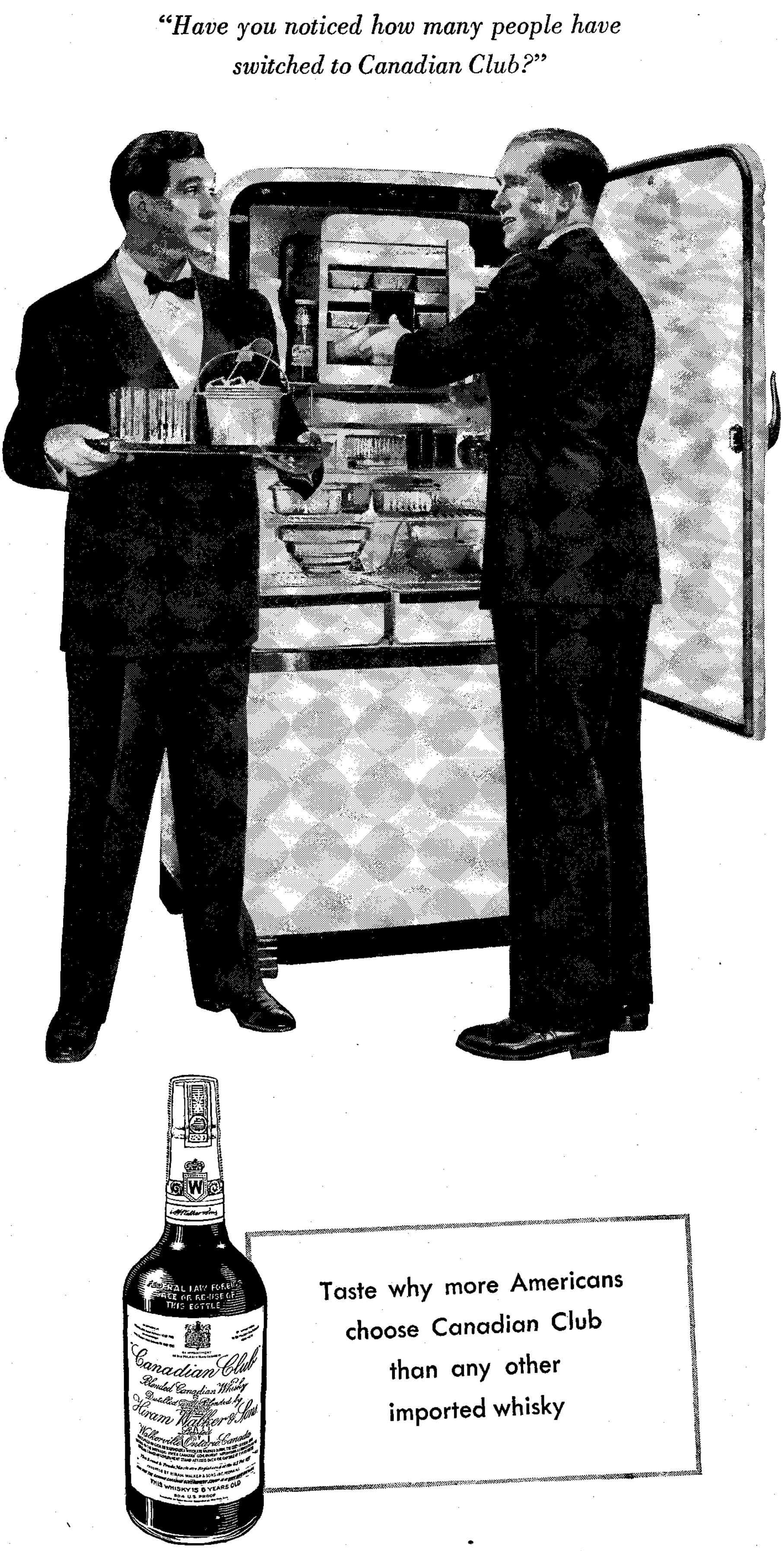
I have fewer complaints about the prize awards. I suppose no one but a museum director, and a pretty casehardened one at that, could find much justification for giving the capital award of $3,500 to John Steuart Curry's "Wisconsin Landscape." Certainly I can't; to me, the long, wavy, unaccented green panorama it presents is as formless and uninteresting as an unrolled roller towel, which in general proportions it rather resembles. But the rest of the prize list (it's too long to give here, and, anyway, you've probably already seen it in the newspapers) seemed to me surprisingly perceptive and catholic. Ivan Le Lorraine Albright, who got first medal for his startling "That Which I Should Have Done, I Did Not Do" is an old admiration of mine, as are Peter Blume and Jack Levine, whose "South of Scranton" and "String Quartette," respectively, shared the two second prizes. I was glad, too, to see prizes go to such men as Louis Bouché, Marsden Hartley, Philip Evergood, Niles Spencer, and, among the sculptors, Alexander Calder and Hugo Robus, for all six of them are artists who, in varying degree, haven't yet received the general recognition that their excellence deserves. Hartley's "Lobster Fishermen," very dark, very stylized, is about as thoroughly mature a piece of painting as this artist has ever done—but perhaps I've spent time enough on the prize-winners.

There remains the big question: What does the whole show prove about the state of American art? Saving all your graces, I don't think it proves anything much, definitively. One constant characteristic of big contemporary shows, I've noticed, is the somewhat paradoxical one that they're all different. There's the Whitney, for example, which for about a dozen years has been taking its annual samplings, and one would think that by this time it would have the field pretty well covered. Yet some months ago the Modern Museum, in its "Americans 1942," offered a selection of eighteen artists of whom fully a third were practically unknown here, while a couple of years before that the American Art Today collection at the World's Fair presented a compilation that was in many respects widely different from either.

The point is, I suppose, that the field is too vast (and the fallibility of juries too pronounced) for it ever to be covered completely. In the present exhibition fourteen thousand entries were submitted, and the judges (God help them) who went through that pile probably had as nearly complete a view of American art today as any group of men alive; it must be said, too, that, barring the tendency toward conservatism which I've already noted, their selections were made with much tact and broad-mindedness. It is simply that, lurking somewhere in the back of my mind, there remains a faint suspicion that maybe, just maybe, the one man whose name will mean more to future generations than that of any other artist of this era happened to be working so hard at the time the notices of this show were sent out that he didn't read them, or if he did, and sent something in, was among the rejected. This is only a possibility, but it's a healthy thing for us all to remember—critics, judges, and artists alike—whenever these large "representative" shows come around.

AS if the big affair at the Metropolitan weren't enough for one week, the Museum of Modern Art has just launched another, called "Twentieth Century Portraits," with around two hundred and fifty examples of painting and sculpture and covering the period from the very early nineteen-hundreds on down to the immediate present. So big a show devoted solely to portraits may seem an odd idea at first (I'll admit that it did to me), and there are times when the sight of all those faces on the walls around you does become a trifle monotonous. However, the show has been beautifully selected and arranged, and, all in all, it emerges as a remarkably engaging performance. You will find any number of famous portraits there, from Renoir's magnificent one of Tilla Durieux and Chirico's brooding "Self-Portrait" to Picasso's Facet-Cubist "Henry Kahnweiler" and John Sloan's now historic "Yeats at Petitpas." You'll find, too, some interesting groupings. Note, for instance, the disparities among the George Bellows, Jean Lurçat, and Fernand Léger portraits of Mrs. Chester Dale, and how differently Lincoln Kirstein appears, depending on whether he's a subject for Jean Charlot or Tchelitchew. Perhaps the best thing about the show, however, is the prominence it gives to modern American portraiture, for a survey of work in this field has been needed for some time. Here some seventy-odd examples are included, and particularly in such pieces as Julian Levi's "Margaret Boni Plays the Recorder," Raphael Soyer's wistful "The Artist's Parents," or, in sculpture, Lachaise's "John Marin," you'll find a feeling for subject and character and a generally high level of perceptiveness that may well surprise you.

TWO shows by men who are somewhat related artistically—Kandinsky and Joan Miró—are to be seen at the moment. The Kandinsky affair, at the Nierendorf, is a retrospective, and it's been admirably arranged to trace his development from the Fauvist "Crinolines" of 1909, through the first explosive bloomings of his Futurist pe-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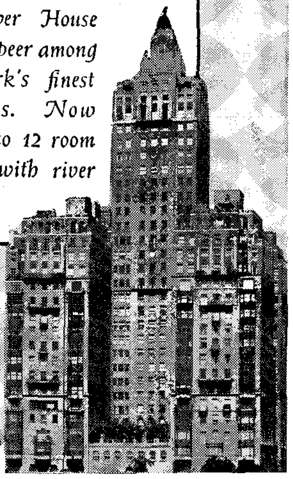

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riod (see the two pictures called "Improvisation," of 1911 and 1912) and the Constructivist phase that came after, right down to the polished, highly geometrical color arrangements that in later years became his established means of expression. . . . The Mirós are at the Pierre Matisse, and though the dates of some go as far back as 1933, there's a high proportion of pieces that have never been shown here before. I liked particularly the lacily patterned "Painting, 1936," and the charmingly gay, blue-and-red-splotched "Circus, 1937."

AT the Kraushaar, there's a group exhibition that serves, in a way, as a pendant to the "Artists for Victory" show at the Metropolitan, since it's made up of paintings dated 1915 to 1920, or roughly during the period of the first World War. There are few lessons to be drawn on that score, however. There's a bit more emphasis in this group on war's panoply and parades (Gifford Beal's big "Parade—Fifth Avenue 1918" and George Luks' forceful, sombre " 'Blue Devils' Marching on Fifth Avenue" are examples), but one feels it was principally the response of the Impressionist-trained eye to bright color and the flap of flags that called forth such canvases, and in general the emphasis here, as is also the case in the larger collection at the Metropolitan, is on sound workmanship rather than propaganda. John Sloan's two fine pieces, "Bleecker Street, Saturday Night" and "Main Street, Gloucester," prove more clearly than ever that he belongs among the few really great American painters. I admired, too, Gifford Beal's bright, pleasantly composed "Back Lots," as well as Guy Pène du Bois' little street scene called "Billboard."

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

He clung transfixed to the steering-wheel, his face rigid and bloodless with terrible joy. She knelt in the seat, dropped her coat and bag to the floor, put her warm hands over his ears and kissed him with a cool mouth like fresh lettuce. . . . It left him demented, hypnotised. He started the car and swung to the center of the street, following the streetcar tracks. She curled beside him, her knees like golden oranges.—*From a story in Good Housekeeping.*

California or Florida?

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[From the Brooklyn Eagle]

J. B. Fisher, 61, a carpenter, crashed the skull of Joseph Witzig, 58, with a crow bar in a moment of pique.

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UNREQUITED PASSION

TO this day, in our family we fix past dates and events by mentioning the names of the men who have tried to make Mother marry them. If, for example, my aunt wants to recall the year of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, she will say, "That was the time you were going with Clarence Johnson, Bee."

Then Mother may say, "Yes, I believe you're right, Lu, for it was that autumn, on your front porch, that Clarence told me he'd take cyanide of potassium if I didn't marry him." After that conversation will centre around Clarence Johnson for the next few days until there is a discussion about another date and we move on to reminiscences of another man.

Mother was widowed early, and when I was a child she was still a beauty. Her admirers and suitors passed through my childish life like a cloud of summer gnats. Only one of them, Oscar March, made a lasting impression upon me. For one thing, he had the distinction of being the second person I'd ever encountered who used the words "unrequited passion." Laura Jean Libbey was the first. Fannie Graves, an English nursemaid my aunt had for her little boy, let me read her copy of "A Wife in Name Only." I was just nine, so I had to do it when the family wasn't looking, and I didn't understand the words "unrequited passion." Miss Libbey used them freely.

If Oscar March hadn't tried to climb out the parlor window when Mother refused to marry him, I might have been much older before I had a satisfactory definition. But as it was, I not only understood the phrase when I was nine but I wound up by clutching one of Oscar March's legs—Mother had hold of the other—to keep him from acting it out too realistically. We lived on the eighth floor of a Riverside Drive apartment building.

THE evening had started peacefully enough. I was put to bed, as usual, at eight and Mother had begun to get ready for Oscar March. I had heard her tell my aunt earlier in the week that Mr. March would get his final answer this night. My room was next to hers. I could smell the slightly acrid odor of singed hair when she curled her bangs, then the more pleasant fragrance of Roger & Gallet's White Violet scent when she sprayed her throat with perfume just before putting on her dress. I knew she was wearing the new gold-and-blue changeable taffeta our dressmaker,

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&
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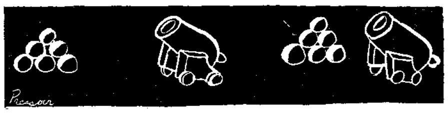
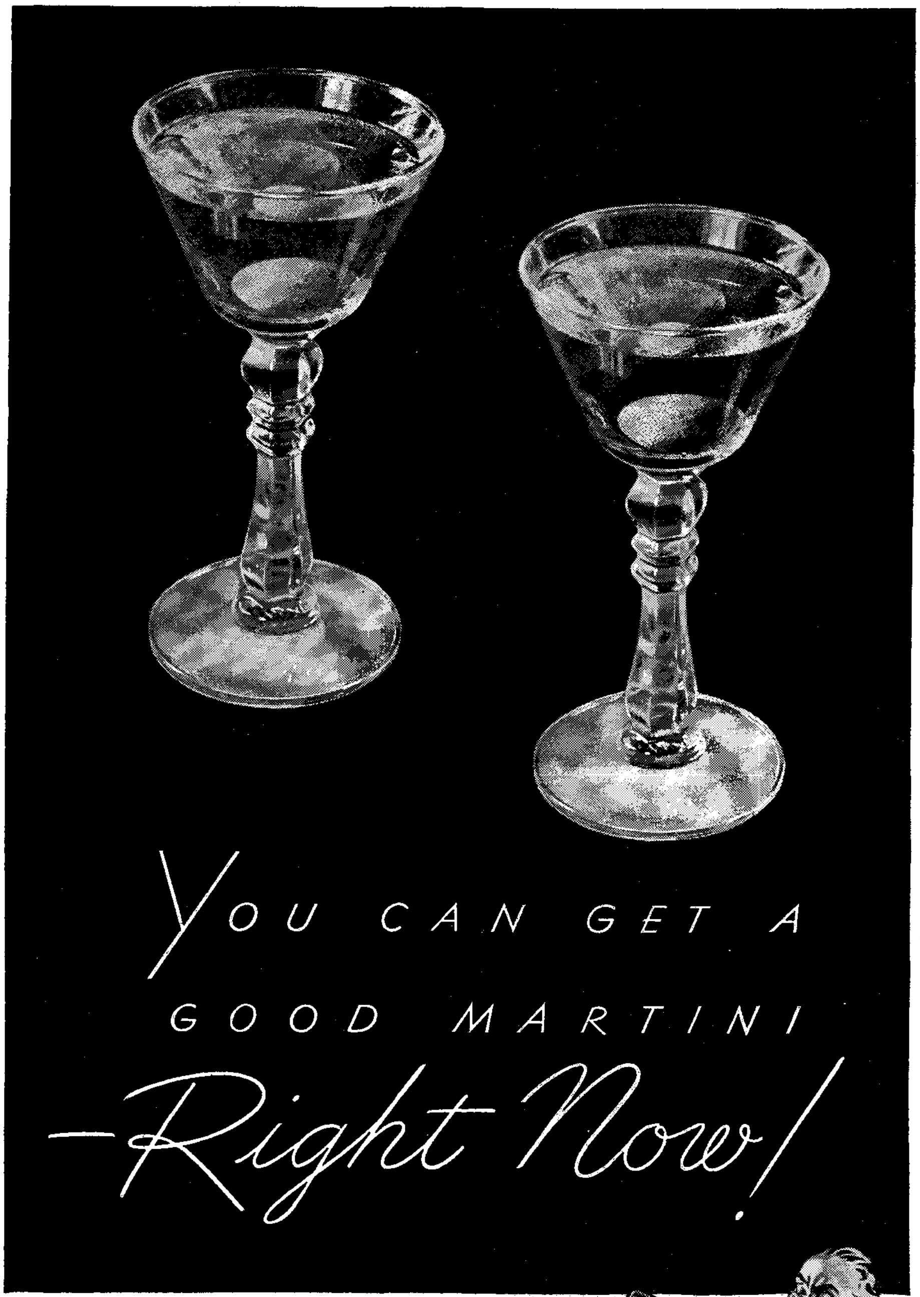
Mrs. Cerkle, had made her, because I could hear the rustle of stiff silk.

I was contentedly drowsy but not sleepy. Long after Mother came in to give me a good-night kiss, I lay watching the fading glow of the late June sunset, wondering idly whether Oscar March would bring a bag of the special little sugar candies he often left for me. They were tiny crystallized sugar drops that came in all colors and had liquid-perfume centres. I disliked them. Otherwise my feelings toward Oscar March were passive. He was the London representative of an American banking firm. He wore English clothes and carried a cane. Mother had met him at a duplicate-whist party. That was on St. Valentine's Day. He had told her then he was here on a six weeks' leave from his duties in London, but it was now June and he hadn't returned yet. He insisted he wouldn't go back without Mother. I knew she never would go with him and, hearing her voice as she greeted him that night in the hall, I thought he should have known it, too. I had heard her use that tone before. It was gentle but final. Oscar March didn't recognize it.

Our apartment was of a pattern similar to all of those built around the early part of the twentieth century—a series of bedrooms strung along a dark, straight, narrow hall, with bigger rooms across the front and rear. On the hall, first came the room my aunt used when she was in town, then mine, then Mother's, then the bathroom. Beyond that, at the back, were the dining room, the kitchen, and the maid's room. The big front room was the parlor. Off it was an alcove which my aunt, the artistic member of the family, had converted for Mother, when she rented the apartment, into what was known as a "cozy corner." Over a Turkish divan hung a canvas of Paul and Virginia fleeing the storm. About it Aunt Lu had draped some mysterious Oriental material, a sleazy sort of dark-red cheesecloth spangled with tiny mirrors sewed on with yellow thread. What was left of the wall space was covered with daggers and rusty scimitars which my aunt had bought in Washington Street Armenian bazaars, since in those days no corner was cozy without its Oriental threat. The alcove was lighted by a swaying brass lantern and a copper lamp which my aunt had hammered herself. The lampshade, bent under the weight of





HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
DRY MARTINI
COCKTAILS

ONE luxury you *don't* have to give up is a perfect Dry Martini. Your local liquor store has them in this bottle, always ready and always right. You just add ice and serve.

What goes into this bottle is no secret, and what comes out is no guesswork: Milshire, *the genuine pot-still gin*, and the world's finest dry vermouth—mixed and measured with exacting care. *Neither love nor money can buy better ingredients nor make a better cocktail!* Order a bottle, or a case, *today.*

HEUBLEIN'S Club COCKTAILS

Dry Martini, 71 proof • Old Fashioned, 80 proof
Martini, 60 proof • Daiquiri, 70 proof
Manhattan, 65 proof • Side Car, 60 proof

The Milshire Gin used is 90 proof, distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

heavily beaded fringe, never fitted securely. As I lay in bed, I visualized the cozy corner—Mother in her new taffeta dress, perched prettily on the edge of the divan; Oscar March, dejected, pleading, at her side. It was a scene which Laura Jean Libbey had qualified me to understand.

I must have gone to sleep at last, for when Mother's screams awakened me, my bedroom was dark. At first I thought I was dreaming, but when she screamed again, I knew it was the real thing. My heart pounded as I tumbled out of bed and raced barefoot down the hall, because I had decided that Oscar March was trying to murder Mother. I could hear their voices raised in excited conversation. The maid was out, my aunt was in the country; there was no one to help me. I headed for the cozy corner; it was empty. I turned toward the front-room windows. Halfway out of one of them hung Oscar March, and beside him, on the floor, sat Mother in her new taffeta dress, clutching his right leg. He lunged outward and she gave another scream.

"His other leg," she commanded.

For once in my life my education was adequately up to date. I was just learning to play basketball. Oscar March's other leg was mine at the first lunge. Between us, Mother and I hauled him in. But instead of being grateful, he was irritated.

"You might have kept your child out of this," he said to Mother stiffly.

This made her angry. "Oscar March, you've done enough to wreck my life without attacking my child." She began to cry.

Goaded by her tears, I flew at him, plucking his coat like an outraged young hen. Oscar March reached in his pocket. "Oh! I forgot these." He pulled out a sack of those wretched little perfume drops.

By this time Mother had hold of herself. Patting her hair in place and giving her eyes a dab with a scented handkerchief, she struggled up from the floor.

"You should be in bed, Helen," she said decisively. "I'm all right. Mr. March is leaving now." She eyed him coldly.

He began to cry. "You can't put me out of your life this way," he said. It was the first time I'd ever seen a man cry. I was ashamed for him, yet tears of sympathy trickled down my cheeks.

"Helen!" Mother's tones were impatient. "I'll have to put you to bed myself." She took my hand. "We'll see Mr. March to the door first."

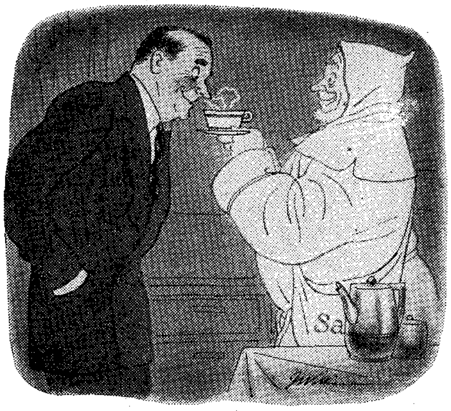
I stopped crying and began nervously

1. I'm the Sandman. My job is putting folks to sleep. But do they always cooperate? Not these days. With the war and all, they're kinda nervous and upset.

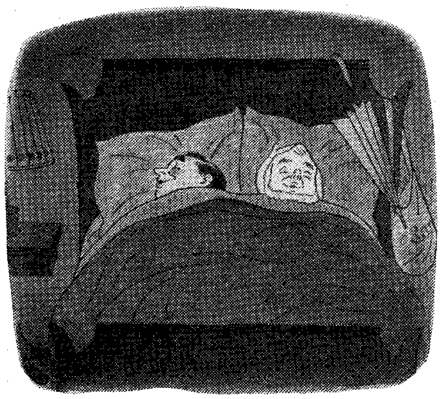
2. There's one special tribe—people whose nerves are set a-jangle by caffein in coffee. Comes the night, they pace and toss and moan.

3. They expect me to get around (with transportation the way it is) to sprinkle sand in their eyes. That's asking too much. I know they *love* coffee. And so—

4. I'm taking this magazine space to tell 'em that if caffein in coffee upsets 'em, to *switch to Sanka Coffee!* It's 97% caffein-free! Can't jangle anyone's nerves!



5. This Sanka is all coffee and nothing but coffee. And is it delicious! They take out the caffein without removing a snifter of piping aroma or a smack of rich flavor!



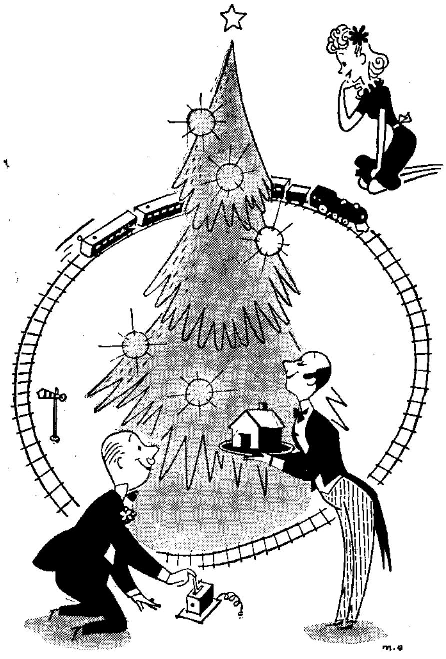
6. When you get your coffee ration, get Sanka. You'll get the double pleasure of delicious coffee and relaxation. For best results, follow directions carefully.

SANKA COFFEE

DRIP GRIND
SANKA COFFEE
REGULAR GRIND
SANKA COFFEE

Sleep isn't a luxury; it's a necessity. Drink Sanka and Sleep!

TUNE IN . . . 5:45 P.M. New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you **William L. Shirer,** famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.



The day
that is yesterday
...and tomorrow

Even in fateful 1942, Christmas is *one* day you are privileged to forget the overpowering present . . . to dwell for a while among the good Christmases of yesterday, and the better Christmases of tomorrow.

Many people consider the St. Regis a particularly appropriate place in which to spend this refreshing interlude. It has yesterday's comfort, luxury, and restfulness. It is tomorrow's peace, plenty, and belief in the importance of the individual.

We invite you to spend the Christmas season at the St. Regis. And... we respectfully suggest that you let us know you'll be with us as soon as you can.

THE St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55th STREET, NEW YORK
BOOKLET ON REQUEST

eating handfuls of the perfumed sugar drops, but when Oscar March sank to the floor, encircled Mother's knees with his arms, and pressed his wet face against her new taffeta dress, I dropped the bag of candy.

"You can't do this to me," he sobbed.

"This is the first time my mother's worn that dress," I said.

"Go away," he mumbled at me weakly.

"God knows that's what I've been trying to get *you* to do, Oscar." My mother's voice became melodramatic as she struggled to free herself.

Straightening his collar and wiping his eyes, Oscar March rose awkwardly to his feet, walked stiffly over to a side table, picked up his derby and cane, and turned toward the hall.

"There are other ways of going," he remarked icily. "When I am dead, I hope this unrequited passion of mine will haunt your fickle heart." The front door banged.

My mother and I didn't venture out for several days, because my aunt brought word the next morning that Oscar March had taken up a vigil on a park bench across the street. Finally a heavy rain came and drove him away. It seemed hardly more than a month or two later that a thick white envelope, postmarked London, came, addressed to my mother. She read the enclosed card slowly, then laughed and tossed it to my aunt.

"Oscar March is married to a Miss Pepper," she said. "There's unrequited passion for you." —HELEN WORDEN

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Washington Post*]

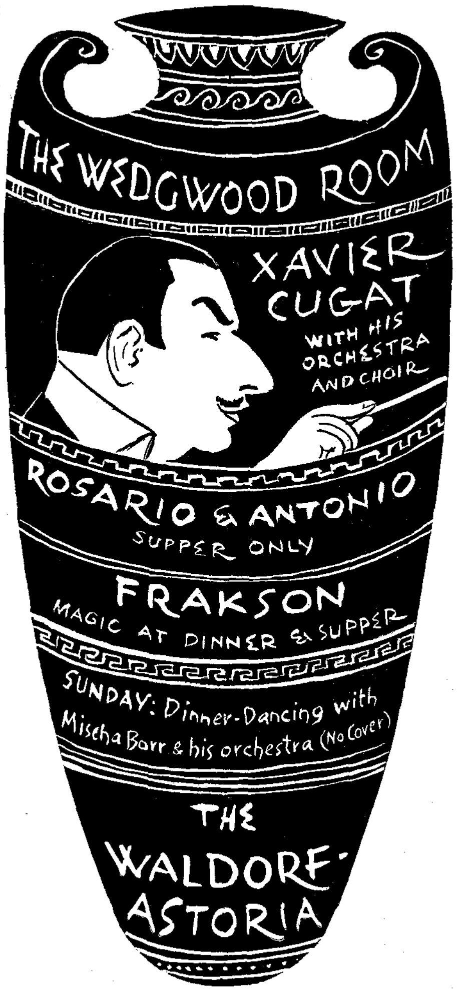
NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—Gen. Douglas MacArthur, commander in chief of Allied forces in the southwestern Pacific, paid this tribute today to the American doughboy:

"He plods and groans, sweats and toils, he growls and curses, and at the end dies, unknown, uncomplaining, with faith in his heart, and on his lips a prayer for victory."

At another point in a cable to the Doughboy Commemorative Committee, MacArthur wrote: "From time immemorial the victor in war has been symbolized by the foot soldier, he who, with a steel weapon in his hand, challenges his enemy to have and to hold a square yard of mud-covered ground. He is affectionately called in our Army the 'doughboy.' "

Concluding, MacArthur said, "He passes on in anonymity except for his loved ones, but for those of us who know, we revere and bless the name of 'doughboy.' "

The committee was set up to observe the twenty-fifth anniversary of the serving of the first doughnut in World War I.



SKI?...

Then here's a word of advice

Next to a couple of sessions with your Ski-meister, there's nothing that will improve your ski fun and form quicker than equipment carrying the "Dartmouth," "Walter Prager," "Jack Durrance" or "Kandahar" labels.

See this swell equipment and note the low price tags at the dealer who carries the "Dartmouth" line.

DARTMOUTH SKIS
INCORPORATED
Hanover, N. H.

THE
American Theatre Wing
Stage Door Canteen

in the 44th Street Theatre (W. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

MUSICAL EVENTS

Wicked Music

RICHARD STRAUSS'S "Salome" can be many things to many producers. It can be a philosophic study in abnormal psychology; a concert, interrupted by a little activity on the stage; or, among still other options, a battle for survival between the orchestra and the singers, in which case, bet on the orchestra. The Metropolitan's revival of the opera last week was a sensible and effective balance between many of the possibilities of the work. It was a theatre job, and a good one.

The general expertness started in the orchestra pit, where George Szell, making his Metropolitan début, put across the theatrical values of the score and at the same time maintained the musical interest. Mr. Szell let you hear the singers, which was a happy service on this occasion. (There are times when you wish a conductor would blot out some of his associates, you know.) On the stage, the centre of attention, naturally, was the Salome, Lily Djanel, hitherto known to most Metropolitan patrons only as Carmen. Miss Djanel was so convincing that you couldn't really detach her vocalization from her impersonation, because it was all part of a single accomplishment. Her dancing also was an element rather than an entity. The entity was her Salome, one of the finest achievements on the Metropolitan roster.

The stage action was direct and unfussy, except for the gyrations of the young soldier who was enamored of Salome and the ostentatious concealment of Salome's preparations for the Dance of the Seven Veils. Her green dress was converted into a sort of tent, thus establishing Salome as the first person to wear her own dressing room. The cast, as a whole, was excellent, with special mentions for Karin Branzell as Herodias, Herbert Janssen as the Prophet, and Frederick Jagel, who jumped in at almost no notice to take over the difficult action and music of Herod, which he did superbly.

Singing débuts at the Metropolitan included those of James Melton, who turned in an attractive and musical Tamino in "The Magic Flute," and

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Straight Bourbon Whiskey
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THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

20% Older..
Smoother..
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Now 6 years old!

Switching to Bourbon?
Start with America's finest...
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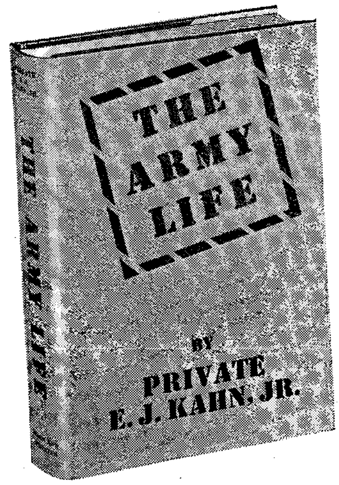
BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON • 100 PROOF
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KY.



What the Army's like—from "snooping and pooping" to close-order drill

This book tells, wittily and appealingly, how the army made a soldier out of a young fellow who writes for The New Yorker. It tells what he thought and felt and did during his basic training in all its phases, from going on the range for target practice to snooping and pooping (scouting and patrolling is the less-used term) and close-order drill.

Anyone having a son, a sweetheart, or a friend in the army will be able to talk more intelligently to him after reading this book.

What Reviewers Say:

"Pvt. Kahn records what he has seen and heard and done in smoothly flowing prose of admirable clarity. It is probably the most informative and, at the same time, the most entertaining book about Army life in the training camps."
NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"These chapters of personal experience have a quality that is difficult to define, the sum of many qualities whose total is literature. *The Army Life* in my opinion, has the intangible attributes of survival as well as the immediate war. *The Army Life* is neither lofty nor impudent. It is genuine and quietly inspiring."
NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE "BOOKS"

PRICE $1.75 • SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS

of Walter Cassel, who pinch-hit as De Bretigny in the revival of "Manon," under Sir Thomas Beecham's direction. Mr. Cassel sang his not too exciting rôle smoothly and alertly, his voice sounding well in the auditorium.

The revival of "Manon" revived with it the Cours la Reine scene, which had been skipped for years. It was a pleasant enough restoration, although you wouldn't miss anything extra-important if the scene went back to the storehouse again. Sir Thomas, as usual, drew a fine tone from the orchestra and made things interesting. It wasn't a spectacular revival, but it was good enough to get itself plenty of applause.

THE versatile Mr. Jagel was on hand last week also for the Philharmonic-Symphony presentations of Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," under the direction of Artur Rodzinski. In many ways, this work is the best asset of those who argue that we need more Berlioz in our diet. The lyrical parts aren't really absorbing, but when it comes to musical deviltry and the like, the score is fascinating. The Mephisto music, magnificently sung by Ezio Pinza, was much more convincing than the sentiments of Marguerite and Faust, although these characters had able representatives in Jarmila Novotna and Mr. Jagel.

Mr. Rodzinski served the composer handsomely, with able coöperation from the orchestra and the Westminster Choir.

A COUPLE of premières took place at the Juilliard School of Music, on Claremont Avenue—Joseph Wood's opera, "The Mother," which had its first performances anywhere, and Randall Thompson's "Solomon and Balkis," which had its first stage showing hereabouts (it was introduced last spring as a radio presentation). Mr. Wood's work was based on a Hans Christian Andersen story that isn't essentially stage material and the composer's talent was more interesting than the opera itself. "Solomon and Balkis" sounded in the theatre about as it did on the radio—a skillful and cheerful creation. —ROBERT A. SIMON

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A POSTPONEMENT

In a last-minute change of mind Houghton Mifflin has put "Danger! Keep Out!" a novel by Edward J. Nichols, over until Spring. A review of the book unavoidably appeared here Nov. 1.—*The Times Book Review.*

Luckily, we didn't see it.

Read and discussed everywhere

THE PRODIGAL WOMEN
by NANCY HALE

"Challenging and upsetting and completely absorbing. Above all it is vitally real."—*Boston Herald* $3.00

"A superb book"
—*Atlantic Monthly*

Lee's Lieutenants
A Study in Command
by
Douglas Southall Freeman

"As exciting to read as a novel."
—Stephen Vincent Benét, *New York Times*

Vol. I: Manassas to Malvern Hill
Illustrated with Portraits and Maps, $5.00

"The best family chronicle since the Forsyte Saga"
Phila. Inquirer

The Valley of Decision
by
MARCIA DAVENPORT

"A magnificent novel . . . a real American saga . . . Never for one instant loses its quality of stirring human interest."—*New York Times*
$3.00

at all bookstores
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

BOOKS

For Christmas

THIS is not intended as a comprehensive list. It does not necessarily specialize in books that have enjoyed or are enjoying a great sale. A few novels are included; they represent the reviewer's personal admirations only. Where the book costs over five dollars, the price is indicated.

Your bookseller will be glad to tell you of many expensive, fine editions that are probably not listed here.

THE WAR

THE PRICE OF FREE WORLD VICTORY, by Henry A. Wallace. The Vice-President's revolutionary speech makes an excellent Christmas card.

PRELUDE TO VICTORY, by James B. Reston. A small book that this department recommends without reservation. Mr. Reston is the nearest thing to Tom Paine we've produced so far.

THE WAR AT SEA, by Gilbert Cant. A chronological history of action at sea from the beginning of the war to the defense of Wake Island. Straightforward and well informed. Photographs and diagrams.

YEAR OF THE WILD BOAR, by Helen Mears. A perceptive American journalist tells of her stay in Japan during 1935. Clears up many things about a puzzling people.

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE, by W. L. White. The superb story of a motor-torpedo-boat squadron that operated in and around the Philippines at the outbreak of the war.

FLIGHT TO ARRAS, by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. The fall of France seen from the air by an aviator who is also a prose artist, if on occasion a somewhat muddled one.

THIS IS THE ENEMY, by Joseph W. Grigg, Jack M. Fleischer, Glen M. Stadler, Clinton B. Conger, and Frederick Oechsner. A good job about our German enemy by five well-informed foreign correspondents.

THE COMING BATTLE OF GERMANY, by William B. Ziff. Exciting and possibly somewhat extreme advice on how to win the war.

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER, by Major Alexander de Seversky. A sensational analysis of air power, which, the author argues, will be the decisive factor.

VICTORY IN THE PACIFIC, by Alexander Kiralfy. Complex and profound discussion of our situation in the Pacific.

BOMBS AWAY, by John Steinbeck. Simple, clear, persuasive book about the training of a bomber crew.

U.S.A.

THE GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC, by Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager. Third revised edition of a standard, generally respected history, which now tells our story from 1000 to 1942. Two volumes; $10.

STORM OVER THE LAND, by Carl Sandburg. Social history of the Civil War, taken in large part from "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years," but with some new or rewritten sections. A warm and moving book. Drawings, maps, and reproductions of Matthew Brady photographs.

LEE'S LIEUTENANTS, by Douglas Southall Freeman. Opening volume of Mr. Freeman's vast footnote to his "R. E. Lee." A study of the corps spirit and the problems of command among Lee's general officers. Good, though close, reading and soundly instructive history. Maps and photographs.

LINCOLN, by Stefan Lorant. A biography in text and photographs, including 126 Lincoln portraits, many by Matthew Brady (a few of them hitherto unpublished), pictures of Lincoln's family, his Cabinet, his generals, the historic scenes in which he took part, and so on. About 400 photographs in all. A fine job.

WASHINGTON IS LIKE THAT, by W. M. Kiplinger. Interesting, gossipy, fact-crammed book about the city that is becoming the centre of the world.

THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN CULTURE, by Constance Rourke. A collection of posthumous essays abounding in rich insights into American folk art.

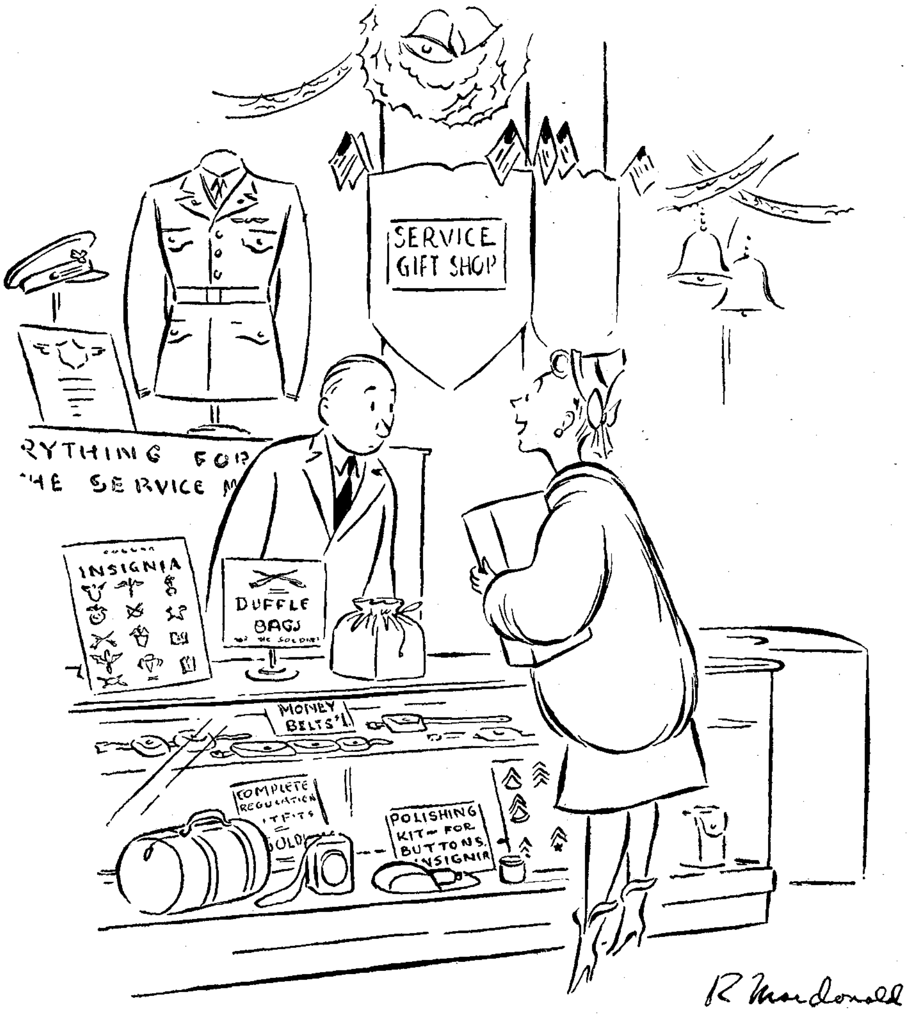
THE ST. LAWRENCE, by Henry Beston. History and folklore of the great Canadian-American river. Good. Sketches by A. Y. Jackson.

AMERICANA

FAIR IS OUR LAND, designed and edited by Samuel Chamberlain. Just about the handsomest book you are likely to find this year: a composite portrait of our towns, rivers, farmlands, coasts, mountains, and so on—a little of everything, in fact, except industry, the cities, and the seamy side generally. More than 300 photographs by various hands, plus 68 assorted woodcuts, lithographs, etchings, etc., by Kerr Eby, Joseph Pennell, Adolf Dehn, and others. Donald Moffat contributes an eloquent introduction.

THE PLENTY OF PENNSYLVANIA, by Cornelius Weygandt. More of the author's leisurely and knowledgeable potterings among such local matters as fancy penmanship, Stiegel flips, and paintings on plush. Photographs.

WESTWARD AMERICA, by Howard R. Driggs. Odds and ends of homespun narrative about frontier life during our



"Where do I get something for a man in 4-F?"

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME VOLUMES BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these books first appeared in this magazine.)

The Army Life, by Private E. J. Kahn, Jr. *(Simon & Schuster, $1.75.)*

One man's tussle with the Army from the hour of his induction until his transport sails for a foreign front. A good-natured report on what it's like to be a soldier.

The New Yorker War Album. *(Random House, $2.)*

The Army, the Navy, and all the rest of us set down by forty-two artists in more than a hundred and fifty pictures, demonstrating that even global warfare can have its lighter moments.

My World—and Welcome To It, by James Thurber. *(Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.)*

One of the most original and perceptive of the humorists offers a further roundup of his curious and often alarming excursions into the realms of men, women, and dogs. Decorations by the author.

Drawn and Quartered, by Charles Addams. *(Random House, $2.50.)*

Boris Karloff has written an appropriate foreword to this book of drawings which are at once grisly and gay. First full-length collection by this artist, who is a master of the macabre.

It's Smart to Be People, by George Price. *(Farrar & Rinehart, $2.)*

One hundred and fifty or more drawings of Price's twisted folk in their moments of uproarious distress. S. J. Perelman contributes a foreword.

Meet Me in St. Louis, by Sally Benson. *(Random House, $2.50.)*

The lively chronicles of the Smiths and their four turbulent daughters in and about the house at 5135 Kensington, St. Louis, just before and during the great Exposition of 1904. Mrs. Benson in her most engaging mood.

Spilt Milk, by Morris Bishop. *(Putnam, $2.)*

Light verse, witty, subtle, or just plain odd. His choicest limericks are included, furbished with Richard Taylor's pen-and-ink exaggerations.

Mr. Pan, by Emily Hahn. *(Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.)*

A collection of her sketches of pre-Pearl Harbor life in Shanghai, with emphasis on a suave, civilized gentleman of China, who is also very funny.

The Telephone Booth Indian, by A. J. Liebling. *(Doubleday, Doran, $2.)*

Here are gathered the hilarious account of the denizens of the Jollity Building, the life and works of the Brothers Shubert, the Profile of Roy Howard, and seven other investigations into the habits of mid-Manhattan folk.

Welcome to the City, and Other Stories, by Irwin Shaw. *(Random House, $2.)*

A collection of his sharp tales of obscure and often lonely people meeting their small crises among the crowds of the big town.

Conversation Pieces, by Constantin Alajálov, with a foreword and text by Janet Flanner. *(Studio Publications, $3.50.)*

Cover designs, both in color and black-and-white, taken from this magazine, and other drawings. A handsome job, and Miss Flanner's commentary is very bright and crisp.

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SERVICE MEN
on furlough in
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may obtain admissions
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BROADWAY STAGE PLAYS AND
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PHILADELPHIA HARTFORD
NEW YORK: 586 Fifth Avenue
(BRyant 9-5700)

Don't sit and wonder what he's doing now—Find out from the
ARMY GUIDE FOR WOMEN By Marion May Dilts.
A fact-packed book that tells wife, mother, sister, or sweetheart how her man in the Army lives. Illustrated. At all Bookstores $2.50. Longmans, Green & Co., 55 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

great westward migration. The book contains some 40 full-sized reproductions of water-color sketches by the late William H. Jackson, pioneer Western painter and photographer.

Annals of the New York Stage, by George C. D. Odell. The thirteenth volume of Professor Odell's incredible non-stop record of our local theatrical and concert-hall history. This covers—and we mean covers—the years 1885–88; $8.75.

Soldiers of the American Army 1775–1941. Drawings by Fritz Kredel, text by Frederick P. Todd, with a foreword by Brigadier General Oliver L. Spaulding. Twenty-five hand-colored plates showing the evolution of American military uniforms, with a helpful, authoritative text. Limited edition of 480 copies, signed by the artist; $36.

Southern Harvest, written and engraved by Clare Leighton. The well-known British artist sets down in two mediums her impressions of the Deep South, and particularly of the Negroes. The tone of the prose is somewhat emotional; that of the wood engravings is firm and controlled.

Biography and Memoirs

Willard Gibbs, by Muriel Rukeyser. Extremely intelligent biography of the too little-known mathematical physicist who was one of America's greatest men.

Paul Revere and the World He Lived In, by Esther Forbes. Careful, full-dress, sedate biography.

Victor Hugo, by Matthew Josephson. A superior, highly readable life of France's great nineteenth-century poet and democrat that contains much fresh material. Illustrated.

G. B. S., by Hesketh Pearson. A very witty biography—one long anecdote, most of it taken down in Shaw's own expensive and unlimited words. Photographs.

Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth, edited by Ernest de Selincourt. Beautiful edition of a classic, expanded to include all the writings of Wordsworth's sister that are likely to interest the general reader. Two volumes; $10.

Admiral of the Ocean Sea, by Samuel Eliot Morison. A monumental life of Christopher Columbus by a great scholar who retraced the Columbian voyages to get his material. Two volumes, boxed; $10. There's also a one-volume, shorter, popular-priced edition.

Van Loon's Lives, by Hendrik Willem van Loon. A jumbo of a book, being a diverting amalgam of history, biography, and gastronomy.

Cross Creek, by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. A personal book about the Yearling country, beautifully done.

Foreign Shores

The Days of Ofelia, by Gertrude Diamant. Charming book about Mexico, very un-Baedekerish.

Argentina, by John W. White. Full-length study of Argentina's social and political history, with the main accent on recent developments. An admirable job, substantial, balanced, and vivid in a quiet way.

Greenland, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. The legendary Stefansson writes a history of Greenland. All sorts of fascinating esoteric stuff, from the prehistoric voyages down to present-day strategic considerations. Photographs and line cuts.

THE HOUSE IN THE RAIN FOREST, by Charis Crockett. The author lived for some months, just before the war, among a tribe of cheerful, recently reformed cannibals in what was then Dutch New Guinea. Sound, amusing, popular anthropology. Photographs.

FICTION

THE GATES OF AULIS, by Gladys Schmitt. An extraordinary, highly mannered first novel about some pretty crazy people.

JOSEPHUS AND THE EMPEROR, by Lion Feuchtwanger. The third volume of Feuchtwanger's great trilogy about the Jew Josephus, who was also a Roman and a Greek.

DACEY HAMILTON, by Dorothy Van Doren. A wholesome and perceptively written novel about some likable people during the days of the first World War.

THE SEVENTH CROSS, by Anna Seghers. A mature novel about a German concentration camp and a man who escaped from it.

POETRY

(INCLUDING SOME ANTHOLOGIES)

SONNETS TO ORPHEUS, by Rainer Maria Rilke, translated, with a foreword and notes, by M. D. Herter Norton. A literal version of the great sonnets, with the originals on the facing pages.

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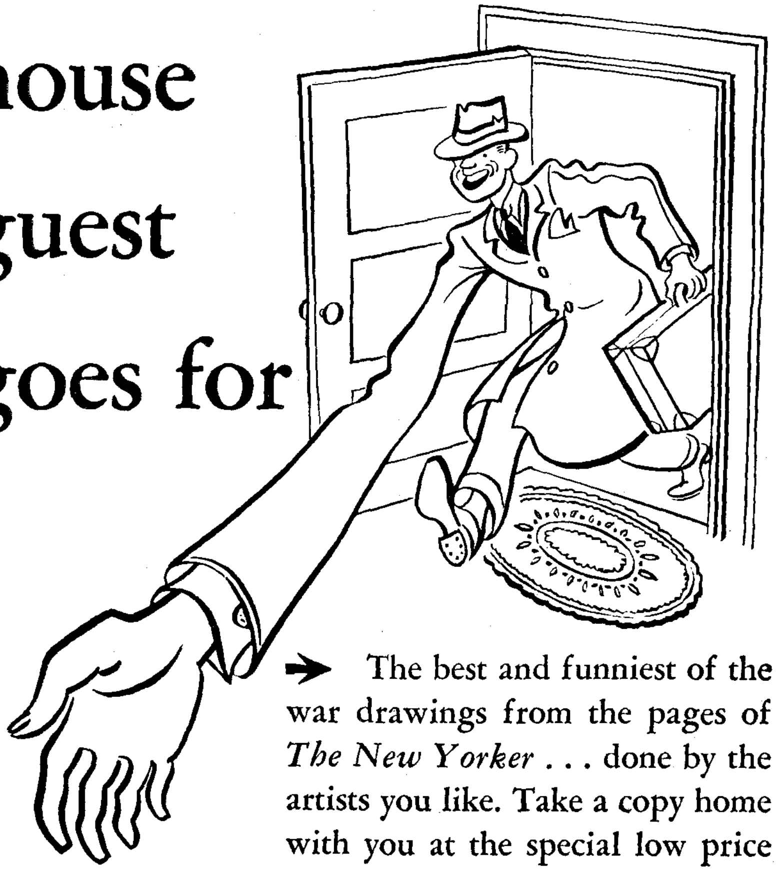

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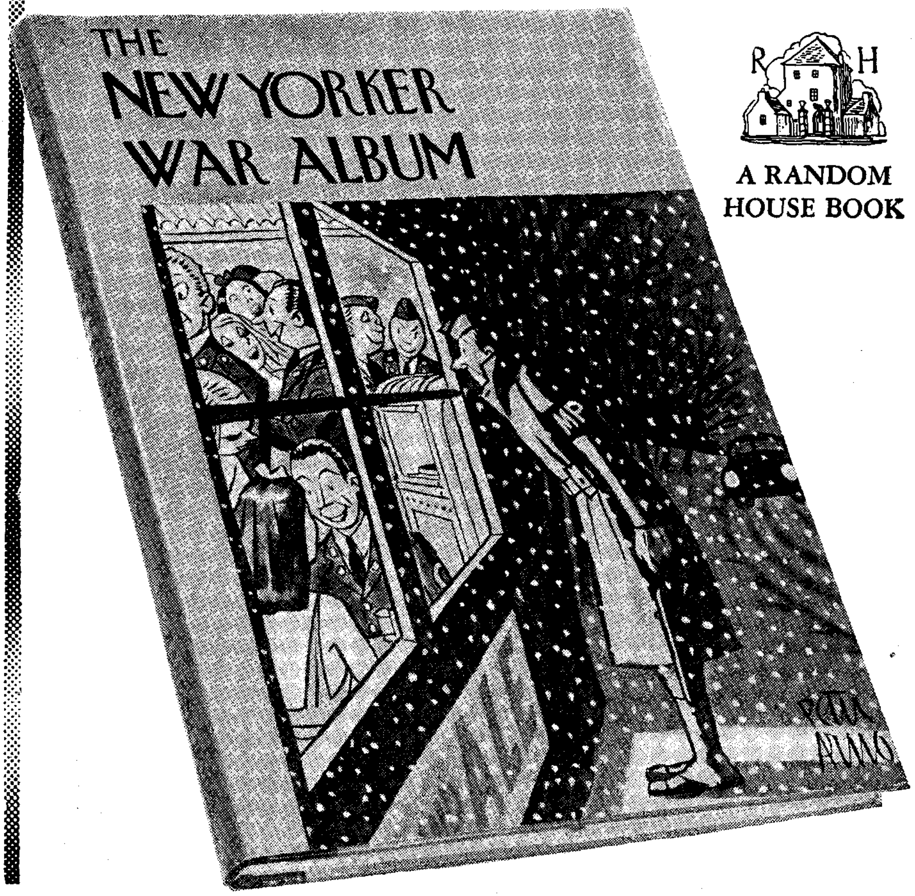

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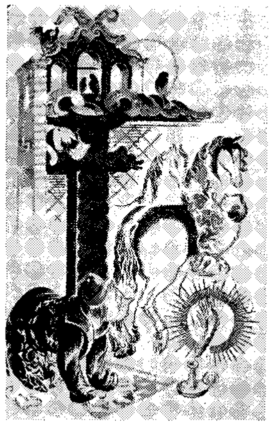

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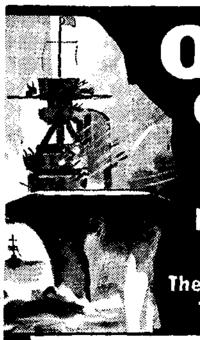

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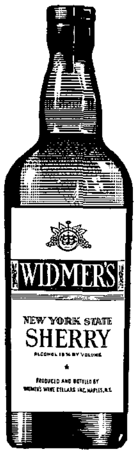

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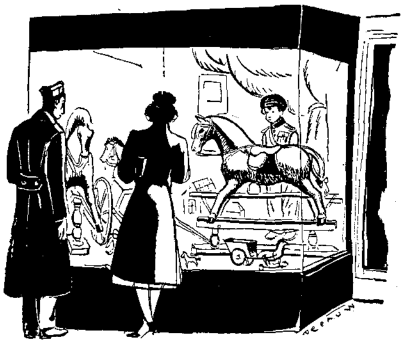

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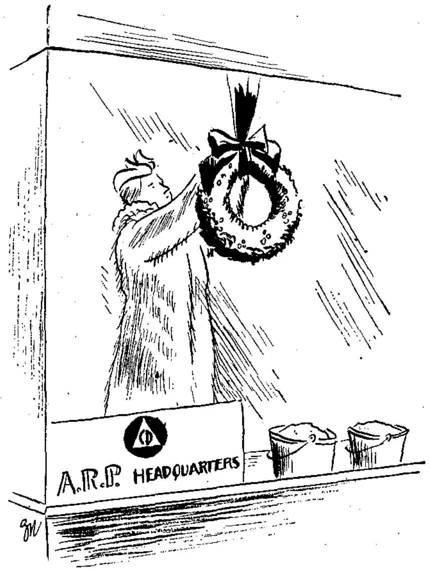
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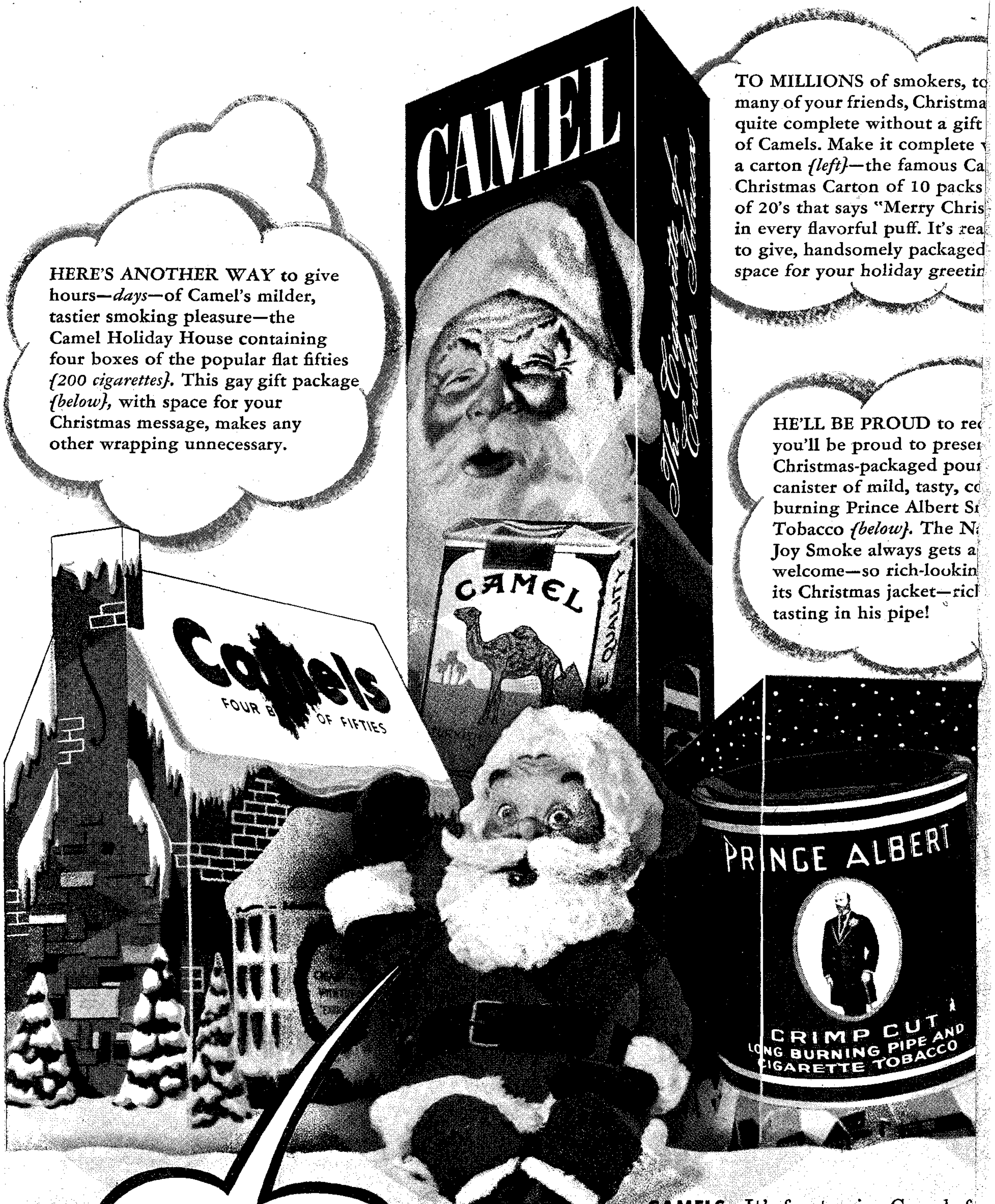
TO MILLIONS of smokers, to many of your friends, Christma quite complete without a gift of Camels. Make it complete a carton *(left)*—the famous Ca Christmas Carton of 10 packs of 20's that says "Merry Chris in every flavorful puff. It's rea to give, handsomely packaged *space for your holiday greetin*

HE'LL BE PROUD to re you'll be proud to prese Christmas-packaged pou canister of mild, tasty, co burning Prince Albert S Tobacco *(below)*. The N Joy Smoke always gets a welcome—so rich-lookin its Christmas jacket—ric tasting in his pipe!


CAMEL
The Cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos
Camels
FOUR BOXES OF FIFTIES
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
QUALITY
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Yours for a good Christmas— and the very best in smoking pleasure

CAMELS. It's fun to give Camels f mas because you know your gift genuinely welcome—doubly welcom lads of yours in the service...over over there. For cigarettes are their fa —Camel, their favorite cigarette. R *all* your friends this Christmas wit

PRINCE ALBERT. Give him Prince he smokes a pipe. Give him the big P. A. that spells smoking joy fa New Year. Whether he's at camp, at home, he'll welcome the Nat Smoke. For mild, cool, tasty smoki no other tobacco quite like Prin

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.